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EXECUTIVE AGGRESSION

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

THERE is no present fact in the actual workings of American governmental machinery which is more obvious than the great increase in power and influence of executive authority, and the corresponding decline of that of the law-maker. This involves a great change from the conditions which existed when our national life began. The colonial governor was the hated representative of the Crown. His every act was watched with suspicion and jealousy by the legislatures which represented the people, and stood between them and royal tyranny. This attitude continued long after the freedom of our country had been established, and the governor had become the elect of the people rather than the choice of the Crown. The authority of the governor was limited not only by law, but by public opinion, because the old fear of executive despotism still continued and died hard.

IN our national life the historians tell us that the very existence of a federal executive, separate and uncontrolled by Congress, was due to a mistake, to a then current misconception of the British Constitution, and to the adoption by us of what Mr. Bagehot describes as the "literary theory" of that Constitution, rather than its fact. Roger Sherman, in the Constitutional Convention, suggested that "the executive magistracy is nothing more than an institution for carrying the will of the legislature into effect; that the person or persons occupying that office ought to be appointed by, and to be accountable to, the legislature only, which was the depository of the supreme will of the people. As they were the best judges

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of the business which ought to be done by the executive department, he wished the number might not be fixed, but that the legislature should be at liberty to appoint one or more as experience might dictate." Roughly speaking, this was and is the English system, under which there is no separation of executive and legislative functions, but the government is responsible for the enactment of new laws and the enforcement of old ones.

OWING to a misapprehension of what the English system was, Sherman's suggestion was not followed; but the failure to accept his proposition was not due to any dissent in the convention from Sherman's notion of what were the essential functions of the executive, and the relatively greater importance of the legislative, branch of government.

IT is quite the fashion to-day to look back to the era of such opinions, to consider the jealously limited authority of the early colonial governors and the original concept of the functions of the federal executive, as expressed by Sherman, and contrast them with the current practice and opinions as to these offices to-day.

THERE has been a great increase in the power and influence of executive officers since the days when the memory of the crown governors was fresh in the minds of people, when the first president was suspected of a desire to be a king. In the past decade that growth of power has been most marked. Governors are taking in state matters positions of authority which would have been impossible a century ago. The president exercises a power to-day over the affairs of the nation which

neither Congress nor the people would have tolerated in George Washington.

These changes, these developments of executive power, have been made without any substantial change in our state constitutions and with none in that of the nation. The letter of the law remains. Nominally, the system is as our fathers made it. In practice, it is essentially a different thing. This variance between our principles and our practice has not developed unnoticed. It has been observed and has been often discussed. This growth of executive authority has not taken place without opposition from minds familiar with the history of our Constitution.

Critics whose voices have at times been raised in protest against it have described it as executive aggression. The phrase itself implies hostility. It implies usurpation of ungranted power. Presumably what those who use the phrase mean is that, notwithstanding the clear language of state and national constitutions which describe and define the power of executive, legislative, and judicial officers; despite the power of the legislatures to assert and to maintain their own prerogatives; despite the great and peculiar power of our courts to declare the constitutional limitations of executive authority, the governor in the state and the president in the nation are exercising power in excess of that conferred by the constitutions made by the people.

If this charge related solely to some one person, if it were merely that some one particular governor had succumbed to the itch for power, if it were only that the President now in office had been guilty, as his opponents have often charged, of dictating legislation, of domineering over Congress, and of talking about his policies and purposes with a directness and frankness which would have made the early congresses gasp and stare, it would be less important. But it is a common and general charge, and has been made in recent years against almost every governor who has accomplished anything and

who has left office with a record of public service.

Within certain narrow limits, this matter of executive aggression is a legal question. Again and again, in solemn conclave, the Bar has discussed it, and asserted and reasserted the constitutional requirements that executive, legislative, and judicial functions must be kept separate. Learned lawyers familiar with the letter of the law and with the ancient theory of the division of governmental power, have sounded a dignified note of warning against executive poachings of power. Many addresses on specific instances of such alleged usurpations have been made by distinguished jurists, but for some reason these protests seem to have had little effect either on executive conduct or upon the public mind.

The cases of executive aggression, however, involving an actual overstepping of constitutional boundaries, have been few, and when they have occurred their seriousness has often been exaggerated. What we have to consider is not so much a matter of law as one of public opinion. It is the change in the attitude of the people toward the executive office, and the enormous increase in the power of the executive which has resulted from it.

The criticisms from the jurists have considered rather the letter of the law than the spirit of the people, and have generally taken the form of a more or less acrimonious arraignment of some particular executive for some particular act of alleged transgression, as though in him and his reachings for power lay the whole source and origin of the supposed offense. Some of these critics are distinguished statesmen and well-known lawyers, and it is with considerable hesitation that I venture to suggest that such criticisms fail to take into consideration the real cause of the conditions against which they protest, a cause which seems apparent on taking a broader field of observation.

The pith of this executive aggression business is in the fact that the people have come to expect something to-day of the

executive, which a quarter of a century ago they did not expect or require. Consider our actual practice. When we elect a president, we elect a man whom the majority believes to be wise enough, and strong enough, to rule the nation. We expect him to carry into effect policies which he deems advantageous to the common weal, by causing Congress to pass his measures, using upon Congress such compulsion as may be necessary to have it accept his purposes. We expect the president and his officers to initiate constructive legislation, and to attend to getting it made into law. We even expect him to decide what particular laws are to be enforced by his law officers.

Because we expect that when he is elected he will do all these things, we are before election interested in knowing his ideas, what policies he has, and what laws he proposes to enforce. If, after election, he fails to accomplish the things he has told us about before election, if Congress rejects his measures, if he does not put his policies into law, if he enforces unpopular law, he need not try to shift the blame to others. It is he, not Congress, who has failed us. If he fails to get congressional support, he has simply shown himself inefficient. We may elect senators and representatives, but it is the tendency to hold the president responsible for what they do. We expect him to exercise dominion, not only over Congress, but over the law itself. We expect him to use executive wisdom in selecting what laws shall be enforced, and in deciding not to enforce bad laws. We make much the same kind of demand upon our governors in the states.

Does this statement of our expectations seem exaggerated? Does it represent only the demands of the foolish or of those unfamiliar with our institutions and ignorant of the exact legal limitations of executive authority? Is it too much to say, for example, that we expect the president or the governor to decide what laws shall be enforced and what let alone, although his oath of office gives him no such discre-

tion? Take a practical illustration of the spirit which demands this form of executive aggression, an expression coming not from an ignorant source, but from one of the most conservative and law-wise of New York papers, one famous for printing all the news that is fit to print.

In an editorial calling the President to task for what it describes as his "ill-judged zeal" in enforcing the Sherman Anti-Trust act, it said recently, "He is the only public man who has declared that he would enforce the law although he was aware of its defects. How much better would have been his position, and the country's position, if he had asked indulgence in the non-enforcement of the law until it was fit to be enforced." What the paper wants the President to do is to commit what it describes as "a technical neglect of his official oath," by refusing to enforce a law which the newspaper, the President himself, and a great many other people think is hopelessly crude and illogical, but which thousands of fervent souls consider an enactment paralleled only by the Ten Commandments. Any newspaper reader would have little difficulty in finding editorials similar in spirit to the one just quoted.

The theory of responsibility which puts upon the executive the duty to exercise executive common sense in selecting the laws which "deserve to be enforced," is not unrecognized even in quarters from which strenuous opposition would seem most to be expected: that is, the legislature itself. A rather bleak, elderly little lawyer with heavy glasses was addressing one of the committees of the New York Legislature some six years ago. He was complaining bitterly about the hardships of a factory law, whose provisions he assured the much bored committee pressed heavily upon a certain large Buffalo plant which he represented. In the midst of his argument one of the senators interrupted him. "Let me ask you a question. Has the Commissioner of Labor been unreasonable in the way he has enforced it on you?" The lawyer wiped his glasses and

smiled deprecatingly. "Why, he has n't prosecuted us, sir." "Has he prosecuted anybody so far as you know?" persisted his questioner. "Why, no, not so far as I know, but the law is there, and —" "Do you mean to tell me," interrupted the senator, in a voice swelling with indignation, "that you have been wasting half an hour of this committee's time on a statute which has occasioned you absolutely no grievance — which, so far as you know, has n't been unreasonably or unjustly enforced against anybody?"

This question to all practical purposes closed the debate. The little man with the glasses endeavored to stem the tide running strongly against him by futile remarks about the law being on the statute books, that it might be enforced, and so forth, until the chairman mercifully finished him by intimating that they had a long calendar and must now take up Senate Bill No. 263.

Into my sympathetic ears the little man later poured his opinion of the committee. A few of his phrases were quite choice, and I retailed some of them later to the Socratic senator who had been the subject of them. He listened good-humoredly. "Theoretically he was right," he admitted, "but where should we be if we spent our time repealing all the dead-letter statutes?"

The senator who saw no special reason for repealing a bad law provided it was not enforced, doubtlessly considered himself a practical man. He expected the governor's representative, the commissioner of labor, to use common sense in enforcing the laws which were his to enforce. If the law proved to be an unreasonable one and not "practical," he expected the executive through this commissioner to use discretion and common sense again by letting it alone. If this common sense was being used, — if no one was being prosecuted, — then there was no urgent need that the law should be repealed. Hence, while in theory it ought to be repealed, practically there was no need that a busy legislature, struggling

with a long calendar of proposed new laws, should be troubled with it. The senator was expressing the new political theory, which slowly but certainly is growing up in this country, and which is in direct conflict with the old constitutional theory of divided and coördinate powers. It may be described as the theory of executive common sense, a theory the application of which doubles the responsibility of the executive by diminishing that of the legislature almost to the vanishing point.

When the legislature itself recognizes this theory, and in instances like this affirms the right and duty of the executive to select the laws which ought to be enforced; when the people demand from the executive that he use a strong hand upon the makers of laws to compel them to enact such new laws as he desires; when the public in almost every controversy between the state governor and the legislature, or between the president and Congress, is to be found lined up in support of the executive and clamorous for the submission of the legislative branch to the will of the executive, what does it all mean? What has brought this change about?

To a very marked extent this change is due to our American methods of legislation. We are a practical people, and have confronting us a distinctly practical problem which presents itself to us in about this fashion. Our legislatures, most of which have bi-annual sessions, pass every two years some 25,000 separate laws. In 1906-07, for example, there were passed by Congress and state legislatures 25,446 acts and 1576 resolutions. At a conservative estimate, twenty thousand of these were local laws, affecting separate cities and towns and having no general scope whatever, or were special bills relating to private interests only. In England in the entire nineteenth century there were enacted some twenty-one thousand special and local bills. In America our legislatures pass as many of these laws every two years. In 1906

and 1907, while our American legislatures were turning out these twenty-five thousand laws and fifteen hundred resolutions, the attention of the British Parliament was concentrated upon 114 public acts and general laws.

Sixty years ago England laid the foundations of a scientific plan for handling local and private bills. There had been political corruption in the granting of franchises in England, as well as in our own country, in the early days of railroad development. The unscrupulous who sought unjust advantages and special privileges through legislation, applied to Parliament then, much as they apply to our state legislatures now. The Standing Orders adopted in 1847 in England afford a method of dealing with local and private measures, by which an investigation closely akin to a judicial trial by a parliamentary tribunal is made of each of these bills, on fullest advance notice to every public and private interest which its enactment might affect. Under this plan, corruption has lost the secrecy which gives it its main opportunity, and the undivided time of Parliament itself is devoted to more important public matters. In 1907, substantially the entire law-making work of Parliament itself is embodied in 56 general public acts, contained in 293 printed pages. In the same year, the State of New York enacted 754 laws, occupying 2500 pages.

The legislative methods of that state are characteristic American methods. Every municipality in New York, for example, goes to the legislature for every amendment to its local charter. When Buffalo wants a Polish interpreter for a police court, when Yonkers wants to raise the salary of its city judge, when Cohoes wants to build a bridge, or Dunkirk to build sewers, when Fulton wants some new fire-hose for its fire department, or Little Falls wants to raise the pay of its police, when Albany wants to fix the salary of a deputy superintendent of an almshouse, they go to the legislature of the state and ask for a law.

What does an assemblyman or senator from New York City know about the necessity for a Polish interpreter in a Buffalo police court, or for hose in the fire department of Fulton? Why should he know anything about such remote matters? The prevailing American method of legislation, however, expects him to vote upon such things. In American legislatures, not only bills of this kind, but bills creating franchises for corporations, granting special privileges, establishing private interests, are introduced by the hundred and passed by the score, without advance publicity of any kind or a semblance of careful investigation. Is it extraordinary that, with their legislatures constantly occupying themselves with matters which are no part of the real business of the public, the public look elsewhere when seeking to have that business performed? that they look to the governor and his advisers, rather than to the legislature itself; and look to him, not only to initiate needed general laws, but by his personal authority and his veto to dam the swelling flood of special and local bills as well?

The constant complaint of the reformer is, that the people pay too little attention to the doings of the representatives who make the laws. Is it possible for the people of a state to follow, with interest or with profit, the work of a legislature occupied for the most part with bills of this kind? Is it to be wondered at that the public recognizes its inability to focus its mind on these things, and turns the whole matter of legislation over to the supervision of the governor? It has been said, not without a show of reason, that unless there be a return to the old principle of local self-government, the only practical alternative for the people is a benevolent despotism by the governor, — an elective despot.

Among the forgotten books of political philosophy, there is one which, perhaps more than any other, should be remembered in America — because it is the philosophy which stood at the beginning

of the American Revolution; a philosophy, the attempt to apply which was one of the great causes of that Revolution. This book was Bolingbroke's *The Idea of a Patriot King*. In that work, written at a time when parliamentary government was at its lowest ebb, and English politics a sink of corruption; when rotten boroughs flourished and the votes of unrepresentative representatives had to be bought on every important measure; Bolingbroke advocated the control of Parliament, and of the legislative affairs both of England and her colonies, by the strong hand of a patriot king. Bolingbroke believed that the vigorous use of the royal prerogative by a patriot king ruling with wisdom, and controlling by a strong hand Parliament and the affairs of the nation, would afford a practical solution for the evils created by a corrupt, inefficient, unrepresentative, and factional parliament. America did not accept this doctrine then. The idea of a patriot king collapsed under George III. His attempt to put this philosophy into effect was among the causes of the Revolution which separated us from Great Britain.

One of the great contributions of America to British freedom came through our refusal to accept this new political doctrine. The patriot-king theory disappeared in England after the Revolution. A cure for the conditions which the patriot king and his prerogative proposed to cure, was found in a reformed Parliament and a better system of representation. Those who seek a practical solution for our present legislative difficulties in an extraordinary increase of the influence of the executive over the affairs of the state and the nation, are offering us the patriot-king theory in a new form. If we do not really want it, we must recognize the reasons which give that theory an apparent justification in America to-day, and destroy the doctrine by destroying the causes which have brought it into existence.

Unconsciously, by instinct rather than by direct reasoning, the people are realiz-

ing that our law-making machinery has broken down; that, in their methods of legislation, our legislatures are to-day struggling with the impossible. The American voter realizes moreover the absolute impossibility that any average citizen who has any business of his own to attend to, can know anything about these special and local bills which, under prevalent crude and clumsy methods, clog the calendars of the legislatures. We realize that in our respective states the greater part of the time of our legislators is engrossed in mulling over these bills and passing them by the score, when on the final vote not one legislator in ten has any real understanding of either the propriety or the necessity of their enactment. We realize that the time misspent upon these measures is necessarily taken away from the consideration of general public acts dealing with the common interests of all of us; and that, because of this enormous volume of special legislation, the statute books tend to get filled with bad laws, bad because ill-considered and hastily passed, — because in this confused muddle of hasty law-making, the law-makers themselves lose the sense of responsibility. It is physically impossible for us to watch all these bills, or to watch the men who make a business of passing them. What are we to do?

The answer which we make perhaps unconsciously is this: Let us put it all up to the governor or president. Let us elect a good governor. Let us elect a president we can trust, and turn over to him the whole business of managing this machinery of law-making in our behalf.

In this way and for this reason, consciously or unconsciously, we are remoulding our institutions. In spite of our American Constitution, in spite of our traditions of divided powers, we are to a large extent trying, in practice, the established English principle by which, as that best of foreign-born Americans, Mr. Bryce, puts it, "The Executive is primarily responsible for legislation and, to use a colloquial expression, 'runs the whole

show,' — the selection of topics, the preparation of bills, their piloting and their passage through Parliament." The English system recognizes no theoretical separation between executive and legislative functions. The Government is at once the source of the country's general legislative plans, its law-maker, and its enforcer of law. We, in turn, are in practice tending toward a similar scheme of actual government. In practice, we have reversed the theoretical course of legislation. We expect the president and the governor to initiate legislation to meet general public requirements, and that those general public acts shall come, not from the legislature, but from the executive and his advisers. We expect in the enforcement of law, moreover, that the executive will ignore laws which are not fit to be enforced. We have adopted this plan because we realize that the thing which stands between us and legislative chaos is executive aggression. That which to-day protects us from legislatures as good as we deserve is an executive better than we deserve. We have asked for that executive aggression, and we cannot consistently complain when we get it. Until the method and scope of our legislation changes, we shall need it.

The condition which makes executive aggression has other phases not less important. Certain conservative minds are complaining, for example, of what is called "federal aggression." With our state legislatures struggling with bills regulating the local affairs of cities and towns, there has been and can be no general progress toward uniformity of laws among the states, a uniformity absolutely necessary for the success of interstate business, which yearly increases enormously in volume. Because there is no progress toward uniformity of state law, the people are asking that the federal Constitution be stretched so that we may get that uniformity through national law. What hostile critics describe to-day as federal aggression is in a large measure the attempt by federal law to meet that

demand for uniformity of law which the state legislatures have neglected and ignored.

The continuance of inefficient methods of law-making is moreover one of the most conspicuous sources of a certain lawlessness which, we can but admit, characterizes us as a people. In a country where laws are made on the wholesale plan by bad methods, in enormous quantities, in great haste, the respect of the people for law as law is bound to diminish and at times to disappear.

The same cause which tends to promote executive aggression tends moreover to make that aggression increase, rather than decrease, in scope and function, by making the individual legislator a cipher, by taking from his work dignity and importance, and thereby causing the office itself to be filled by third-rate men.

As I was conversing some time ago with two intelligent, well-educated voters, residents of a county adjoining the city of New York, one of them expressed regret at the failure of his party to reelect a local assemblyman. To my suggestion that the man had proved himself stupid in office, and that his failure to be reelected was no great loss to the Assembly, they replied, "He knew enough to vote 'Yes' for what the governor wanted, and that was all he had to know." That was what the office of assemblyman for their district meant to them.

This point of view has many adherents. The legislature tends to become a body whose functions, so far as the public generally is concerned, are to pass local bills, and on public measures to register the policies and legislative plans of the executive. To find intelligent and independent men who will care to accept legislative office under such conditions is growing harder each year, a fact which adds still more to the importance of the executive as the real source from which constructive legislation is to emanate.

The English Constitution, as some one has said, consists not of documents but of certain ideas on political principles

shared by the vast majority of thinking Britons. On our own side of the water, we have written constitutions perfectly clear in their general scheme, which declare the separation of powers, executive, legislative, and judicial. But instead of this distribution being one of our fixed political ideas, there are now cross currents of conflicting opinions. Those who believe in practicing the theory of the Constitution at any cost to the country, are at war with those who believe in getting the right thing done at any cost to the theory and regardless of possible future consequences. The chief executives in the state and nation stand at a point where these cross currents meet. No more embarrassing position can be imagined than that of the president or governor who tries to keep a clear course between those who think that he should be nothing but a business manager, and those who insist that he should be the general executive officer and a working majority of the board of directors as well.

A still further embarrassment comes to him from the empirical standards of the press. For the newspapers, plainly reflecting public opinion, ally themselves at times with one school and at times with the other, and make the whole matter of executive conduct one, not of law, but of good taste. The newspaper which to-day scolds the President for refusing to usurp the function of Congress by practically repealing the Sherman law "until it is fit to be enforced," presumably would see nothing illogical to-morrow in calling him an arrogant despot in case he should declare the Pure Food act, for example, unfit to be enforced, and should notify Congress that the law would remain a dead letter until a better one was enacted. Judged either by law or by logic, the executive aggression involved would be no greater in one case than in the other. The

mere fact that one course of conduct would please the newspaper, and the other would not, is but a suggestion of a government by newspaper, — a different form of aggression, which, however, does not lack advocates.

Those who talk about executive aggression as though its origin were the mere itch for power of individuals placed in temporary positions of authority, would do well to study the real source of the tendency by which they are sometimes justly alarmed. Public opinion, tired of legislative inefficiency and irresponsibility, has developed a fancy for despotism in its demand upon the executive to get things done. Until we reform our methods of legislation, this seems likely to continue. So long as our present methods remain in vogue, executive interference in legislative matters bids fair to continue, not in defiance of public opinion, but with its very general assent, approval, and support.

There are those who desire a return to the theory of the Constitution, but who do not see that any appreciable progress can be made by mere general abuse of executive officers for so-called aggression, while ignoring the present reason and practical justification of that aggression. The return to the theory can be accomplished when common sense has been restored to the purposes and methods of legislation. When that has been done, executive usurpation will disappear. The public opinion which now supports and encourages it will then refuse even to tolerate it. The return to the Constitution, the old American theory of divided powers and duties, is desirable, but it can be accomplished in no other way; for we are a practical people, and if we are to have theories, we insist that they shall be theories which work.

ON BEING A DOCTRINAIRE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

THE question is sometimes asked by those who devise tests of literary taste, "If you were cast upon a desert island and were allowed but one book, what book would you choose?"

If I were in such a predicament I should say to the pirate chief who was about to maroon me, "My dear sir, as this island seems, for the time being, to have been overlooked by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, I must ask the loan of a volume from your private library. And if it is convenient for you to allow me but one volume at a time, I pray that it may be the Unabridged Dictionary."

I should choose the Unabridged Dictionary, not only because it is big, but because it is mentally filling. One has the sense of rude plenty such as one gets from looking at the huge wheat-elevators in Minneapolis. Here are the harvests of innumerable fields stored up in little space. There are not only a vast number of words, but each word means something, and each has a history of its own, and a family relation which it is interesting to trace.

But that which I should value most on my desert island would be the opportunity of acquainting myself with the fine distinctions which are made between different human qualities. It would seem that the aggregate mind which made the language is much cleverer than we usually suppose. The most minute differences are infallibly registered in telltale words. There are not only words denoting the obvious differences between the good and the bad, the false and the true, the beautiful and the ugly, but there are words which indicate the delicate shades of goodness and truth and beauty as they are curiously blended with variable quantities of badness and falseness and ugliness.

There are not only words which tell what you are, but words which tell what you think you are, and what other people think you are, and what you think they are when you discover that they are thinking that you are something which you think you are not.

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as "fail," but the dictionary makes up for this deficiency. It is particularly rich in words descriptive of our failures. As the procession of the virtues passes by, there are pseudo-virtues that tag on like the small boys who follow the circus. After Goodness come Goodiness and Goody-goodiness; we see Sanctity and Sanctimoniousness, Piety and Pietism, Grandeur and Grandiosity, Sentiment and Sentimentality. When we try to show off we invariably deceive ourselves, but usually we deceive nobody else. Everybody knows we are showing off, and if we do it well they give us credit for that.

A scholar has a considerable amount of sound learning, and he is afraid that his fellow-citizens may not fully appreciate it. So in his conversation he allows his erudition to leak out, with the intent that the stranger should say, "What a modest, learned man he is, and what a pleasure it is to meet him." Only the stranger does not express himself in that way, but says, "What an admirable pedant he is, to be sure." Pedantry is a well-recognized compound: two-thirds sound learning and one-third harmless vanity.

Sometimes on the street you see a man whom you take for an old acquaintance. You approach with outstretched hand and expectant countenance, but his stony glare of non-recognition gives you pause. The fact that he does not know you gives you time to perceive that you do not

know him and have never seen him before. A superficial resemblance has deceived you. In the dictionary you may find many instances of such mistakes in the moral realm.

One of the most common of these mistakes in identity is the confusion of the Idealist and the Doctrinaire. An idealist is defined as "one who pursues and dwells upon the ideal, a seeker after the highest beauty and good." A doctrinaire may do this also, but he is differentiated as "one who theorizes without sufficient regard for practical considerations, one who undertakes to explain things by a narrow theory or group of theories."

The Idealist is the kind of man we need. He is not satisfied with things as they are. He is one

Whose soul sees the perfect
Which his eyes seek in vain.

If a more perfect society is to come, it must be through the efforts of persons capable of such visions. Our schools, churches, and all the institutions of a higher civilization have as their chief aim the production of just such personalities. But why are they not more successful? What becomes of the thousands of young idealists who each year set forth on the quest for the highest beauty and truth?

The answer is that many persons who set out to be idealists end by becoming doctrinaires. They identify the highest beauty and truth with their own theories. After that they make no further excursions into the unexplored regions of reality, for fear that they may discover their identification to have been incomplete.

The Doctrinaire is like a mason who has mixed his cement before he is ready to use it. When he is ready the cement has set, and he can't use it. It sticks together, but it won't stick to anything else. George Eliot describes such a predicament in her sketch of the Reverend Amos Barton. Mr. Barton's plans, she says, were, like his sermons, "admirably well conceived, had the state of the case been otherwise."

By eliminating the "state of the case," the Doctrinaire is enabled to live the simple life—intellectually and ethically. The trouble is that it is too simple. To his mind the question, "Is it true?" is never a disturbing one, nor does it lead to a troublesome investigation of matters of fact. His definition of truth has the virtue of perfect simplicity: "A truth is that which has got itself believed by me." His thoughts form an exclusive club, and when a new idea applies for admission it is placed on the waiting list. A single black-ball from an old member is sufficient permanently to exclude it. When an idea is once in, it has a very pleasant time of it. All the opinions it meets with are clubable, and on good terms with one another. Whether any of them are related to any reality outside their own little circle is a question that it would be impolite to ask. It would be like asking a correctly attired member who was punctilious in paying his club dues, whether he had also paid his tailor. To the Doctrinaire there seems something sordid and vulgar in the anxiety to make the two ends—theory and practice—meet. It seems to indicate that one is not intellectually in comfortable circumstances.

The Doctrinaire, when he has conceived certain ideals, is not content that they should be cast upon the actual world, to take their chances in the rough-and-tumble struggle for existence, proving their right to the kingdom by actually conquering it, inch by inch. He cannot endure such tedious delays. He must have the satisfaction of seeing his ideals instantly realized. The ideal life must be lived under ideal conditions. And so, for his private satisfaction, he creates for himself such a world, into which he retires.

It is a world of natural law, as he understands natural law. There are no exceptions, no deviation from general principles, no shadings-off, no fascinating obscurities, no rude practical jokes, no undignified by-play, no "east windows of

divine surprise," no dark unfathomable abysses. He would not allow such things. In his world the unexpected never happens. The endless chain of causation runs smoothly. Every event has a cause, and the cause is never tangled up with the effect, so that you can't tell where one begins and the other ends. He is intellectually tidy, and everything must be in its place. If something turns up for which he can't find a place, he sends it to the junk shop.

When the Doctrinaire descends from the homogeneous world which he has constructed, into the actual world which, in the attempt to get itself made, is becoming more amazingly heterogeneous all the time, he is in high dudgeon. The existence of these varied contradictorinesses seems to him a personal affront.

It is just as if a person had lived in a natural-history museum, where every stuffed animal knew his place, and had his scientific name painted on the glass case. He is suddenly dropped into a tropical jungle where the wild animals act quite differently. The tigers won't "stay put," and are liable to turn up just when he does n't want to see them.

I should not object to his unpreparedness for the actual state of things if the Doctrinaire did not assume the airs of a superior person. He lays all the blame for the discrepancy between himself and the universe on the universe. He has the right key, only the miserable locks won't fit it. Having formed a very clear conception of the best possible world, he looks down patronizingly upon the commonplace people who are trying to make the best out of this imperfect world. Having large possessions in Utopia, he lives the care-free life of an absentee landlord. His praise is always for the dead, or for the yet unborn; when he looks on his contemporaries he takes a gloomy view. That any great man should be now alive, he considers a preposterous assumption. He treats greatness as if it were a disease to be determined only by post-mortem examination.

One of the earliest satires on the character of the Doctrinaire is to be found in the book of Jonah. Jonah was a prophet by profession. He received a call to preach in the city of Nineveh, which he accepted after some hesitation. He denounced civic corruption and declared that in forty days the city would be destroyed. Having performed this professional duty, Jonah felt that there was nothing left for him but to await with pious resignation the fulfillment of his prophecy. But in this case the unexpected happened: the city repented and was saved. This was gall and wormwood to Jonah. His orderly mind was offended by this disarrangement of his schedule. What was the use of being a prophet if things did not turn out as he said? So we are told "it displeased Jonah exceedingly and he was very angry." Still he clung to the hope that, in the end, things might turn out badly enough to justify his public utterances. "So Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, till he might see what would become of the city."

Poor grumpy old Jonah. Have we not sat under his preaching, and read his editorials, and pondered his books, full of solemn warnings of what will happen to us if we do not mend our ways? We have been deeply impressed, and in a great many respects we have mended our ways, and things have begun to go better. But Jonah takes no heed of our repentance. He is only thinking of those prophecies of his. Just in proportion as things begin to look up morally, he gets low in his mind and begins to despair of the Republic.

The trouble with Jonah is that he can see but one thing at a time, and see that only in one way. He cannot be made to appreciate the fact that "the world is full of a number of things," and that some of them are not half bad. When he sees a dangerous tendency he thinks that it will necessarily go on to its logical conclusion. He forgets that there is such a thing as

the logic of events, which is different from the logical processes of a person who sits outside and prognosticates. There is one tendency which all tendencies have in common, — that is, to develop counter tendencies.

There is, for example, a tendency on the part of the gypsy-moth caterpillar to destroy utterly the forests of the United States. But were I addressing a thoughtful company of these caterpillars I should urge them to look upon their own future with modest self-distrust. However well their programme looks upon paper, it cannot be carried out without opposition. Long before the last tree has been vanquished, the last of the gypsy moths may be fighting for its life against the enemies it has made.

The Doctrinaire is very quick at generalizing. This is greatly to his credit. One of the powers of the human mind on which we set great store is that of entertaining general ideas. This is where we think we have the advantage of the members of the brute creation. They have particular experiences which at the time are very exciting to them, but they have no abstract notions — or at least no way of expressing them to us. We argue that if they really had these ideas they would have invented language long ago, and by this time would have had Unabridged Dictionaries of their own. But we humans do not have to be content with this hand-to-mouth way of thinking and feeling. When we see a hundred things that strike us as being more or less alike, we squeeze them together into one mental package, and give a single name to the whole lot. This is a great convenience, and enables us to do thinking on a large scale. By organizing various impressions into a union, and inducing them to work together, we are enabled to do collective bargaining with the universe.

If, for example, I were asked to tell what I think of the individuals inhabiting the United States, I should have to give it up. Assuming a round eighty million persons, all of whom it would be a pleasure

to meet, there must be, at the lowest computation, seventy-nine million, nine hundred thousand, three hundred and seventy-five people of whose characters I do not know enough to make my opinion of any value. Of the remaining fragment of the population, my knowledge is not so perfect as I would wish. As for the whole eighty million, suppose I had to give a single thought to each person: I have n't enough cogitations to go around.

What we do is to stop the ruinous struggle of competing thoughts by recognizing a community of interests and forming a merger, under the collective term "American." Then all difficulties are minimized. Almost all our theorizing about human affairs is carried on by means of these symbols. Millions of different personalities are merged in one mental picture. We talk of a class even more readily than we talk of an individual.

This is all very well so long as we do not take these generalizations too seriously. The mistake of the Doctrinaire lies, not in classifying people, but in treating an individual as if he could belong to only one class at a time. The fact is that each one of us belongs to a thousand classes. There are a great many ways of classifying human beings, and as in the case of the construction of tribal lays, "every single one of them is right," so far as it goes. You may classify people according to race, color, previous condition of servitude, height, weight, shape of their skulls, their incomes, or their ability to write Latin verse. You may inquire whether they belong to the class that goes to church on Sunday, whether they are vaccinationists or anti-vaccinationists, whether they like Bernard Shaw, whether they are able to read a short passage from the Constitution of the United States, whether they have dyspepsia or nervous prostration or only think they have, or, if you will, you make one sweeping division between the sheep and the goats, and divide mankind according to location, as did the good

Boston lady who was accustomed to speak of those who lived out of sight of the Massachusetts State House as "New Yorkers and that kind of people."

Such divisions do no harm so long as you make enough of them. Those who are classed with the goats on one test question will turn up among the sheep when you change the subject. Your neighbor is a wild radical in theology and you look upon him as a dangerous character. Try him on the tariff and you find him conservative to a fault.

I have listened, of a Monday morning, to the essay in a ministers' meeting on the problem of the "Unchurched." The picture presented to the imagination was a painful one. In the discussion that followed, the class of the unchurched was not clearly differentiated from the other unfortunate class of the unwashed. In the evening I attended a lecture by a learned professor who, as I happened to know, was not as regular in church attendance as he should be. As I listened to him, I said to myself, "Who would have suspected that he is one of the Unchurched?"

Fortunately all the disabilities pertaining to the Unwashed and Unchurched and Uncultivated and Unvaccinated and Unskilled and Unbaptized and Unemployed, do not necessarily rest upon the same person. Usually there are palliating circumstances and compensating advantages that are to be taken into account. In a free country there is a career for all sorts of talent, and if one fails in one direction he may reach great dignity in another. I may be a mere nobody, so far as having had ancestors in the Colonial Wars is concerned, and yet I may be high up in the Knights of Pythias. A good lady who goes to the art class is able to talk of Botticelli. But she has no right to look down upon her husband as an inferior creature because he supposes that Botticelli is one of Mr. Heinz's fifty-seven kinds of pickles. He may have some things which she has not, and they may be fully as important.

The great abuse of the generalizing faculty comes in arraying class against class. Among the University Statutes of Oxford in the Middle Ages was one directed against this evil. Dire academic punishments were threatened to students who made "odious comparisons of country to country, nobility to ignobility, Faculty to Faculty." I sympathize deeply with rules against such "unhonest garrulities." It is a pity they cannot be enforced.

The mischief comes in reducing all differences to the categories of the Inferior and Superior. The fallacy of such division appears when we ask, Superior in what? Inferior in what? Anybody can be a superior person if he can only choose his ground and stick to it. That is the trick that royal personages have understood. It is etiquette for kings to lead the conversation always. One must be a very stupid person not to shine under such circumstances.

Suppose you have to give an audience to a distinguished archæologist who has spent his life in Babylonian excavations. Fifteen minutes before his arrival you take up his book and glance through it till you find an easy page that you can understand. You master page 142. Here you are secure. You pour into the astonished ear of your guest your views upon the subject. Such ripe erudition in one whose chief interests lie elsewhere seems to him almost superhuman. Your views on page 142 are so sound that he longs to continue the conversation into what had before seemed the more important matter contained on 143. But etiquette forbids. It is your royal prerogative to confine yourself to the safe precincts of page 142, and you leave it to his imagination to conceive the wisdom which might have been given to the world had it been your pleasure to expound the whole subject of archæology.

I had myself, in a very humble way, an experience of this kind. In a domestic crisis it was necessary to placate a newly arrived and apparently homesick

cook. I am unskilled in diplomacy, but it was a case where the comfort of an innocent family depended on diplomatic action. I learned that the young woman came from Prince Edward Island. Up to that moment I confess that Prince Edward Island had been a mere geographical expression. All my ideas about it were wrong, I having mixed it up with Cape Breton, which as I now know is quite different. But instantly Prince Edward Island became a matter of intense interest. Our daily bread was dependent on it. I entered my study and with atlas and encyclopedia sought to atone for the negligence of years. I learned how Prince Edward Island lay in relation to Nova Scotia, what were its principal towns, its climate, its railroad and steamboat connections, and acquired enough miscellaneous information to adorn a five-minutes personally conducted conversation. Thus freshly furnished forth, I adventured into the kitchen.

Did she take the boat from Georgetown to Pictou? She did. Is n't it too bad that the strait is sometimes frozen over in winter? It is. Some people come across on ice boats from Cape Traverse; that must be exciting and rather cold. She thought so too. Did she come from Charlottetown? No. Out Tignish way? Yes; half way from Charlottetown to Tignish. Queen's County? Good apple country? Yes, she never saw such good apples as they raise in Queen's County. When I volunteered the opinion that the weather on Prince Edward is fine, but changeable, I was received on the footing of an old inhabitant.

I did not find it necessary to go to the limits of my knowledge. I had still several reserve facts, classified in the Encyclopedia under the heads, Geology, Administration, and Finance. I had established my position as a superior person with an intuitive knowledge of Prince Edward Island. If the Encyclopedia itself had walked into the kitchen arm in arm with the Classical Dictionary, she

could not have been more impressed. At least, that is the way I like to think she felt. It is the way I feel under similar circumstances.

One watches the Superior Person leading a conversation with the admiration due to Browning's Hervé Riel, when, As its inch of way were the wide sea's profound,

he steered the ship in the narrow channel. It is well, however, for one who undertakes such feats to make sure that he really has an inch of way; it is none too much.

In these days it is so easy for one to get a supply of ready-made knowledge that it is hard to keep from applying it indiscriminately. We make incursions into our neighbor's affairs and straighten them out with a ruthless righteousness which is very disconcerting to him, especially when he has never had the pleasure of our acquaintance till we came to set him right. There is a certain modesty of conscience which would perhaps be more becoming. It comes only with the realization of practical difficulties. I like the remark of Sir Fulke Greville in his account of his friend, Sir Philip Sidney: "Since my declining age it is true I had for some years more leisure to discover their imperfections than care and industry to mend them, finding in myself what all men complain of; that it is more easy to find fault, excuse, or tolerate, than to examine or reform."

The idea that we know what a person ought to do and especially what he ought not to do, before we know the person or how he is situated, is one dear to the mind of the Doctrinaire. If his mind did n't naturally work that way he would n't be a Doctrinaire. He is always inclined to put duty before the pleasure of finding out what it is all about. In this way, he becomes overstocked with a lot of unrelated duties for which there is no home consumption, and which he endeavors to dump on the foreign market. This makes him unpopular.

I am not one of those who insist that

everybody should mind his own business; that is too harsh a doctrine. One of the rights and privileges of a good neighbor is to give neighborly advice. But there is a corresponding right on the part of the advisee, and that is to take no more of the advice than he thinks is good for him. There is one thing that a man knows about his own business better than any outsider, and that is how hard it is for him to do it. The adviser is always telling him how to do it in the finest possible way, while he, poor fellow, knows that the paramount issue is whether he can do it at all. It requires some grace on the part of a person who is doing the best he can under extremely difficult circumstances to accept cheerfully the remarks of the intelligent critic.

Persons who write about the wild animals they have known are likely to be contradicted by persons who have been acquainted with other wild animals, or with the same wild animals under other circumstances. How much more difficult is it to give a correct and exhaustive account of that wonderfully complex creature, man.

One whose business requires him to meet large numbers of persons who are all in the same predicament, is in danger of generalizing from a too narrow experience. The teacher, the charity-worker, the preacher, the physician, the man of business, each has his method of professional classification. Each is tempted to forget that he is not in a position from which he can survey human nature in its entirety. He sees only one phase endlessly repeated. The dentist, for example, has special advantages for character-study, but he should remember that the least heroic of his patients has moments when he is more blithe and debonaire than he has ever seen him.

It takes an unusually philosophical mind to make the necessary allowances for its own limitations. If you were to earn your daily bread at the Brooklyn Bridge, and your sole duty was to exhort your fellow men to "step lively," you

would doubtless soon come to divide mankind into three classes, namely, those who step lively, those who do not step lively, and those who step too lively. If Aristotle himself were to cross the bridge, you would see nothing in the Peripatetic Philosopher but a reprehensible lack of agility.

At the railway terminus there is an office which bears the inscription, "Lost Articles." In the midst of the busy traffic it stands as a perpetual denial of the utilitarian theory that all men are governed by enlightened self-interest. A very considerable proportion of the traveling public can be trusted regularly to forget its portable property.

The gentleman who presides over the lost articles has had long experience as an alienist. He is skeptical as to the reality of what is called mind. So far as his clients are concerned, it is notable for its absence. To be confronted day after day by the absent-minded, and to listen to their monotonous tale of woe, is disenchanting. It is difficult to observe all the amenities of life when one is dealing with the defective and delinquent classes.

When first I inquired at the Lost Article window, I was received as a man and brother. There was even an attempt to show the respect due to one who may have seen better days. I had the feeling that both myself and my lost article were receiving individual attention. I left without any sense of humiliation. But the third time I appeared I was conscious of a change in the atmosphere. A single glance at the Restorer of Lost Articles showed me that I was no longer in his eyes a citizen who was in temporary misfortune. I was classified. He recognized me as a rounder. "There he is again," he said to himself. "Last time it was at Rockingham Junction, this time it is probably on the Saugus Branch; but it is the same old story, and the same old umbrella."

What hurt my feelings was that nothing I could say would do any good. It would not help matters to explain that losing

articles was not my steady occupation, and that I had other interests in life. He would only wearily note the fact as another indication of my condition. "That's the way they all talk. These defectives can never be made to see their conduct in its true light. They always explain their misfortunes by pretending that their thoughts were on higher things."

The Doctrinaire when he gets hold of a good thing never lets up on it. His favorite idea is produced on all occasions. It may be excellent in its way, but he sings its praises till we turn against it as we used to do in the Fourth Reader Class, when we all with one accord turned against "Teacher's Pet." Teacher's Pet might be dowered with all the virtues, but we of the commonalty would have none of them. We chose to scoff at an excellence that insulted us.

The King in *Hamlet* remarked, —

"There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much."

The Doctrinaire can never realize the fatal nature of the "too-much." If a little does good, he is sure that more will do better. He will not allow of any abatements or alleviations; we must, if we are to keep on good terms with him, be doing the whole duty of man all the time. He will take our own most cherished principles and turn them against us in such an offensive manner that we forget that they are ours. He argues on the right side with such uncompromising energy that we have to take the wrong side to maintain our self-respect.

If there is one thing I believe in, it is fresh air. I like to keep my window open at night, or, better still, to sleep under the stars. And I was glad to learn from the doctors that this is good for us. But the other day I started on a railway journey with premonitory signs of catching cold. An icy blast blew upon me. I closed the car window. A lady instantly opened it. I looked to see what manner of person she

was. Was she one who could be touched by an illogical appeal? or was she wholly devoted to a cause?

It needed but a glance to assure me that she was a Doctrinaire, and capable only of seeing the large public side of the question. What would it avail for me to say, "Madam, I am catching cold, may I close the window?"

"Apostate man!" she would reply, "did I not hear you on the platform of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association plead for free and unlimited ventilation without waiting for the consent of other nations? Did you not appear as one who stood four square 'gainst every wind that blows, and asked for more? And now, just because you are personally inconvenienced, you prove recreant to the Cause. Do you know how many cubic feet of fresh air are necessary to this car?"

I could only answer feebly, "When it comes to cubic feet I am perfectly sound. I wish there were more of them. What troubles me is only a trifling matter of two linear inches on the back of my neck. Your general principle, Madam, is admirable. I merely plead for a slight relaxation of the rule. I ask only for a mere pittance of warmed-over air."

Perhaps the most discouraging thing about the Doctrinaire is that while he insists upon a high ideal, he is intolerant of the somewhat tedious ways and means by which the ideal is to be reached. With his eye fixed on the Perfect, he makes no allowance for the imperfectness of those who are struggling toward it. There is a pleasant passage in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* in which I find great comfort: "That which the Gospel of Christ requireth is the perpetuity of virtuous duties, not the perpetuity of exercise or action, but disposition perpetual, and practise as often as times and opportunities require. Just, valiant, liberal, temperate and holy men, are they which *can* whensoever they will, and will whensoever they *ought*, execute whatever their several perfections impart. If virtues did

always cease when they cease to work, there would be nothing more pernicious to virtue than sleep."

The judicious Hooker was never more judicious than in making this observation. It is a great relief to be assured that in this world, where there are such incessant calls upon the moral nature, it is possible to be a just, valiant, liberal, temperate, and holy man, and yet get a good night's sleep.

But your Doctrinaire will not have it so. His hero retains his position only during good behavior, which means behaving all the time in an obviously heroic manner. It is not enough that he should be to "true occasion true," he must make occasions to show himself off.

Now it happens that in the actual world it is not possible for the best of men to satisfy all the demands of their fidgety followers. In the picture of the battle between St. George and the dragon, the attitude of St. George is all that could be desired. There is an easy grace in the way in which he deals with the dragon that is greatly to his credit. There is a mingling of knightly pride and Christian resignation over his own inevitable victory, that is charming.

St. George was fortunate in the moment when he had his picture taken. He had the dragon just where he wanted him. But it is to be feared that if some one had followed him with a kodak, some of the snap-shots might have been less satisfactory. Let us suppose a moment when the dragon

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail. It is a way that dragons have when they are excited. And what if at that moment St. George dodged? Would you criticise him harshly for such an action? Would it not be better to take into consideration the fact that under such circumstances his first duty might not be to be statuesque?

When in the stern conflict we have found a champion, I think we owe him some little encouragement. When he is doing the best he can in a very difficult

situation, we ought not to blame him because he does not act as he would if there were no difficulties at all. "Life," said Marcus Aurelius, "is more like wrestling than dancing." When we get that point of view we may see that some attitudes that are not graceful may be quite effective. It is a fine thing to say

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose true
And dare to make it known.

But if I had been a Daniel, and as the result of my independent action had been cast into the den of lions, I should feel as if I had done enough in the way of heroism for one day, and I should let other people take their turn. If I found the lions inclined to be amiable, I should encourage them in it. I should say, "I beg your pardon. I do not mean to intrude. If it's the time for your afternoon nap, don't pay any attention to me. After the excitement that I've had where I came from, I should like nothing better than to sit down by myself in the shade and have a nice quiet day of it."

And if the lions were agreeable, I should be glad. I should hate to have at this moment a bland Doctrinaire look down and say, "That was a great thing you did up there, Daniel. People are wondering whether you can keep it up. Your friends are getting a mite impatient. They expected to hear by this time that there was something doing down there. Stir 'em up, Daniel! Stir 'em up!"

Perhaps at this point some fair-minded reader may say, "Is there not something to be said in favor of the Doctrinaire? Is he not, after all, a very useful character? How could any great reform be pushed through without his assistance?"

Yes, dear reader, a great deal may be said in his favor. He is often very useful. So is a snow-plough, in mid-winter, although I prefer a more flexible implement when it comes to cultivating my early peas.

There is something worse than to be a

Doctrinaire who pursues an ideal without regard to practical consideration; it is worse to be a Philistine so immersed in practical considerations that he does n't know an ideal when he sees it. If the choice were between these two I should say, "Keep on being a Doctrinaire. You have chosen the better part." But fortunately there is a still more excellent way. It is possible to be a practical idealist pursuing the ideal with full regard for practical considerations. There is some-

thing better than the conscience that moves with undeviating rectitude through a moral vacuum. It is the conscience that is "to true occasion true." It is a moral force operating continuously on the infinitely diversified materials of human life. It feels its way onward. It takes advantage of every incident, with a noble opportunism. It is the conscience that belongs to the patient, keen-witted, open-minded, cheery "men of good will," who are doing the hard work of the world.

MRS. DIXON'S CULTURE COURSE

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

MISS RUTH HUTTON, editor of *The Woman's Friend*, surveyed the card with the strong disfavor which an untimely interruption awakens in an exceedingly busy person. Wholly unawed by this atmosphere of disapproval, Tim, her small office-boy, stood awaiting her decision, gazing noncommittally into space the while.

"Go 'n ter see 'er?" he finally inquired, when the silence and inaction seemed to call for a dispassionate jog. "She says 't ain't business; it 's only personal. I 'd see 'er," he added helpfully. "I would!"

Advice from Tim was unusual, but Miss Hutton was too absorbed to notice this surprising departure from his wonted professional indifference. She looked sadly at the pile of manuscripts on her desk, then through the windows at the heavy rain which had held out such false promise of a long day of uninterrupted reading, glanced at the card once more, and let her gaze return to her newly constituted advisory counsel.

"I suppose I 'll have to," she conceded, reluctantly, "since she has come in this downpour. Tell her I 'm very busy, but that I can give her a few minutes."

He was gone before she had finished, and Miss Hutton returned to her manuscripts with the grim determination to make use of every odd moment the fates accorded. She had hardly come to the end of a paragraph, however, before the boy was back, and close behind him was a little figure, so quaint, so unexpected, and withal so appealing, that Miss Hutton's eyes brightened as she rose to greet it. Even Tim showed an appreciation of the unusual quality of the caller, to which he testified by offering her a chair — a courtesy which no amount of training had made habitual with him. Then he lingeringly departed, with several backward glances.

That the visitor was shy, badly dressed, and awkward in her carriage, were the editor's first impressions. But her face was so striking, so exquisite, that it won the other's interest before a word had been spoken. She was clad in black, so recently donned that she might have put it on for the first time just before entering. The black veil she pushed back from her forehead was covered with large, round, shiny spots. Her black gloves were new, and the unfilled kid tips drooped accusingly at the ends of

her fingers. Her black gown testified too eloquently to the provincial hands that had made it. As its wearer deprecatingly seated herself, after a hesitating little bow, Miss Hutton observed that her narrow shoulders were bent forward, as if many burdens, borne for years, had rounded them. Her thin, soft hair was almost white.

As she took in these details with the quick appraisal natural to her profession, Miss Hutton's glance rested again with interested wonder on her caller's face. It was too worn, too old, too deeply-lined to be beautiful, as it had evidently once been. But its expression and withered charm largely redeemed the bad taste of the woman's garments, the lack of grace in her carriage, even the *gaucherie* of her address.

"You are the editor, ain't you?" The voice of the caller was the voice of the far West, branded, as it were, with that section's rolling *r*'s. "I got to be sure before I say another word, for my business is private."

She looked into Miss Hutton's eyes as she spoke, with a wistful, childlike appeal that, clashing as it did with her evident force of character and usual independence, touched the editor oddly. She herself was but thirty; her visitor seemed fifty, at least. Yet the younger woman was dimly conscious of a flattering trust and dependence in the other's attitude toward her, offered not through personal humility, but as a tribute to her work, her experience, and her standing in her profession. The caller's next words confirmed this impression.

"I am one of them 'constant readers' your magazine talks about," she continued, ingratiatingly. "I'm Mrs. Joel Dixon. I've read your stories, too — lots of 'em, an'" (this last with uncompromising directness) "I like some of 'em! I seen in your magazine how many women write to you for advice, and what good advice you give 'em; so when my turn come an' I had to have advice, I come straight to you. I said to

myself, 'She knows, 'n' she'll help me. I'd ruther go to her than to anybody else.' So here I am."

Miss Hutton was touched.

"Thank you. I hope I can help," she said, gently. "You may be sure I will try."

The black-gloved hand of her visitor dropped on her own for a moment in quick recognition of the promise, and was then withdrawn shyly, in sudden, acute self-consciousness.

"I knew you would," she said quietly, but with a sort of proud delight. "An' I knew you'd look jest like you do, from your stories. I come three thousand miles to talk to you, an' it's goin' to be worth while."

Miss Hutton experienced a sudden disheartening sense of responsibility.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, trying to pass the matter off lightly; "*that* sounds rather serious. I hope I'll be up to it. But if I'm not, I can at least tell you who is, I think."

The other woman nodded.

"That's it," she corroborated. "I don't want nothing from you except advice. I want you to tell me who to go to an' what to do, an' that's all. I'm a woman that don't know a thing. I got to know everything, an' I got to know it quick. How'll I begin?"

Miss Hutton's sense of responsibility deepened, while her interest increased. Moreover, though it seemed heresy to doubt those eyes, that maternal face, she was not yet wholly certain of her caller's sincerity. She leaned back in her chair and regarded the speaker searchingly and in silence, while the latter looked at her eagerly, expectantly, like a hopeful child waiting to enter a pleasant garden whose key was in the hand of a kindly custodian. It was a full minute before Miss Hutton spoke. Then she said sympathetically, —

"Do you mind telling me a little more — going somewhat into detail? I'm afraid I don't grasp the situation fully, and I can't advise you until I do."

The visitor's vivid eyes brightened. She leaned forward eagerly, brushing aside the manuscripts on the desk to make place for her thin elbows, and resting her chin on her hands. Then she began to speak rapidly, looking straight before her into space. It was as if she was saying something she had rehearsed many times. Possibly she was.

"That 's just what I want t' do," she cried urgently — "tell you everything. That 's what I come for. I could n't write it all in letters. It 's just this way. We was poor, me an' my husband, an' now we 're rich. That don't count for much, I know. Riches makes their own excuses for mistakes; 'nd then we 've lived in little places, too, so nothin' mattered. But my husband went into politics, an' now we 're comin' to Washington in November to live there. That 's different. There 's style there. I got to make myself all over, an' I ain't got but seven months to do it in. I can't afford to lose a minute. What must I do? 'Nd how do I begin?"

Miss Hutton smiled with some amused relief. After all, it was not a tragedy, as she had feared, but a not uncommon American condition, which many American women have faced with varying degrees of victory. When she spoke her voice showed her alleviated mood. It had something of the cajoling quality one uses to quiet an impatient child.

"You must n't hope to do it all at once, of course," she said, with a little shake of the head. "It can be done, but it 's not an affair of weeks, or months. You can make a good start —"

But Mrs. Joel Dixon had dropped her arms on the desk and had thrust forward a face transfigured by excitement.

"I tell you, I *got* to," she cried, hoarsely. "*Now*. In seven months. That 's what I come to you for. Don't I know I could read an' study an' work if I had years to do it in? It 's got to be done before November. Everything depends on it." She stopped, gulped, and ended desperately, throwing her cards on the

table, as it were. "My home depends on it. My — my husband depends on it. He 's gettin' ashamed of me. I got to keep up with him. I *got* to have culture!"

Miss Hutton sat up and stared at her. "You mean —" She hesitated.

The other woman nodded. Then suddenly, uncontrollably, she began to cry. She was too proud to hide her face. For a moment the big drops rolled down her cheeks, as she fumbled vaguely in her pocket for her handkerchief.

"I 'm ashamed of myself," she sobbed at last. "I don't often make a fool of myself like this. But he thinks I don't know nothing. He thinks I ain't educated. An' I ain't — that 's the truth. And he says I ain't got manners for society — an' that 's true, too. He 's read about women that makes mistakes an' gets laughed at, an' hurts their husbands. He says men get along somehow, but women makes the trouble. He thinks I ought 'a stay home. But I can't. We ain't got no children an' I 'd — I 'd die away from Joe. Besides, — well — there 's a woman in Washington he knows —"

She had found her handkerchief, and now sobbed into it. Miss Hutton felt sick at heart. It *was* a tragedy, after all, and something in the nature of a miracle must be worked to save the happiness of this woman. It was not necessary to ask any more questions. She had the whole story, told and untold, and she looked with a grotesque awe into the heart that held just Joel Dixon. No other thing, or person, in all this wide, selfish world. She thought with great concentration.

"How much money have you?" she asked abruptly. "I mean, how much of your own, to spend on this experiment?"

Mrs. Joel Dixon gave her eyes a conclusive dab with her handkerchief.

"He give me five thousand dollars when I come," she replied, "an' said to get clo's, an' send for more if I wanted it. He says I can go to Yurruup if I want to."

"He does n't know what you are after? what you wish to get in other directions?"

"No, he don't. I'll get what I want first. Then I'll tell him."

"Can you stay in New York all the time, from now until November? And work every minute?"

Mrs. Dixon's wet eyes began to shine again.

"I can," she remarked with quiet fierceness. "I expect to."

Miss Hutton sat up and drew her papers together with an air of swift decision.

"Then you shall begin," she said. "I'll turn you over to a corps of dress-makers, beauty specialists, masseurs, educators, and etiquette authorities that would make Mr. Dixon's head swim if he knew of them. I won't promise that all worldly wisdom will have been taken up by you at the end of seven months, but I give you my word that you will be so transformed in dress, manner, carriage, and general information, that Mr. Dixon will never get by that to anything else. Tim, bring me the telephone book."

Mrs. Joel Dixon drew a deep breath.

"I knew you would," she cried, elatedly. "I knew you could do *anything*!"

Miss Hutton laughed.

"I'm not going to do it," she said cheerfully. "You are. And you'll find it's not so easy. You will get discouraged very often, but you must stand to your guns. You've two things to keep you at it. Your husband and that Washington woman. You must n't give up."

Mrs. Dixon's lips set in a straight line.

"I'll keep at it, fast enough," she remarked poignantly. "But I dunno what I can ever do to pay you back," she added.

Miss Hutton turned in her office-chair and regarded her.

"You can never do anything to pay me back," she said, coolly and crisply. "That must be distinctly understood. This is not a financial arrangement. I'll do my best because I'm interested and want to see you win; and because, as you say, you are one of our 'constant readers.' All I have to do is to put you

into the hands of the right people, and make bargains which will prevent them from robbing you. For the rest," — she smiled as a sudden thought struck her, — "if you want to do something for me you may ask me to dinner the first evening Mr. Dixon spends with you here in New York. I would like to see him trying to live up to you!"

The following weeks were weeks of such feverish activity in the life of Mrs. Joel Dixon that she confided to Miss Hutton, at moments, as she made her way through the complicated maze of society ways and manners, her conviction that she and her mundane aspirations would soon find rest in an uncritical grave in her native state.

On the whole, however, she remained fairly cheerful and undaunted, — a condition which testified eloquently to the strength of her nervous system and the intrepidity of her soul. She was in the hands of six specialists, each unaware of her identity, each believing that only a social bee was buzzing in her plain little bonnet, and each pleasantly convinced that in her own individual efforts lay eventual success or failure. She was comfortably but unostentatiously established in an apartment in a small uptown family hotel; and here Miss Hutton, whose interest in her deepened as time passed, dropped in once or twice a week, to put her through her paces, and to offer congratulations, sympathy, or support, as her action and form demanded. To this first friend, still her only disinterested one, Mrs. Dixon clung with a devotion and dependence that contrasted oddly with the grim determination with which she met all the other interests of her temporarily complicated life. To Miss Hutton, too, she still brought all her problems, and it amused and touched that astute young person to discover that her lightest word on any subject carried more weight with her protégée than the combined decisions of all her teachers. "Teachers," Mrs. Dixon called them indiscriminately, whether their instruction

had to do with the elemental rules of English grammar, as in the case of Miss Virginia Jefferson, or the correct placing of a new puff on a head which was rapidly becoming a model example of the coiffeur's art. Sometimes her questions, like those of a child, were not easy to answer. Once, when Miss Hutton had come upon her unexpectedly in a Fifth Avenue manicure establishment, she broached one of these.

"I went to Sherry's yesterday for afternoon tea," she confided, as she lent her hands to the manicure's efforts and her ears to Miss Jefferson's possible pounce upon a malapropism. Miss Jefferson was a nice girl, whose task was to be with Mrs. Dixon night and day, listening to her grammar with the interested attention of one whose livelihood depended upon detecting and correcting its lapses. It may be added that Miss Jefferson's occupation was somewhat strenuous.

"Mrs. Dean took me," continued the victim, "and I seen —"

"Saw!" said Miss Jefferson, who seemed prepared for this lapse.

"Saw," repeated Mrs. Dixon thoughtfully. "I saw lots of the women put their elbows on the tables. Why were they doin' that? Mrs. Dean won't let me do it, and I ain't —"

"Have n't," from Miss Jefferson.

"Have n't had 'em on for weeks. But if it was wrong like she says —"

"As she said."

"As she said" (a trifle emphatically), "why was —"

"Were, were."

"Were, were they doin' it?"

Miss Hutton explained feebly that possibly the assemblage represented those unfortunates not favored with knowledge of Mrs. Dean's high standards, but here she was promptly set right. Through frequent attendance at concerts, theatres, and tea-rooms, in the care of Miss Jefferson or the indefatigable Mrs. Dean, who had her social graces under cultivation, their victim had learned to know by sight

many of society's prominent belles and matrons.

"Mrs. Mayo talked so loud at the theatre last night," Mrs. Dixon resumed, "that the folks in her box could n't hear the play. The folks in the next box was just as bad. Now, Mrs. Dean don't let me say a word except between the acts. An' mighty few then — she's so busy talking herself. Miss Eva Twombly had her knees crossed all through the Symphony Concert last Saturday, an' she swung her foot the hull time, for I watched. If I crossed my knees and swung my feet in public any more, I guess Mrs. Dean would drop dead. What do you s'pose she'd say?"

Miss Hutton endeavored to rise to the occasion, though without enthusiasm.

"I suppose she'd say," she hazarded frankly, "that you had n't yet reached the point where you can do anything you please, and that those other women have."

Miss Jefferson, who was hovering about her victim with an interest almost painfully acute, came to Miss Hutton's assistance.

"It really does n't do to use one's manners all at once," she contributed. "Why," she went on reflectively, "when I graduated at the convent I had the most perfect manners of any girl in my set, but I had to drop most of them the first year. They embarrassed people too much."

Mrs. Joel Dixon looked dazed, as well she might.

"Wh — why did they?" she stammered.

Miss Jefferson explained.

"Nobody else had any, you see," she observed affably, "and the contrast worried them. They felt that they had to live up to me, and I could see it was a strain. So I came down to them, and we were all more comfortable."

She strolled away to pay the bill after this oracular utterance, leaving Mrs. Dixon in a mental fog which Miss Hutton did not attempt to dissipate. She did her best, however, to respond to the

look of grieved inquiry in her protégée's eyes.

"Why do I have to learn things, then, if no one does 'em?" Mrs. Dixon inquired trenchantly, and with considerable point.

"Do exactly as Mrs. Dean tells you," Miss Hutton advised, sympathetically. "Then you will be prepared for any occasion and — er — later, you can use your own judgment as to whether you will use your manners every day, or put them away in camphor balls occasionally, like the rest."

She was glad to be interrupted here by the cheerful shrieks of two young buds, who, seated at opposite ends of the room, were carrying on a private conversation regardless of this handicap. She observed, however, that though Mrs. Dixon lent herself politely to a change of topic, the thoughtful expression did not materially lift from her brow.

As the weeks passed, it became plain that, however confused her mental processes might be, Mrs. Dixon was making astonishing progress. Her new dressmaker had done all that was expected of her, and the physical-culture instructor had so ably supplemented her efforts that Mrs. Dixon not only had beautiful clothes, but had learned how to wear them. Miss Hutton hardly recognized in the slender, exquisitely gowned and coiffured woman who called at her office one day in May, the pathetic little pilgrim of two months before. As usual, Mrs. Dixon had her problem. One whose destiny lies temporarily in the hands of specialists is frequently pained by marked differences of opinion among these ultimate arbiters. In Mrs. Dixon's case these differences concerned many things.

"You see," she explained to Miss Hutton after greetings had been exchanged, "Mrs. Dean an' Mrs. Harwood are mixin' me all up. Mrs. Dean told me I mus' read *Alice-for-Short* this week, so 's I could converse about it, an' Mrs. Harwood said I must read *The Care of the Teeth*, so I 'd learn how to take better

care of what I got left. I ain't got time for both, so I 'm readin' *The Teeth* because that 's really important, as Mrs. Harwood says; an' Mrs. Dean was so hurt I thought she was goin' to leave. Now, which was the one to read?"

Miss Hutton hesitated, then effected a masterly compromise.

"I 'd read some of each, if I were you," she advised, "and finish them next week. For purposes of conversation it 's really better to be half through a novel. That gives the person you are talking to a glorious chance to tell you all the rest and spoil the plot."

Mrs. Dixon brooded darkly over this.

"An' how 'm I goin' to know," she demanded gloomily, "when you folks are serious and when you ain't? Of course," she added quickly, "I can tell when you laff; but when you say things that sound queer and *don't* laff, how can I tell?"

Miss Hutton dodged this esoteric problem.

"What else are you doing?" she asked with interest. "How do you divide your days to get into them all you have to do?"

Her protégée reflected. Seated in her high-backed chair and holding herself with dignity and erectness, her bent shoulders straightened, her head well up, her complexion clear, her wrinkles disappearing, her gown the work of the clever hands of Fifth Avenue's most audacious filcher of Parisian ideas for her "confections," her lavender hat breathing of the Rue de la Paix, she was transformed and she knew it. The consciousness gave her a new dignity and self-possession, quaint but pleasing.

"Mrs. Dean has me read a leadin' New York newspaper every morning," she began thoughtfully, "so I do that in bed after my bath, an' while I 'm havin' breakfast. Then Mrs. Dean comes an' we talk over the news an' happenens. She certainly does tell me th' most enterestin' things about society an' whut 's goin' on. It 's a noo world. Then the massoose comes an' the manicure, an' the hair-

dresser, an' when they 're gone it's dinner-time — I mean luncheon. After lunch I take a nap to gain flesh. Mrs. Harwood says I got to gain fifteen pounds to make my figger right. Then we go for a drive in the Park an' look at the other women. Of course Miss Jefferson is with me the hull time, an' whenever I open my mouth she just about jumps down it, correctin' my mistakes."

Mrs. Dixon paused and sighed heavily. It was plain that in Miss Jefferson and her efforts were combined the severest ordeal and the slowest progress of the experience. Miss Hutton's silence was sympathetic.

"That's *very* important, you know," she remarked at last.

Mrs. Dixon's bright eyes flashed.

"Well, I *guess* I know it," she corroborated. "You don't think I'd stand it a minute if 't wan't important. But I do stand it. I got to." Her voice fell into silence, and her eyes took on a far-away look. "I *got* to have culture," she then said, with bitter doggedness.

Miss Hutton hastened to divert her mind from a too trying sense of responsibility.

"When do you read?" she asked.

With another sigh Mrs. Joel Dixon took up the chronicle of the daily routine of a strenuous life.

"When we get back from our drive," she resumed dully, "I read till five o'clock with Mrs. Dean. She comes again then, an' she stays till after dinner. She gives me my lessons then, on the Elements."

Miss Hutton looked puzzled.

"The Elements?" she queried, knitting her brows.

"The Elements, yes — the Elements of Knowledge, Mrs. Dean calls 'em. Who are our best authors, an' what have they written, an' bridge, an' our fav'rite composers, an' Wagner, an' the modern drama, an' does it mean anything. We talk about them all through supper — dinner I mean, when she ain't telling me which fork an' how to keep my shoulders

up, an' not to forget my napkin, an' to eat slow as if I was n't hungry. Then at night we go to see a play, or hear a concert or something. I certainly would enjoy that if the woman would leave me alone to listen to the music an' — an' — think of home."

The cheery voice faltered a little, and Mrs. Dixon's eyes dropped under the other's quick look of inquiry. Then she rushed on rapidly. "But she don't. It's 'Strauss wrote' this, and 'Wagner wrote' that, an' 'pronounce Debussy again,' till I'm just about sick."

Miss Hutton regarded her with reproachful eyes.

"I believe you're weakening," she cried, subtly. "I believe you're getting ready to throw it all up. Is that what you came to say?"

With a supreme effort, the little woman pulled herself together.

"No, it ain't," she said, bringing her teeth together with a decisive click. "It ain't nothin' of the sort. I just come to have the satisfaction of speakin' right out plain to some one for once, without getting stopped an' corrected. I just want to say that I'm so sick of that parcel of women up to my rooms that I have horrid dreams about 'em at night. I feel better now since I've said it. But I ain't goin' to give up, now nor never. I'm agoin' to do what I started to do, if it kills me."

Miss Hutton applauded this Spartan standpoint. "And really you like some of it; you know you do," she reminded her caller, with vivacious sympathy. "The drives, the theatres, the music, the new life, the excitement — it's all worth while. And think of how you are improving. For you are."

Mrs. Joel Dixon leaned forward and looked searchingly into the eyes which sustained this arraignment without a flicker.

"Am I?" she asked, almost under her breath, as if afraid to pronounce the words. "Honest, now? That's what I *really* come to ask. Am I? I know you'd

tell me the truth. I know I *know* more, but *does it show*? That's what I want to know. Have I got any culture? Do I act as if I had?"

Miss Hutton gave her back a look as straight as her own.

"Mrs. Dixon," she said steadily, "I have just told you that you have improved tremendously. In looks, in dress, in carriage, you are a very different woman, and it has all been done in less than three months. The other things, — the reading, the general knowledge, take more time. People spend their lives acquiring culture. You must not be too impatient. I told you that in the beginning."

Mrs. Dixon rose, droopingly, and then, in quick remembrance, straightened her slender shoulders and lifted her head high. Until she spoke she had quite the air of a well-set-up woman of the world.

"Well," she said lingeringly, "I guess I'll go home now an' take my physical culture exercises. I forgot 'em this morning. And it's real good of you to take so much int'rest."

Then, with a sudden complete change of manner and tone, she raised her hand in languid farewell greeting. "Good-by," she drawled. "Thanks so much. Such a nice chat;" and with a swish of silk petticoats she was gone, leaving Miss Hutton gasping. The thing was a trifle exaggerated, and the twinkle in Mrs. Dixon's brilliant bird-like eyes, which she could not quite control, showed that she knew it was. But it was Mrs. Dean to the life, the superior and elegant Mrs. Dean, as all her friends knew her.

Another month brought another crisis in Mrs. Dixon's life. Mrs. Dean was to take her to a dinner — a small but elegant affair, given by a family lingering late in town and sufficiently devoted to Mrs. Dean to give her "pupil" an evening, a meal, and an object lesson. In high excitement Mrs. Dixon sought Miss Hutton on the eve of this festivity. As to clothes and conduct she had been sufficiently, almost exhaustively, coached by

Mrs. Dean, who was also, of course, to grace the festive board. It was a more difficult problem she had for Miss Hutton's solution. Her speech, in the interval, had acquired that improvement which is indicated by instantaneous correction of errors.

"When I meet 'em — them," she asked pathetically, "shall I act as if I knew everything and then let 'em — them find out I don't, or shall I *tell* 'em — them I don't, and let 'em — them get over it?"

"Don't say a word that you don't have to say," cautioned Miss Hutton candidly. "Act your best, listen intelligently, talk very little, and don't speak at all unless you are sure of what you say. Fill in the pauses with smiles. Your smile is charming."

Mrs. Dixon walked over to the office mirror, grinned into it, and regarded the result with unlifted gloom.

"Mrs. Dean knows the men I'm going to set — sit between," she remarked drearily, when she returned to her friend after this grotesque moment of self-communion. "One of 'em — them is western. We can talk about home. He's a mining man, an' I guess I ain't — have not listened to Joe Dixon talking mines at every meal I've et — eaten for twenty-five years without learning something about mines, too. Him an' me — he and I will get on all right. But the other man is a nauthor, an' why they put him next to me," ended Mrs. Dixon with a wail, "I'm sure I dunno — I can't guess."

It was plain that she was in a panic over the prospect of her first formal dinner "in society," but Miss Hutton finally succeeded in soothing her agitation.

"They's — there's to be music right after dinner," she remarked at last, cheering perceptibly at the thought, "so we won't have to talk none — any then."

Miss Hutton sailed for Europe ten days later, not, however, without having learned that the little dinner was a success and that already there was talk of another, at which Mrs. Dixon herself was

to preside as hostess. Such rapid and dashing plunges into the social maelstrom seemed hardly wise, but she realized that time was limited, and that Mrs. Dixon was undoubtedly pressing matters forward with characteristic impatience. She was gone three months, and when she returned, her first caller, quite appropriately, was Mrs. Joel Dixon. She was superbly gowned, and she swept into the office with an easy grace and an assurance which made Miss Hutton open her eyes. Then she looked at her caller's face and they widened still more, for it was radiant, glowing, blushing, ecstatic, love-lit — the face of a girl-bride. Close behind her slender figure, with eyes in which astonished admiration was still the principal element, loomed a huge, ungainly masculine bulk, with a certain rugged strength in the massive head and square jaw, but loose-jointed, rather awkward, and wholly ill at ease. With a little delighted gurgle and flutter Mrs. Dixon ushered this half-Caliban into the office.

"Oh, Miss Hutton," she exclaimed, "this is my husband. This is Joel — Mr. Dixon. I want you to meet him, and there's only to-day, because we're going back West to-night. And oh, Miss Hutton," — this last in a rapt staccato of rapture, of gratitude, — "we've lost all our money. We're *poor* again. We don't *have* to live in Washington. We don't *have* to go into society. *We're going back home!*"

So might those last four words be

spoken by the exile from Italy after a lifetime in the desert; nay, even so by the Christian seeing the peace of the Eternal City before him at the end of life's long wait. Unexpected, unbidden, the tears rushed to Miss Hutton's eyes. Still full, they turned toward Mr. Dixon. Slowly he nodded as he shook hands, and then, as if feeling that the situation demanded something more from him, he said quietly, —

"We got to begin all over. Takes it well, don't she? That's pluck."

Miss Hutton shook her head.

"I should call it by a bigger name," she answered softly.

Mr. Dixon regarded his wife, the look of dazed wonder and admiration deepening in his eyes. It was plain that he found it difficult to keep them off her.

"It's pretty tough," he said slowly, "after her developing this way, to have to take it all out home and bury it. Tough, I call it," he repeated, with much firmness. "She ought to shine in society."

His wife, who had been regarding him adoringly, spoke up at this.

"Joel Dixon," she said crisply, "any shining I'd have done anywhere would have been for you. I guess it won't be lost on you, if it's all done now in our own home; will it? That," she added shyly, "is the way *I'd* rather have it."

Her look and her bearing as she spoke were things she had not learned from Mrs. Dean — but that lady might have been proud to claim them.

THE COLLEGE OF DISCIPLINE AND THE COLLEGE OF FREEDOM

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

THE college, as distinguished from the university, is America's most distinctive educational institution. It is unusual in educational organization in the fact that it receives young men at an age when in most countries professional training is almost in sight, and for four years retains them in a school which confessedly does not train for a profession or for a specific calling, but aims at the general development of character and intellect. The German youth enters the university on the average only one year older than the American boy of to-day enters the college.

Until thirty years ago, the college was not only our most distinctive school of learning, but it was the crown of our educational organization. Professional schools of law and medicine and theology existed, but in most cases independently of the college, and were not articulated with it even when controlled by the college board of trustees. The college was the school which stood for scholarly ideals and methods.

A great change has come in three decades. With the establishment of the Johns Hopkins University, the growth of the state universities, and the increasing influence in education of Americans who had enjoyed European study, the university idea was transplanted to America. It has shown in three decades an extraordinary growth, measured by the number of universities and the facilities for study and research. One of the most significant results is the influence of the university idea upon the American college, and the growing need for a more consistent educational organization which shall coördinate secondary school, college, and university. Sir W. H. Preece, in a recent address before the Royal Society of Arts,

says, "In America a national coördinated system will be evolved which will make the United States the best secularly educated country in the world, and its educational policy thoroughly organized." I believe that these hopeful words are likely to come true, but it is evident that, before that time, much must be done to clarify the present educational confusion. This is the educational problem of the next twenty years, and we are just now squarely facing it.

In the course of that examination and reorganization, that which we have come to know as the American college is to be subjected to a sharper scrutiny than it has ever been called upon to undergo. It will be necessary to show clearly just what the college undertakes to do, and what its efficiency is in the doing of it. Next, it will be necessary to show in just what way the college shall relate itself to the secondary school on the one hand, and to the university on the other. The university has been grafted on the college without very thorough consideration of its influence on the college, or the influence of the college on it. In the same way the college has exacted admission requirements with little regard to the interests of the secondary schools. This may have been an almost unavoidable phase of the growth of education in a new country. It cannot remain indefinitely. The college not only must know what it seeks to do and show a fair coefficient of efficiency, but it must relate itself to the general system of education of the state and of the nation.

Furthermore, it is misleading to speak of one set of colleges as private institutions, and of another set as public ones. There are no private colleges or universities. Harvard, Yale, and Columbia are

as truly public institutions as are Wisconsin, California, and Michigan. The first group is sustained by tuition fees and the income from endowments; the second group, mainly by taxation. All are public institutions in the sense of common responsibility to the general educational effort of state and nation. All colleges alike must face the questions: What is the function of the college? Is it discharging that function efficiently? Does it fit consistently into one general educational organization?

It is interesting to note that the reasons which now press for answers to these questions arise out of economic and administrative considerations. In these thirty years the cost of conducting a college has risen enormously, but the cost of maintaining a university is out of all proportion to the estimates of a generation ago. Somehow we must decide what is a college and what a university, for economic reasons if for no other.

The administrative reason has only recently begun to make itself felt. Colleges have, for a large part of our educational history, been conducted as isolated enterprises. That day has gone by. The college must for the future find its place in a general system of education.

While these considerations are those which produced the present scrutiny of the college, the final settlement of its place in American education is not likely to rest wholly on economic or administrative grounds, although these influences will have increasing effect upon its future. In the college one finds more clearly expressed than elsewhere certain fundamental theories concerning the education and training of human beings, and the final place of the college in an educational organization will rest mainly on the weight given to one or another of these fundamental educational theories.

All schools of general culture which, like the American college, have looked both to the development of character and to the training of the mind, have been evolved under the influence of two dis-

ting educational ideals — one the ideal of discipline, the other that of freedom.

The first conception is the older. Men learned early in the history of civilization that every human being born into this world must first learn to obey, if later he is to command; must first control himself, if later he is to lead others. The conception of discipline as a means to education is universal; it has existed since schools began; it will always exist, because it is rooted in our universal human experience.

The ideal of freedom was a later development of educational experience. Long after men were familiar with the educational value of discipline, they came to realize that in the education of men, as in the development of nations, the highest type of character, like the finest order of citizenship, is developed under conditions of freedom; that the virtue which blossoms under the clear sky has a finer fragrance than that which develops in the cloister; that the finest efforts of education, like the ripest fruits of civilization, are to be sought where the realization of human freedom is most perfect.

For two thousand years, from the schools of Athens and Rome to those of Berlin and Boston, schools which seek to deal with the general training of youth have differentiated in accordance with their adherence to one or another of these fundamental ideals, or in accordance with their effort to combine the two. The differences which exist to-day among the stronger American colleges as to what the college ought to do, as well as the reasons which are advanced for a separation of the college from the high school on one side and from the university on the other, rest on the relative weight which is attached to the educational ideal of discipline or to the educational ideal of freedom. And the place which the college is ultimately to have will be fixed by the decision whether it is to represent squarely the ideal of discipline, the ideal of freedom, or both.

It is also to be remembered that each

of these educational ideals has its relations to the development both of character and of intellect, and each may be interpreted differently according as one views it from the standpoint of the individual, or from the standpoint of the social order in which he moves. Personal discipline and social discipline, individual freedom and the freedom which can be had only by social organization, are all involved in the scheme of general education, but it is rare to have all of these phases simultaneously under the view of the same eyes. Specializing in education began at the beginning in the very conceptions of the fundamental processes by which education was to be effected.

In actual practice, American colleges represent to-day all the combinations and the compromises of these two conceptions. At one extreme are colleges organized to prescribe fixed lines of conduct and specified courses of study; at the other are colleges so planned as to spread out before the eyes of the eighteen-year-old boy an almost endless variety of sports and of studies from which he may choose at will. In the first group, the ideal of discipline is paramount, with the emphasis on the interests of organized society; in the second, the ideal of freedom is dominant, and the interests and development of the individual direct the line of vision.

There are perhaps no better illustra-

In the one are assembled some four hundred and fifty boys; in the other, some two thousand three hundred. The two groups of students enter their respective institutions at practically the same age, and are widely representative of alert American youth. The student in the one case becomes part of an organization whose ideal is discipline; the other enters a régime whose watchword is individual freedom. In the one, the boy of eighteen is ordered to comply with a rigid régime which for four years undertakes to arrange for each day, and almost for each hour, his work and his play, and the amount of money he may spend; in the second, he is invited to choose from a numerous list of studies and of sports as he will.

The strict discipline of the one, no less than the perfect freedom of the other, is, of course, tempered by the cross currents which run in all human affairs. The West Point plebe soon discovers that the austere economy of cadet life is mitigated by an underground arrangement through which New York tradesmen extend a practically unlimited credit, to be harvested on the far distant graduation day — a process which makes the problem of how to live on your income not materially different at the two colleges.

On the other hand, the Harvard freshman who, with the aid of an anxious parent, undertakes to select five courses from

ly determined for him. Whether he will or not, he must take an assigned measure of mathematics, science, modern languages, drawing, history, and dancing (this last is a good required study in any college). He becomes a member of a section of perhaps ten. The assigned lesson will cover each day certain pages of a text-book. At the call of the instructor he must rise, put his heels together, begin with the formula, "I am required to recite, etc.;" and is most successful when he repeats the exact language of the text-book which is his guide. He must be ready every day, and his standing in comparison with every other man in his class is posted at the end of each week, made out to the fractional part of a per cent. The hours for work and play are fixed, and he may not go beyond the limits of the West Point reservation. Through the whole four-year course runs consistently the ideal of personal discipline.

His courses once chosen, the Harvard freshman finds himself one of a group of twenty or five hundred, according to the subject. If he occupies his place with fair regularity, he may work earnestly or very little. There is no day-by-day demand upon him such as the West Point cadet must expect. With occasional tests during the term — generally not difficult — and an examination at the end, which a mark of sixty per cent will pass, the subject is credited to him as a completed study. Meanwhile the opportunities for reading, for individual study, for fellowship, and for amusement, are unlimited. Individual freedom is the keynote of his college life.

It is sometimes urged that West Point exists to train men for a particular profession, and that, therefore, its work as a college is not comparable with that of other colleges. There is a measure of truth in this statement, but it is very easy to overestimate the significance which should be given it. West Point is not a school aiming to fit men for a given technical calling. It aims to give, along with a certain military training, a general edu-

cation which shall count both for character and for intellect. In the essential things which they seek to accomplish, West Point and Harvard strive toward the same ends. Whether a man enter the life of the army or some calling in civil life, success will depend in each case upon moral and intellectual efficiency. Each college seeks to develop in its students moral purpose and the ability to think straight. The difference is that, in seeking to attain these ends, one institution proceeds under the dominating ideal of discipline, the other under that of freedom.

West Point has never been a strictly technical school, and it would be a misfortune for the academy and for the country if this should come about. It has been in fact a military college, in which men are fitted successfully for many stations both in military and civil life. It has lived more consistently than most institutions in conformity to the particular ideal in education for which it stands, although until the last thirty years all colleges shared to a large extent the disciplinary conception of education. The general likeness of the educational results at the academy to those of other good colleges is shown in the history of its graduates. Deductions concerning the efficiency of colleges, as determined by a roll of distinguished graduates, are to be received with extreme caution. In any such survey we are strongly inclined to that side of the argument which pictures the American college as the regenerator of our social order. We count the successes, but not the failures. We point to Mr. Roosevelt of Harvard, Mr. Taft of Yale, and Mr. Hughes of Brown, as examples of college leadership in public life, but we rarely strike a balance by charging to the college such leaders as Mr. Boies Penrose of Harvard, Mr. Thomas C. Platt of Yale, or Mr. Abraham Ruef of California. All that one can say is that, taken by and large, the work of the graduates of West Point, in all the walks of life during the last hundred years, has compared well in

civic worth with that of the men of other colleges.

There was one critical epoch in our national life which furnished a very interesting comparison, and which has always seemed to me to speak well for that feature of West Point education which arises out of the close community life and the bringing together of boys from all parts of the Union. In the troubled days which marked the first efforts at reconstruction after the Civil War, three West Point graduates, Grant, Sherman, and Schofield, by virtue of their military commands, took definite positions as to the methods by which the seceded states were to be brought back into the Union. Eventually the matter went to Congress, and the plan which finally prevailed was due mainly to two college graduates, one in the Senate, the other in the House—Charles Sumner of Harvard, and Thaddeus Stevens of Dartmouth. I think it is fair to say that, looking back after forty years, the general judgment of thinking men is that the reconstruction policy of the West Point graduates was not only more just and merciful, but also politically wiser, than that of Sumner and Stevens.

Both of these colleges are noble agencies for the education of men; both have sent into our national life graduates who have done honor alike to their institutions and to their country. The remembrance of this fact ought to help toward educational liberality. It serves to remind us that, after all, we have no specifics in education; that men come into a larger usefulness, and into a finer intellectual and spiritual life, by many paths. Discipline and freedom both play their parts in the evolution of the best human character, and we may therefore not wonder that institutions varying so widely in ideals and in methods have alike achieved a high measure of success, and have won a place of singular honor and regard in the nation's estimate.

Colleges, like all human organisms designed for moral and spiritual training, stand between the tendency to take the

color of their environment, both good and bad, and the conscious duty to stand against certain tendencies of the society in which they exist. This is only another way of saying that colleges have a duty both to society and to the individual student and teacher. In the college of discipline, the tendency is to emphasize the duty to society, as represented by the organization, at the expense of the individual; in the college of freedom, the tendency is to emphasize the rights of the individual at the expense of social organization. The one view loses sight of the fact that discipline, to be effective, must in the long run be self-discipline; the other tends to overlook the truth that, in civilization, freedom for the individual is a function of the observance of social restraints. As a result, both the college of discipline and the college of freedom are peculiarly exposed to the prevailing American tendency to superficiality, but for exactly opposite reasons: the first on account of the multiplicity of standards, and the latter on account of the lack of definite standards.

In the college of discipline, the standards tend to become so numerous that the process of living up to them becomes disciplinary rather than educational. This arises out of the qualities of human nature. Once give to a group of men the power to select the things which other men ought to do or ought to learn, and the difficulties of moderation are great. In government, over-legislation, and in education, an overcrowded curriculum, is the almost universal result.

In nearly all schools with prescribed courses there has gone on for years a process of adding to the list of studies until the student is asked to absorb more in four years than he can possibly digest in that time. This régime is intensified at West Point by two facts peculiar to its organization—the low entrance requirements, and the lack of instructors who are masters of their subjects, able not only to hear recitations, but to impart intellectual enthusiasm.

The West Point plebe enters at practically the same age as the Harvard freshman, but under much lower entrance requirements. Consequently, the students in the first year are in nearly all cases repeating studies they have already had. This fact plays an important part in the process, for it enables the poor plebe to catch his breath and adapt himself in the course of his first year to the system of recitations, under which huge text-books are devoured with little regard to the element of time as a factor in intellectual digestion.

West Point is also at a disadvantage in comparison with other good colleges in the lack of trained teachers. Instructors are chosen more generally than formerly from young commissioned officers, themselves graduates — a system of intellectual inbreeding from which all American colleges suffer in greater or less degree. They serve only a few years, and have in many cases only a superficial knowledge of the subjects they teach, however energetically they may bend to their tasks. There is no more pathetic sight in education than that afforded by the army or navy officer who burns the midnight oil in the effort to keep one day ahead of the lesson which his class is to recite. The instruction given by such a teacher is necessarily of the routine and text-book sort, with little of the inspiration gained under a true teacher. All these factors — the overcrowding of the curriculum, the lack of experienced teachers, the extreme devotion to details — unite to make the exercises formal and academic, and to banish opportunities for individual cultivation in laboratories, in books, or in conference with a cultivated mind. The process tends strongly toward intellectual superficiality, for in such teaching the fundamental concepts and principles are sacrificed for details which do not linger in the mind long after examination time. And no human being is quicker than the college boy to appropriate to himself the lesson involved in the teaching of a subject by one who is not a master of it. The

deduction which he makes is that if a man is ordered to do a thing, he can do it whether he understands it or not. This process may be disciplinary, but it is scarcely educational.

Every American will sympathize with the idea that the national military college should have the closest possible touch with the army, and should breathe the spirit of the service. It will be, however, a misfortune, alike for the army and for education, if the theory is once accepted that this contact cannot be maintained consistently with high educational ideals and scholarly leadership.

There are two aspects of army service which have hitherto received in our country small consideration. The first is, that modern warfare is an applied science and those who undertake it successfully are members of a learned scientific profession. Secondly, the habits and routine of army life in time of peace are precisely those which tend to impair the professional efficiency of officers, to destroy initiative and the capacity to take responsibility.

These facts require that the members of the military profession shall be first of all trained men, and secondly that the tendencies to inefficiency shall be counteracted by some intellectual and professional stimulus. The traditions of discipline are so ingrained in the military service that in time of peace the disposition to regulate every detail, giving to subordinate officers little opportunity for independent action, becomes inexorable. The military profession is at a disadvantage in comparison with other great professions in the fact that, in the ordinary duties of army service, there is little to stimulate study or to develop interest in military science. In these respects the naval service has advantages. Only experts can enter it, and ships at least go to sea and manœuvre in squadrons, if they do not fight.

The essential problem, therefore, with modern nations in the maintenance of an army is to train a body of efficient men to

the military profession, and having done this, to preserve their alertness, initiative, and efficiency in time of peace, in the face of the system of minute regulations and infinite detail which inevitably envelops the service. This problem is fundamental, for it is the man who thinks straight, and who has the initiative to take responsibility, who wins battles.

It seems clear that the greatest factor in the solution of this problem is the stimulus to intellectual activity which officers receive in their education. The establishment of the general staff and the staff colleges is an effort in this direction, but the basis of the officer's professional efficiency as a member of a learned profession lies in the intellectual inspiration and the interest in his profession which his West Point education gives him. In this stimulus is to be found the most effective antidote for the deadening effect of routine, and the demoralizing influence of minute regulations. There is, therefore, no college in which the inspiration of good teaching, and the preservation of scholarly enthusiasm, mean more than in the national military college. And these are in no wise inconsistent with the traditions and ideals of military science. In the Military Academy of forty years ago were a number of the great teachers of America. The intellectual side of the West Point education should always be under the leadership of such men.

If the currents which run toward superficiality in the college of discipline are sometimes strong, it is certain that those which flow in this direction in the college of freedom are sometimes even swifter.

The fundamental objection to a régime of complete freedom for eighteen-year-old boys, independent of some test of their capacity to use it, lies in my thinking in the lack of standards which under these conditions prevail among students, and the exaggerated tendencies toward superficiality which are thereby not only invited, but practically assured. Two features of the college of to-day are specially significant of the practical outcome
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of these tendencies in the undergraduate college under the conditions of free election. These are the decadence of scholarly ideals, and the growth of secondary agencies for getting boys through college with a minimum of study.

If the college is to serve as a means for the general education of men, it is of course unlikely that any large percentage of college youths should turn out to be scholars. But so long as the college stands primarily for scholarly ideals, the conditions in it should be such that the ninety per cent who are not scholars should respect and admire the ten per cent who are. Such a condition holds in Oxford and Cambridge. To say that it does not exist in our larger American colleges is to put the case mildly. The captain of the football team has more honor in the college community than any scholar may hope for. It is a serious indictment of the standards of any organization when the conditions within it are such that success in the things for which the organization stands no longer appeal effectively to the imaginations of those in it.

The old-time college conception of culture was narrow. It has rightly given way before the enlarging intelligence of mankind. Nevertheless it did furnish standards by which not only teachers and scholars were able to orient themselves with respect to intellectual ideals, but society as well. Is not the time perhaps ripe for a broader and truer definition of culture in education?

So few standards are to-day left in the college which gives itself completely to the régime of individual freedom that the world has but scant data to judge of its educational efficiency. The minimum intellectual equipment which a college education ought to furnish to a youth should enable him to do two things: first, to turn his mind fully and efficiently to the solution of a given problem. In the second place, it should give him the analytic point of view, the ability to discriminate. Whether, judged on this basis, our colleges show to-day a fair coefficient of edu-

cational efficiency, I do not undertake to say, but I should like to see some estimate of it attempted.

The by-products of an organization are sometimes the most distinctive tests of its efficiency. There is, to my thinking, no more striking evidence of the tendencies to superficiality which have developed in our larger colleges than the agencies which have grown up about them for getting boys into college, and for passing them through it with the minimum amount of work. By the more successful and profitable coaching agencies, this process has been reduced to an art. Such parasites weaken the character-making and the scholarly side of college life, and have to the legitimate work of a college much the same relation that a lobby has to a legislative body.

It is a delicate thing to determine how much freedom is good for an individual or a nation. We must also admit that freedom means the right to be weak as well as the right to be strong; the ability to be foolish as well as to be wise. In education, as in government, moderation becomes difficult once a group of men undertakes to set bounds to freedom. There is probably no attribute of the Almighty which men find so difficult to understand, or to imitate, as the ability to let things alone, the power not to interfere.

And yet it is perfectly clear that some individuals, and some nations, have had more freedom than they knew what to do with, and such individuals and such nations have generally ended by becoming not only less efficient, but less free. I have not been able to persuade myself that the eighteen-year-old American boy has yet demonstrated his fitness for so large a measure of freedom as is involved in the free elective system. Groups of boys whom I have studied under such conditions have generally recalled Wordsworth's phrase:—

Some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much
liberty.

The special function of the college seems to me to be, not to hold up exclusively the ideal of discipline or of freedom, but to serve as a transition school in which the boy grows out of one into the other. This conception of the college seems to me justified on the grounds of individual rights, social interest, and the efficiency of educational organization.

The process of transition from the tutelage of the boy to the freedom of the man is one of the difficult questions in civilized life. No method of solving it is perfect, or is adapted to every boy. German boys go from the strict régime of the gymnasium to the freedom of the university. They are older than the boys who enter American colleges, and are far better educated than they. The cost of the process is reflected in the saying current in the universities, that one-third of the students fail, one-third go to the devil, but the remaining third govern Europe. It seems clear that, under any system which makes the transition from discipline to freedom abrupt, many are taken. The special function of the college would seem to be to make this transition less expensive. Otherwise there seems little reason for departing from the German plan of a strong secondary school leading directly to the university.

It seems clear that a college must take account of its duty to the social order in which it exists, as well as to the individual. It is not enough for the college to reflect indiscriminately the strength and the weakness of the nation. It must stand against the current of superficiality and commercialism which are our national weaknesses. It is difficult to see how this duty to society is to be carried out by the college unless there be admitted some relation between the amount of freedom accorded to a boy and his ability to use it.

Until very recently, the college was at the top of our educational fabric. It had no direct relation to professional education. So long as this was true, the change in our standards operated simply to raise

the college standards. So long as there was nothing beyond it, this went on without much questioning. For the future, the college is to be a part of a general system of education; and the university, with its professional schools and its schools of research, is to rest upon it. In no other form of educational organization is the college likely permanently to survive.

If the college is to be a school of free choice, it can scarcely take its students earlier than the present age, eighteen and a half. This brings the youth too late to the university. The picture of the university resting on a four-year college, which in turns rests on a four-year high school, reminds one forcibly of Chicago in the early days when the houses were boosted up on posts. The arrangement fitted a passing phase of municipal growth.

The pressure of economic, no less than educational, influences will demand a solution of American educational organization more efficient, better proportioned, and less wasteful of time, than that involved in a régime which delivers men to the university at the age of twenty-three.

In the reorganization which will sooner or later come, the college years seem to me likely to be those between sixteen and twenty, rather than between eighteen and twenty-two. Under such an arrangement the college will take account both of discipline and of freedom. Its professors will be, first of all, teachers, and its function will be to lead boys out of the rule of the school into the freedom of the university; out of the tutelage of boyhood into the liberty of men. If the college does not fill this function, it will in the end be squeezed out between the reorganized secondary school and the fully developed university.

Meantime we may well be grateful both for the college of discipline and for the college of freedom. These are great words, and each stands for an idea in education which we cannot afford to forget. Perhaps it might be well to inscribe over the gate of the college of discipline and that of the college of freedom the sentence which surmounts the Worcester Courts: "In Obedience to the Law is Liberty" — in the first case the emphasis to be laid on one part of the sentence, and in the other case on another part.

DEMOCRACY AND THE EXPERT

BY JOSEPH LEE

THE giving of a course of popular lectures at the Harvard Medical School is a matter of public importance, and marks, as I believe, a new era, not only in the history of medicine, but in the history of democracy. In giving these lectures, the School has definitely adopted the policy of educating the people on the subject of disease, and has thereby taken a radical departure from the traditional attitude of the medical profession. The main service that the school has thus rendered has not been in the

saving of lives of persons who might otherwise have resorted to the popular American expedient of consulting the fence or the newspaper for revelations concerning their physical welfare, nor even in setting the example of an effective way of such saving of life and health. I believe that the great, and what I think will some time be called epoch-making, service that the Harvard Medical School has performed by becoming a pioneer in this new direction is in the fact that such a proceeding on their part means the taking of a long

first step in making up the old standing quarrel between democracy and the expert.

That such a quarrel exists is sufficiently recognized. Unwillingness to trust and adequately reward the expert is one of the standing reproaches against democracy. It is more than a mere shortcoming; it seems often to amount to a positive enmity, to a dislike of fitness as such, to a perverse preference for the incompetent. We sometimes seem to delight in humiliating true accomplishment, and in entrusting our business to quacks.

Especially is this the case in public affairs, as to which democracy has its fullest swing. If a man has devoted years to special study of a matter that comes before a legislative committee, that very fact goes far to disqualify him as a witness. Successful appeal will be very apt to be made from him to "common sense," or to "the judgment of business men," which phrases are among the ordinary pet names for ignorant prejudice and incompetence. Genuine achievement is habitually passed over in favor of something "equally as good,"—pure gold for tinsel. We have made ourselves the laughing-stock of the world by our easy credulity toward any political quack who will take the trouble to flatter our conceit. We are more easily, and more contentedly, fleeced by sharpers, poisoned by quacks, and ruined by shyster lawyers, than any people on earth. We allow ourselves to be governed by dishonest and impudent pretenders, and sometimes to be led in war by braggart and not always courageous charlatans. Our unwillingness to pay our judges such salaries as will command the highest legal ability costs us millions of dollars every month, through the preposterous length of court proceedings, the not infrequent perversion of justice, and the general lowering of standard in the whole administration of the law which inevitably results.

And the worst of it all is that our fault is not merely a mental one: it has a moral

quality in it, and the loss accordingly is not merely a material but a moral one. Our easy victimizing results not wholly from mental incapacity to distinguish between the true and the counterfeit. It arises partly from a certain meanness in which democracy is seen at its very worst; from jealousy, from the sneaking envy of the incapable or uneducated man toward those of better training or greater ability than himself. That a mountebank like General Butler came to be chosen representative of a Massachusetts district in Congress, in preference to a citizen of the known worth and capacity of Judge Hoar, was not because anybody was deceived as to the comparative merits of the men, but partly because Hoar was no flatterer, and partly because of the very fact that every voter felt in his bones that he was the superior man. No man felt uneasy in the presence of Butler's virtue.

Democracy's attitude toward the expert is a mean and foolish attitude. No greater service can be rendered to the democratic cause than that which shall cleanse it of this fault. Generous, wholehearted, enthusiastic recognition of superior ability and training, a reverent appreciation of high character and high attainment, and a capacity to trust and value these as they deserve: these are virtues which democracy cannot set itself too resolutely to attain, nor can it value too highly any lesson that will assist it in their cultivation.

But the need of such enlightenment has, as I have said, been long and clearly recognized. What has not been recognized is the fact that the fault has not been altogether upon one side, that for the making up of the quarrel it is necessary, not only that democracy should experience a change of heart, but that the expert should recognize that he also has something to learn and to amend. Indeed the bottom fact of all, and one which has hitherto received no recognition whatever, is that the fault of the expert has been the deeper and the more respons-

ible of the two. If democracy has sinned against the expert, the expert has sinned more deeply against democracy; and his sin has been of such a nature as to constitute an offense not only against democracy, but also against good manners and good sense, and against the eternal principles of truth. It is primarily from this fault on the part of the expert that the whole quarrel has arisen, and no fundamental and lasting reconciliation can take place until this fault is cured.

What has been through all the ages the expert's attitude toward the common people? What has been the customary answer of the lawyer, the doctor, the man of science, when asked for proofs or explanations, when questioned as to the sources of his knowledge or the basis of his claim to public confidence? What is at the present time, or at least what has been until very recently, the answer of our railroad presidents when the surviving members of the public have inquired as to the reasons for the slaughter of their friends and relatives, or the ruin of their business through illegal favoritism? Has not the expert's answer in all ages been practically the same? "Keep off, ye profane." "Seek not to penetrate mysteries too high for you." "Meddle not with matters above your sphere." "Aspire not beyond thy goose, O tailor." "Shoemaker, stick to your last." "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

No layman, we are assured, can hope to understand the secrets of the railroad business. One great specialist has asserted that few even of the railroad men themselves can understand it. Any attempt on the part of the public to penetrate the causes of these slaughters and discriminations is presumptuous interference. It is better to pay with a thankful heart our annual tribute of killed and maimed and burned, of ruined business, than to unsettle by unskillful interference such mighty and such delicate concerns. Just so were the military snobs in Thackeray's time, with the greatest military expert then living, the Iron Duke, at their

head, assuring everybody that flogging, even to the death, was a necessary incident to the maintenance of an army, and that the lay intellect had best not meddle with things beyond its depth. "Go your way and be thankful that there are those who know better than you, whose business it is to deal with matters such as these." And as we retreat, dumbfounded, abashed, some Kipling or Carlyle rushes out from beneath the shrine and barks at us, shrieking that we are "mostly fools," and rendering other expert opinions as to our mental capacity, mingled with assertions that any man with sufficient impudence to make the claim, and master of the more brutal arts of leadership, is our natural king.

To such an attitude, what ought the people to respond? Assuming that we on our side keep our temper, what, in all meekness and humility, and with every desire to recognize the expert's real superiority, is it possible for us to answer? You say that democracy does not appreciate the expert, does not trust him as he deserves. But how can we trust him if the only ground on which human confidence can be based — if all opportunity of understanding — is taken from us? How can we properly appreciate those who declare that appreciation — the setting of a price — as to the things in which they deal is a feat beyond our strength? Our very attempt to appreciate or to understand is, we are made to feel, presumptuous and profane. Is democracy so greatly to be blamed if it has replied, —

"Great sir, exalted brother of the Sun and Moon, I salute and bow to thee. Far be it from such as I to assume to penetrate these mysteries or to set a price on them. They are, as thou hast said, far beyond the humble comprehension of thy servant. And as touching this matter of the disputed toll, or of my wife that thou hast slain, I now will trouble thee no more; but I will place in charge of these my railroads — for in truth they are mine as being created under my franchise,

built largely by my money, and as my life and fortune are daily entrusted to them — I will put in charge of these, I say, and also of other interests hitherto entrusted to other great magicians like thyself, certain humble men whose words and whose dealings I can understand, leaving to thee and to thy august fraternity the untroubled pursuit of those loftier studies for which, by your sublime attainments, ye are fitted.”

In this, or in some such way, democracy, it would seem, is constrained to answer if it is to accept the expert's own interpretation of the nature of his requirements and of the people's capacity for valuing these. In the way of the only alternative — that of humble acceptance of the expert on his own terms — certain difficulties arise. In the first place, there is a practical difficulty. Democracy — the world, in fact — is not altogether without experience of experts, and of those claiming to be such. And this experience has not in all instances been reassuring. Time was when the specialist was met with the sort of faith that he requires of us. For many centuries men submitted to the bandage over their eyes when they approached the sanctum or the laboratory. But more recently it has come to light, at first by slow degrees, but now fully and conclusively, that something of the supposed necessity for such observance arose, not from respect for sacred mysteries, but rather from a tender regard for the frail constitution and delicate susceptibilities of humbug. The augurs have been seen snickering to one another too often, and sound reasons for their doing so have been too frequently revealed, to admit of a continuance of our earlier and more childlike faith.

Nor has disillusion affected our opinion only of the quacks. Certain experiences have raised inevitable question even of the soundness of the sound. It has sometimes turned out that even the genuine, instructed, sincere practitioner has not been leading us upon the right road, as tested by the mere human crite-

rion of results. It has sometimes even seemed as though it were inevitably the man who is not an expert — the outsider, the amateur — to whom we have to look for the larger achievements, so far at least as the great steps of progress are concerned.

The common people have seen with interest the country gentleman, Oliver Cromwell, largely self-taught so far as military knowledge was concerned, give the professionals some lessons in the art of war. They have seen legal procedure remodeled by the layman Bentham, and medicine revolutionized by the biologist Pasteur. And they have seen the experts in these two latter instances kicking and struggling in a very panic of professional resentment against any acceptance of the newer light. More recently they have seen the crusade for the prevention of tuberculosis — indeed, a great part of the advance of preventive medicine — led by laymen, and have witnessed the slow and reluctant acceptance by the medical profession of the teachings of outsiders in regard to the mental element in disease. They have seen reason even to suspect that, in the highest profession of all, the very priesthood has not always furnished such safe guidance in spiritual affairs as have the prophets, always from among the laity, to whom they are so invariably opposed.

The doctrine of the expert in government — the ancient faith that wisdom in affairs of state is definitely imparted to the king, or, as Plato taught, is the especial possession of the trained and intellectual classes — has suffered in popular esteem by comparison of the old régime in Europe with the new. It has been further shaken by the exhibition recently afforded by Russia, the extremest example of what unreserved trust in the governmental expert, not merely trained from childhood to his business, but especially bred and selected for it, is able to accomplish. Nor is it possible to remain uninfluenced by contemplation of the effects that the King of Bel-

gium has been able to produce in those portions of his dominions along the Congo River whose fortune it has been to be left wholly to his expert guidance and control. What town meeting, what assembly of a primeval horde, — nay, what herd of buffalo or pack of wolves, — ever mismanaged its affairs as these most supreme and fully trained and trusted of experts have mismanaged theirs?

The expert himself, it will be seen, has placed certain obstacles in the way of the faith which he demands. And then, supposing us possessed of such faith, to whom does it attach? How can we tell the true expert from the counterfeit? Even supernatural guidance presupposes a capacity in the believer for recognizing a miracle when he sees one. Clearly the professing expert's claim is not sufficient. In the absence of a sign from Heaven, the sign over your door does not suffice.

Plato has well stated the expert's view of the matter in saying that when you want to take ship for Delos you hire, not a shoemaker or some other amiable citizen, but a pilot; to which the democrat is constrained to answer, "Most true, O Plato; but forgive me if I suggest that it is I that am going to Delos, and that the necessity is thereby placed upon me to judge of the pilot's capacity to take me there; that I am therefore, by this necessity, constrained to seek such evidence as may be convincing to my own humble and limited intelligence, both, upon the one hand, as to whether the pilot is a pilot in truth, and also, upon the other, as to whether he intends to take me to Delos and to no other place. You will, perhaps, remember my cousin who took ship, indeed, for Delos, but was landed in Crete, and my aunt who, having made a similar arrangement, was never landed at all. Forgive me, therefore, if, with your kind permission, I make a few trifling inquiries, such as in this matter seem to me to be necessary, before I go aboard."

It is not because of perversity, but by necessity, that democracy refuses to be blindfolded, that it objects to the notice,

"Leave your brains in the umbrella stand when you come in." — "Excuse me, sir, but they are the only brains I have. If I am not to use my mind, whose shall I use, and by the use of whose judgment shall I decide to use it?"

But the practical difficulties in the way of the blind faith that the expert requires of us are as nothing compared to those raised by the terms in which the demand itself is put. In the last analysis, the expert's claim is a claim to the exemption of himself, and the subjects with which he deals, from the ordinary jurisdiction of the human mind. His attitude toward the common people has been not merely that they do not understand because they have not had time to give to his particular subject, but that they are constitutionally incapable of understanding it. It has been not merely, "You do not know," but, "You cannot know. The things I deal with are of a sort from the comprehension of which you are by nature excluded. No amount of study on your part, no explanation on mine, would be of any use."

Explanation, indeed, has consistently been regarded as worse than useless. According to the tradition of the learned, the common people are still profane. "Neither meddle nor mell with things above your sphere." "The belly and its members: — it is yours to be hands and feet; seek not either to govern or digest."

And any knowledge of the inner mysteries that the layman may seem to acquire is necessarily false and spurious. What looked to you like knowledge is, by a reversal of the fable of the fairy gold, turned to dross when once you cross the threshold of the sanctuary.

To the anxious inquirer, being no expert but a mere stockholder troubled in his conscience about the source of the dividends he receives, the mill treasurer responds, "Your question is a vain and foolish one. We have no machines made low for the use of children; the idea is preposterous and absurd." — "But, most wise, august, and financially respectable Sir, I have seen such machines. They cer-

tainly are machines; they are too low for grown people to use; they are used by children; and the superintendent told me that they were intended for such use. You see my difficulty." To this the expert, "The things you saw may have looked to you like machines, and the creatures using them like children; and you may have thought the machines were low ones. But we who are learned in this business know that you could not have seen these things. What you really saw, indeed, it is not permitted, nor even possible, to reveal. At least know this: mill management is a mystery, deep and dangerous, whose whole structure would be imperiled by the touch, even by the approach, of the profane."

In fact, the essence of the expert's position, in the final analysis, is that expert knowledge is of a different kind from other knowledge: that it is peculiar, esoteric; that it partakes, in short, of the miraculous. It is regarded, not as the product of the purely human faculties, but as revealed, conferred by some sort of initiation or laying on of hands which has raised the acolyte into a sphere which the outsider can never hope to penetrate. The plea is a plea to the jurisdiction. It is a denial of the catholicity and sovereignty of the human mind.

This attitude, indeed, is not deliberately assumed. It is unconsciously accepted by the expert of to-day as he finds it embodied in time-honored tradition. It descends from the days when all learning savored in the popular imagination something of magic and the black art, and when the scholar himself was not quite sure whether the matters he was dealing with were lawful; from the time when the chemist was the alchemist, when it was considered only the normal accompaniment of scientific attainment that the Devil and Doctor Faustus should be on such intimate terms, and when even the craftsman's skill was called his mystery. It comes down, indeed, from a time anterior even to that, from a time when all experts were assumed as a matter of

course to be possessed of inspiration of some sort, either from below or from above, whether as king or judge or oracle or priest or wizard or medicine man.

Of this traditional expert attitude the doctor may, I think, be taken as the typical exponent. He is the expert of the experts. He appears, to the present day, with the tall cap still visible above his brows and the long pictured robe trailing behind, as immortalized by Molière. He comes before us not quite in the daylight of ordinary ascertainable truth, but still something in the manner of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, trailing clouds of mystery suggestive of some superhuman association. It is perhaps natural that the doctor especially should derive his traditions from the sorcerer and the medicine man; that there should, accordingly, still linger about him something of the atmosphere of magic, of necromancy, a flavor of incantation, "of charm, of lamen, sigil, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, and geomantic figure; of periapts, and abracadabras; of mayfern and vervain;" a reminiscence of

Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,

Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,

Your Lato, Azoch, Zernieh, Chibrit, Heautarit,
With all your broths, your menstrues, your materials,

Would burst a man to name.

The doctor has, in its intensest form, the traditional contempt of the specialist for the layman's knowledge and capacity. "A little knowledge dangerous? It is all but fatal." "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I'll give you something to make you — better; wise you cannot hope to be." Even the plainest facts of medicine are perilous stuff, too heavily charged with potentialities for the layman to be permitted to deal with them. A woman who is trusted to look in her children's faces, to see whether they look heavy-eyed, seem listless, whether their color is clear and their temper what it ought to be, is often, even to the present day, discouraged from using a clinical

thermometer. Of course, there are excellent reasons. A mother must not be too fussy. She will begin to worry about the children if she is permitted to take their temperature. She may, it is true, be safely allowed to observe those other more subtle symptoms about which a person might well imagine things; but when it comes to seeing which scratch on a glass tube a column of mercury has got opposite to, then the danger signal is hung out. That is too difficult a task for her mere maternal mind to cope with.

There are, as I have said, excellent reasons for such warning off. There is also a real reason, though one not conscious on the doctor's part, namely, that there still lingers in the medical mind a feeling that a medical instrument is an instrument of art, with a little of the quality of enchantment still clinging to it, not to be handled by laymen without incurring the punishment of those who approach forbidden secrets. What if, by her unskillful use, she should unwittingly raise the genie of the thermometer? Or what if, by using it at all, she should find that there is nothing magic about it, and so should come to doubt the talismanic character of other instruments, to question the supernatural element in the whole of medical science and therapeutics? If it were a man, the case would not be quite so bad, but woman is the last and most persistent of believers. In her, illusion still survives. Let us not unsettle her belief.

The dissent on the part of democracy from the traditional expert attitude is, as I have indicated, deeper than a question of manners, or even than one of common sense. The issue is not superficial; it is not the result of misunderstanding; nor does it arise from practical considerations alone. It is radical, fundamental, and inevitable.

The cardinal doctrine of democracy — the thing for which it stands, on its intellectual side — is faith in the human mind. Democracy believes that the thing to be forever trusted and followed in this world

is the human reason; that guidance in human affairs is to be sought not primarily in tradition, in special revelation, or in any mysteries, or from any sources whatsoever, that are not germane to the human intellect, and that do not hold their credentials from it. This is the democratic principle of equality, the fundamental article of the democratic faith. Not, as glib and superficial critics so readily assume, equality in virtue, or in ability, in fortune, in strength or weight, in stature or in color; not equality in any outward or measurable respect; not an arithmetical equality at all, not quantitative; not a question of amount, but of kind.

The democratic belief in equality is the belief that all men alike are subject to the moral law of obedience to their own best thought, that the supreme authority declares itself, not from the outside but from within. Theologically expressed, it is the belief that God speaks in every human soul, and that it is not in the power of man to overrule his word or supersede his authority. It is the faith announced by Elijah when he declared that God spoke not in the wind nor in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice; the faith whose greater prophet proclaimed that the kingdom of Heaven is within you. This faith in the inner voice — faith in equality in the sense that all men are equally, because absolutely, responsible to the best thought of their own unbribed intelligence — is democracy on its intellectual side; just as fraternity, or the love and reverence for the divine element in every man, is the sentiment of democracy, and as the pursuit of liberty, the striving that the divine nature in each may have its way — make ye smooth the way of the Lord — is its active expression.

Democracy cannot recognize limits to the jurisdiction of the human mind not prescribed by the nature of the mind itself. It believes in the authority, and in the obligation, of the human intellect to read the universe unexpurgated, as

it stands, unterrified by the notices of "private way, dangerous," that individuals, however august, may have taken upon themselves the liberty to set up.

And the thing to be forever recognized in this matter is, that democracy is eternally in the right and the expert in the wrong. The attitude of the expert is essentially a false attitude. It is false with the most irreconcilable kind of falseness. It is contrary not only to particular truths but to the nature of truth itself. There are not two kinds of knowledge in this world, but only one; and there is, correspondingly, but one way in which knowledge can be attained. One man may have more mind than another or a better mind, or he may put his mind to a better use. But no man has a different kind of mind. There is in human acquirement no jumping-off place where the jurisdiction of the human intellect comes to an end and some other jurisdiction takes its place. Columbus sails farther than others, but it is upon the same ocean and by grace of the same wind. Democracy's dissent from the traditional expert position is based upon the eternal principles of truth, and from that dissent no man who has received the democratic faith can ever truthfully recede.

This democratic creed of ours does not preclude trust in the expert. On the contrary, it is the only creed that makes truly possible that or any other kind of trust. What it does prescribe is the basis of our faith. It requires that whatever trust we place in the expert, or in any other source, shall result from our trust in our own reason and shall derive whatever strength it has from that. Whomever else you hold of, you hold ultimately of the king. If the expert is to have a standing in the world as it really is, it must be through discarding all pretensions to esoteric knowledge and appealing solely to that common human intelligence which he has hitherto despised.

And with the making of such appeal the expert's ancient quarrel with democracy

will disappear. Democracy has no antipathy to specialization as such, no inherent unwillingness to accept the fact that, as we cannot all do everything, we must recognize the superiority of each in his own domain; that, when you keep a dog to bark, you should not bark yourself.

It is true that the function of the expert will always be a subordinate function; that, though he can help you to carry out your purpose, the purpose must be forever, intimately and concretely, your own. His employment must always be to specific ends which you have prescribed, and not for general purposes; and even within the specific end the trust is always revocable. The one act of sovereignty that the mind cannot perform is to abdicate.

There are, also, certain rules of evidence, not technical, nor arbitrarily assumed, but such as are imposed by the nature of the mind itself. As a rule, we prefer to judge of your performance by its fruits, that being the method by which, as it happens, the human mind is most susceptible of being perfectly convinced. Whistler, with characteristic petulance, repudiates all judgment of the artist but by his fellow-artists. We have no quarrel with such judging; on the contrary, there is much that is commendable in a professional standard, and we outsiders can, when necessary, permit ourselves to be guided by it. But such reliance is not always safe. You cannot always choose your architect by the standard of architects, your messenger boy by the standard of messenger boys, your cook by the standard of cooks. Opinion, like the building which the architect erects, cannot wholly support itself; it must rest at some point on the solid ground. Do the buildings actually stand up? Do the messages get delivered? Are the puddings, after all, such as one can eat? It has, unfortunately, sometimes happened that a whole profession has got off upon a side track, each one calling to his neighbor that, as all are traveling together, all must still be on the road. Let the artists

by all means judge of one another's work. But if the picture does not restore my soul, of what use is it to me?

But, whatever the rules of evidence, the main question is not of the rules, but of the tribunal for whose use, and by whose authority, the rules are made.

Let the expert and all others remember that, whatever the rules, it is for me and not for you to make them. It is I who am making the judgment, and the evidence must be such as to satisfy the court. We of the democratic faith hold ourselves responsible, and utterly responsible, not only for the ends we seek, but for our choice of means. Not that we shall choose right, but that we shall choose in accordance with the only guide we have; that we shall trust, and utterly trust, the judgment of the one supreme tribunal, and shall permit no divided jurisdiction. It may be difficult for me to understand the matter, but except so far as I do understand I cannot judge, and therefore am not at liberty to follow.

And in all this question of when and how to trust, and whom to follow, though judging may in any given case be difficult, there is one comparatively simple test, and one that democracy very generally applies. Does he recognize the jurisdiction of the court? Does he appeal to your intelligence or against it? Does he say, "Use your mind, enter, examine, test, and draw your own conclusions"? or does he say, "This is a great mystery; keep out. Seek not to understand"? According to this test the expert has been tried, and has been found wanting. He is, so far, in contempt of court; and it is this contempt that is the cause of his quarrel with democracy.

It has been this false attitude on the part of the real expert that has given the quack his opportunity; and he has been quick to see and take advantage of it. Just where the honest practitioner has made his one false step, the charlatan has put forward his single claim to stand on solid ground. He has won what share he possesses of the public confidence by

appealing, or at least pretending to appeal, to the only thing there is in this world to which an honest appeal can be made, — the natural, unbiased judgment of the human mind. "Magnetism explained." "The mysteries of medical science laid bare." "Come and examine our processes." "Read our testimonials." "Send for a booklet." "If I could take you over my factory." The quack does, it is true, make use of mystery and of the fascination of the unknown. Indeed, he uses such means to the utmost. But through it all he pretends always to appeal to reason. He never denies the people's right to judge, but on the contrary affirms and seems to rely upon it. His constant profession is eagerness to instruct, implying at least a potential ability in the public to understand. People have turned from the true physician to the quack, not wholly from love of quackery and humbug, but because of his apparent truth in this one respect; because in this important matter of trusting or not trusting the human intelligence, the true doctor has been the quack, and the quack has assumed to occupy the true position.

Let the expert once frankly submit himself to the judgment of the lay intelligence and he will not find us exacting as to the sort of testimony he presents. We will put ourselves in his hands, relying on hearsay evidence, or on the opinion of the profession if need be, provided only that our faith is not inhibited by pretensions that we must regard as false. The people permit Lincoln, in a supreme crisis of their affairs, to spend their money as to him seems best, and accept the fact that Grant must sometimes act as he finds necessary without taking them into his confidence. They can even trust against the evidence, as their pathetic faith in the cook, the steamboat captain, even in railroad management, — a faith that no experience seems able to overthrow, — sufficiently attests. Let us once be assured that the solid ground on which we are accustomed to walk extends unbroken into your sanctum, without pitfall or jump-

ing-off place, and our faith will go forth to you unchecked.

Especially may a profession possessing a standard for its own members that will lead some of them to face death rather than suffer an unverified conclusion as to the cause of a disease, confidently entrust its fortunes to the verdict of the public heart.

And now, if there is anything of truth in my diagnosis of the underlying cause of the estrangement between the expert and democracy, is it not evident that these popular lectures at the Harvard Medical School do constitute in truth an epoch-making event? Here we have the specialist in his most specialized form, the expert of experts and magician of magicians, the high priest and guardian of the innermost circle, the very medicine man himself, drawing aside the curtain, throwing wide the portals of the sanctuary, haranguing in the very market place, expounding sacred mysteries in language that the people can understand, appealing to, seeking to convince, the lay intelligence. Here, at last and indeed, is Saul among the prophets. And notable, in my opinion, will be the order of the prophesying which it will henceforth be our privilege to hear. If a little learning is in truth a dangerous thing, we are now going to find it out. For learning in smallest doses, and upon the most immediately dangerous of all subjects, is henceforward to be administered broadcast and by those as coming from whose hands it is bound to have its maximum effect.

And is it not evident also what the result must be? Is it not clear that the effect on the expert of such a change of attitude must be, not his deposition but his inauguration, his coming into his own? He is now to stand before the world, for the first time in history, in a true and not a false position. With the withdrawal of the old false claim to an imaginary

superiority, based on the possession of a kind of knowledge that does not exist, there will flow out to him for the first time the full sustaining tide of genuine public confidence and recognition. In place of the pious supposition that as he pretends so much he must probably know something of the subject with which he deals, he will now receive, as has never been permitted to him before, that real spontaneous appreciation of which wages are the sacrament and symbol. It is such true mutual relations, reaching freely and in reality from mind to mind, that constitute the expert's true character and position, that make his function possible. Compared with those that have hitherto existed, the experts that we are to see will be what grass grown in the open field is to that raised in a cellar or under a board-walk.

But in this matter it is the greater, the spiritual, values that we are mainly dealing with. And among these the greatest arise from what we are permitted to give, not from what we receive. To the expert the greatest gain will be, not from the increased respect in which he will be held, but in his new respect for his fellow citizens, both as customers from whose free assessment of his services his true standing is derived, and as fellow servants whose claims, so far as they render true service, through mastery each in his particular line, are precisely similar to his own. While the greatest gain of all will be that of the common citizen of the democracy, a gain of which the disappearance of the quacks — of the Hearsts and Morans in politics, the Butlers and Bankses in war, and all the rest of the motley company — will be but a symptom or by-product; the gain in being permitted heartily to reverence high attainment without being, or fearing to be, untrue to democracy's abiding conviction of the authority and integrity of the human mind.

THE SOUL OF NIPPON¹

A MEDIÆVAL LEGEND OF JAPAN

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

At winter dusk upon the hillside cold,
While shivering trees made moan,
Went Hojo Tokiyori all alone.
Free of his Regent robes and zone of gold,
Free of all trappings of imperial state,
Plain garbed as Buddhist priest, he bent his head
Before the icy winds that beat
Upon him as he upward strode.
Rough and stony was the road;
Across the rim of waters Fuji's crest
Rose dim and blue against the paling West.
Bare lay the frosted valley at his feet,
And faint and far upon the plain below,
The lights of Kamakura shed their glow.
He turned and gazed and grimly said, —

“No royal palace is the home of truth,
So now I dare what every mortal fears —
The judgment of a man by his compeers —
The test that men still flinch from till they die.
For if I'd still hold rule supreme, be great
Of deed and mind,
Myself must learn what man 't is guards my gate;
Must learn what man am I.
And haply in the hollows of the wind,
The mighty soul of Nippon I shall find.”

Closer he drew his robe of ashen gray,
And faced once more the darkening, upward way.
On, on he trod 'neath cloud-veiled stars till dawn,
His spirit to the soul's high levels drawn,
And begged for food or sleeping place
From poor and rich, from good and base.

¹ Under the title *Trees in Jars*, this legend forms the basis of a chant used in the classic Japanese No dance, which, with its Chorus, robed actors and musicians, strikingly suggests the beginnings of the Greek drama. Tokiyori was a Shikkin, or Regent, of the Hojo family, real rulers of Japan under the sacred but secluded and powerless Mikado. They flourished in the thirteenth century A. D. The Regent was Shogun, or chief general, as well, unless he delegated that power.

And ever learned he more from friend and foe
 The subtle things that dynasts seek to know
 Of wit or warning against overthrow.
 Often in lordly hall or peasant's cot,
 In words of praise or slight,
 With deepened shadows or excess of light,
 Saw his own picture drawn, and knew it not.
 "Yea, words are plenty: wisdom rare," said he.
 "My name of common tongues the sport,
 The shuttlecock of good and ill report;
 Yet in it all no sunrise-ray there be.
 O Soul of Nippon, speak thou unto me!"

From fruitless searchings by the Eastern strands,
 Through winter days, and toiling sore,
 Back by Shinano's wild volcanic lands
 The weary Tokiyori bore,
 Till lost in Kozeki on an eve of storm,
 It seemed he could no farther go.

The night had fall'n, and with it came the snow,
 In blinding flakes and dancing whirls of white,
 And numb his hands and feet began to grow,
 When, as through tattered shojis, came a gleam —
 Dim as a blurred star in a dream —
 And groping toward it painfully,
 He paused, and cried, "Pray shelter me."

Back slid the shoji, and a gaunt old man
 Came out, and looked upon the farer's face.
 His smile of welcome died, and in its place
 Came awe and shame; then, halting, he began, —
 "Most reverend — and noble — we are poor;
 A famine-hut that dogs would not endure.
 Cross yonder hill, and richer folk you'll find."

And Tokiyori silent faced the wind.

Now came the aged good wife raging forth,
 Her anger rising more and more.
 "Sano gan Zymo," said she, "where's the worth
 Of being born a samurai,
 Thus to debase the honor of your door?
 On night like this to turn a man away
 When we should open to a beast?"

"Before him, wife, a lordlike priest,"
Old Sano muttered, "we should die of shame."

"Were he the Regent," cried the dame,
"You should not let him go
To die amid the wind and snow.
Who knows but this our life of bitter need
Comes from God's finger, pointing to no deed
Of godlike charity to light our path?
We little have: the strange priest nothing hath.
Run: bid him back, my lord, to warmth and rest.
Say: 'Come, most reverend, we'll share our best!'"

Within the hut around the little fire,
Sat Tokiyori with the man and wife,
Sharing their scanty millet dish,
And, ever as the embers 'gan expire,
A little tree flung on them gave them life —
Three little trees with large and fair good-wish.

First 't was a dwarfish pine tree long of days,
And next a tiny plum tree kings would praise,
And last a dainty cherry fed the blaze.

Said Tokiyori, "You are poor indeed,
Yet you are burning trees you've grown in jars.
Which only rich ones can afford."
And Sano, stooping still the flames to feed,
Made answer smiling, "Truly, Reverend lord,
Not with my low estate do they accord:
But in these scarecrow tatters you behold
One brave among the samurai of old,
And one from whom, while in the Shogun's wars,
His tyrant neighbors took his lands by force
And left him but this hut, his battle-horse,
And these three little trees.
Yet grieve not, priest, their tender beauty fled,
For where can costly wood the better burn
Than on the hearth where warms man's love for man?
And flower and leaf return to God the best
In lighting up the welcome of a guest;
Yea, since it is the gift of God to live,
The greatest joy in living is to give."

"The greatest joy is giving," Tokiyori said.

"And love is giving all," said Sano's dame.

"Love," smiled old Sano, "is life's fire and flame,
And evermore my heart grows warm and light
That when I bade you forth in wind and snow,
My goodwife breathed the voice of Bushido,
That teaches when a stranger's at the door
The face that looks thereout should aye be bright,
Nor poor need be the welcome of the poor.
'Were he the Regent, take him in,' she cried."

"And if he were?" asked Tokiyori low.

"Ah, for the Shogun," Sano cried aloud,
"I hold my life when all is lost beside.
My old white horse still lives to bear me proud
To battle at my lord the Shogun's call.
My two-hand sword, tho' rusty, hangs him there,
Ready when forth my horse and I shall fare
For Tokiyori, greatest lord of all."

And Tokiyori smiled: — "Lo, now I know."

From Kamakura soon came call to war,
The war-drums rattling loud through all the ways.
And warriors trooped from near and far —
Veterans many from old fields hard-won,
And youths who yet no shining deed had done.
And all in clanking panoply of fight,
From cot and castle, and from field and town,
Came lightfoot o'er the hills before the night,
And poured through all the valleys to the plain,
With cries and cheers,
Till morning flared its red-gold arrows down
Upon a hundred thousand swaying spears.

Sat Tokiyori on his battle-steed,
His great soul shining in his searching eyes.
About him daimios, armed and spurred,
And shomios ready or to strike or bleed,
Or challenge death in any noble guise,
All watchful waiting for his word.

Then, as the silent waters break
With sudden wind-stroke into weltering sound,
He spake: —

"Now know I Nippon hath but one great soul.
That soul hath answered to its Shogun's call,
And whither hence the tide of war shall roll,
Before it every foe must fall.
Long did I seek what now I know.
It came to me mid wind and snow,
And in this host the proof shall stand forth clear:—
A gaunt old man upon an old white horse,
His sword two-handed, and his eyes like flame,
His armor rusty and his garments coarse, —
Sano gan Zymo is his name:
Find him, and bring him here."

Lo, from far off, amid the silent host,
Came Sano with his tottering beast,
His heart scarce beating, eyes in wonder lost,
The old horse trailing at his bridle-rein.
"Salute the Shogun: bow!" But Sano muttered fain, —
"This is no Shogun, but a reverend priest."

"Nay, soul of Nippon," answered Tokiyori low,
"You sheltered me from wind and snow.
For me you burned your costly trees in jars,
And pledged your life unto the Shogun's wars.
'T was Tokiyori warmed him in your room,
And saw the soul of Nippon in your eyes.
Your stolen lands I solemnly restore,
And ere we march, I give to you a prize: —
Reign lord of Sakurai where cherries bloom,
Of Matsuida where the pine tree grows,
And fair Umeda where the plum tree blows."

"Sano, Meditashi!" Hark, a storm of cheers.
"Hojo, banzai! live, lord, ten thousand years."

And kneeling spellbound, answering through tears
That still would flow,
Old Sano faltering said, —
"Great fighting lord, until this old gray head
Is laid in earth, command my arm, my life,
And never shall I swerve.
I did but what is law of Bushido —
To give, to love, to serve.
Praised be the Shogun! — honored, too, my wife!"

And Tokiyori rode to battle with a smile.

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ON LEARNING TO WRITE

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

WE do not always realize that learning to write is partly a matter of instinct. This is so even of that writing which, as children, we learn in copybooks with engraved maxims at the head of the page. There are some, indeed, probably the majority, who quickly achieve the ability to present a passable imitation of the irreproachable model presented to them. There are some who cannot. I speak as one who knows, for I recall how my first schoolmaster, a sarcastic little Frenchman, irritated by my unchastenable hand, would sometimes demand if I wrote with the kitchen poker, or again assert that I kept a tame spider to run over the page; while a later teacher, who was an individualist and more tolerant, yet sometimes felt called upon to murmur, in a tone of dubious optimism, "You will have a hand of your own, my boy; you will have a hand of your own." In such cases, it is not lack of docility that is in question, but a categorical imperative of the nervous system which the efforts of the will may indeed bend but cannot crush.

Yet the writers who cheerfully lay down the laws of style seldom realize this complexity and mystery enwrapping even so simple a matter as handwriting. No one can say how much atavistic recurrence from remote ancestors, how much family nervous habit, how much wayward yet deep-rooted personal idiosyncrasy, deflect the child's patient efforts to imitate the copperplate model which is set before him. The son often writes like the father, even though he may seldom or never see his father's handwriting; brothers write singularly alike, though they may have been taught by different teachers and even in different continents. It has been noted of the

ancient and distinguished family of the Tyrrells that their handwriting in the parish books of Stowmarket remained the same throughout many generations. I have noticed in a relative of my own, peculiarities of handwriting identical with those of an ancestor two centuries ago, whose writing he certainly never saw. The resemblance is often not that of exact formation, but of general air or underlying structure. One is tempted to think that often, in this as in other matters, the possibilities are limited, and that when the child is formed in his mother's womb Nature casts the same old dice, and the same old combinations inevitably tend to recur. But that notion scarcely fits all the facts, and our growing knowledge of the infinite subtlety of heredity, of its presence even in the most seemingly elusive psychic characters, indicates that the dice may be loaded and fall in accord with harmonies we can seldom perceive.

The part in style which belongs to atavism, to heredity, to unconscious instinct, is probably very large. It eludes us to an even greater extent than the corresponding part in handwriting, because the man of letters may have none among his ancestors who sought expression in style, so that only one Milton speaks for a mute inglorious family, and how far he speaks truly remains a matter of doubt. We only divine the truth when we know the character and deeds of the family. There could be no more instructive revelation of family history in style than is furnished by Carlyle. There had never been any writer in the Carlyle family, and if there had, Carlyle, at the time when his manner of writing was formed, would scarcely have sought to imitate him. Yet we could not conceive this stern, laborious plebeian family of Low-

land Scots — with its remote Teutonic affinities, its coarseness, its narrowness, its assertive inarticulative force — in any more fitting verbal translation than was given it by this its last son, the pathetic little figure with the face of a lost child, who wrote in a padded room and turned the rough muscular and reproductive activity of his fathers into more than half a century of eloquent chatter concerning Work and Silence, so writing his name in letters of gold on the dome of the British Museum.

It is easy indeed to find examples of the force of ancestry, even remote ancestry, overcoming environment and dominating style. Shakespeare and Bacon were both Elizabethans who lived from youth upwards in London, and even moved to some extent almost in the same circles. Yet all the influences of tradition and environment which sometimes seem to us so strong, sufficed scarcely to spread even the faintest veneer of similarity over their style, and we could seldom mistake a sentence of one for a sentence of the other. We always know that Shakespeare, with his gay extravagance and redundancy, his essential idealism, came of a people that had been changed in character from the surrounding stock by a Celtic infolding. We never fail to realize that Bacon, with his instinctive gravity and temperance, the suppressed ardor of his aspiring intellectual passion, his temperamental naturalism, was rooted deep in that East Anglian soil which he had never so much as visited. In Shakespeare's veins there dances the blood of the men who made the *Mabinogion*; we recognize Bacon as a man of the same countryside which produced the forefathers of Emerson. Or we may consider the mingled Breton and Gascon ancestry of Renan, in whose brain, in the very contour and melody of his style, the ancient bards of Brittany have joined hands with the tribe of Montaigne and Brantôme. Or, to take one more example, we can scarcely fail to recognize in the style of Hawthorne the glamour of which the latent aptitude had

been handed on by ancestors who dwelt on the borders of Wales.

In these examples, hereditary influence can be clearly distinguished from merely external and traditional influence. Not that we need imply a disparagement of tradition. In tradition, we can never forget, we have the basis of all the sciences, of much that is essential in the arts; it is the foundation of civilized progress. Speech itself is a tradition and not a science or an art, though both may be brought to bear on it; it is a naturally developed convention, and in that indeed it has its universal applicability and use. We realize how far speech is from being either an art or a science by comparing it with music, which is both. Speech is only the crude amorphous material of music. To regard speech, even poetic speech, as a pure art like music, is an idle and unprofitable employment. On its formal side, whatever its supreme significance as the instrument and medium of expression, speech is a natural convention, an accumulated tradition.

Even tradition, however, is often simply the corporeal embodiment, as it were, of heredity. Behind many a great writer's personality there stands tradition, and behind tradition, the race. That is well illustrated in the style of Addison. This style — with a resilient fibre underneath its delicacy, and yet a certain freedom as of conversational familiarity — has as its most easily marked structural signature a tendency to allow the preposition to lag to the end of the sentence rather than to come tautly before the pronoun with which in Latin it is combined. In a century in which the Latin-French elements of English became developed, as in Gibbon and Johnson, to the utmost, the totally different physiognomy of Addison's prose was singularly conspicuous, and to the scientists of a by-gone age it seemed marked by carelessness, if not by license; at the best by personal idiosyncrasy. Yet, as a matter of fact, we know it was nothing of the kind. Addison, as his name alone indicates, was of

the stock of the Scandinavian English, and the Cumberland district to which he belonged is largely Scandinavian; the adjoining peninsula of Furness, which swarms with similar patronymics, is indeed one of the most purely Scandinavian spots in England. Now, in the Scandinavian languages, and in the English dialects based upon them, the preposition comes usually at the end of the sentence, and Scandinavian structural elements form an integral part of English, even more than Latin-French; for it has been the part of the latter rather to enrich the vocabulary than to mould the structure of our tongue. So that, instead of introducing a personal idiosyncrasy, or perpetrating a questionable license, Addison was continuing his own ancestral traditions, and at the same time asserting an organic prerogative of English speech. It may be added that Addison reveals his Scandinavian affinities, not merely in the material structure, but in the spiritual quality of his work. This delicate sympathetic observation, the vein of gentle melancholy, the quiet, restrained humor, meet us again in Norwegian literature to-day.

When we put aside these ancestral and traditional influences, there is still much in the writer's art which, even if personal, we can only term instinctive. This may be said of that music which, at their finest moments, belongs to all the great writers of prose. Every writer has his own music, though there are few in whom it becomes audible save at rare and precious intervals. The prose of the writer who can deliberately make his own personal cadences monotonously audible all the time grows wearisome; it affects us as a tedious mannerism. This is a kind of machine-made prose which, indeed, it requires a clever artisan to produce. But great writers, though they are always themselves, only attain the perfect music of their style under the stress of a stimulus adequate to arouse it. Their music is the audible translation of emotion, and arises when the waves of emotion are

stirred. It is not, properly speaking, a voluntary effect. We can only say that the winds of the spirit are breathed upon the surface of style, and they lift it into rhythmic movement. And for each writer these waves have their own special rate of vibration, their peculiar shape and interval. The rich, deep, slow tones of Bacon have nothing in common with the haunting, long-drawn melody, faint and tremulous, of Newman; the high, metallic, falsetto ring of De Quincey's rhetoric is far away from the pensive, low-toned music of Lafcadio Hearn.

Imitation, as Tarde and Baldwin have taught us to realize, is a part of instinct. When we begin to learn to write, it rarely happens that we are not imitators, and for the most part, unconsciously. The verse of every young poet, however original he may afterwards grow, usually has plainly written across it the rhythmic signature of some greater master whose work chances to be abroad in the world; once it was usually Tennyson, then Swinburne, now some still later poet; the same thing happens with prose, but the rhythm of the signature is less easy to hear.

As a writer slowly finds his own centre of gravity, the influence of the rhythm of other writers ceases to be perceptible except in so far as it coincides with his own natural movement and *tempo*. That is a familiar fact. We less easily realize, perhaps, that not only the tunes, but the notes that they are formed of, in every great writer are his own. In other words, he creates even his vocabulary. That is so not only in the more obvious sense that out of the mass of words that make up a language every writer uses only a limited number, and even among these has his words of predilection. It is in the meanings he gives to words, to names, that a writer creates his vocabulary. All language is metaphor; even the simplest names of the elementary things are metaphors based on resemblances that suggested themselves to the primitive men who made language. It is not otherwise with the aboriginal man of genius who

uses language to express his new vision of the world. He sees things charged with energy, or brilliant with color, or soaked in perfume that the writers who came before him had overlooked, and to designate these things he must use names which convey the qualities he has perceived. Guided by his own new personal sensations and perceptions, he creates his metaphorical vocabulary. If we examine the style of Montaigne, so fresh and personal and inventive, we see that its originality lies largely in its vocabulary, which is not, like that of Rabelais, manufactured afresh, but has its novelty in its metaphorical values, such new values being tried and tempered at every step to the measure of the highly individual person behind them, who thereby exerts his creative force. In our own days, Huysmans, who indeed saw the world at a more eccentric angle than Montaigne, with unflinching veracity and absolute devotion, set himself to the task of creating his own vocabulary, and at first the unfamiliarity of its beauty estranges us.

We grow familiar in time with the style of the great authors, and when we read them we translate them easily and unconsciously, as we translate a foreign language we are familiar with; we understand the vocabulary because we have learned to know the special seal of the creative person who moulded the vocabulary. But at the outset the great writer may be almost as unintelligible to us as though he were writing in a language we had never learned. In the not so remote days when *Leaves of Grass* was a new book in the world, few who looked into it for the first time, however honestly, but were repelled, and perhaps even violently repelled. I remember that when, as a youth, Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* first reached me, I saw only picturesque hieroglyphics to which I had no key; while a few months later I wished to have the book always in my hands and to shout aloud its lines. Until we find the door and the clue, the new writer remains obscure. Therein lies the truth of Landor's saying

that the poet must himself create the beings who are to enjoy his Paradise.

For most of those who deliberately seek to learn to write, words seem generally to be felt as of less importance than the art of arranging them. It is thus that the learner in writing tends to become the devoted student of grammar and syntax. That is indeed a tendency which always increases. Civilization develops with a conscious adhesion to formal order, and the writer — writing by fashion or by ambition, and not by divine right of creative instinct — follows the course of civilization. It is an unfortunate tendency, for those whom it affects conquer by their number. As we know, writing that is real is not learned that way. Just as the solar system was not made in accordance with the astronomer's laws, so writing is not made by the laws of grammar. Astronomer and grammarian alike can only come in at the end, to give a generalized description of what usually happens in the respective fields it pleases them to explore. When a new comet, cosmic or literary, enters their sky, it is their descriptions which have to be readjusted, not the comet. There seems to be no more pronounced mark of the decadence of a people and its literature than a servile and rigid subserviency to rule. It can only make for ossification, for ankylosis, for petrification, all the milestones on the road of death. In every age of democratic plebeianism, where each man thinks he is as good a writer as the others, and takes his laws from the others, having no laws of his own nature, it is down this steep path that men, in a flock, inevitably run.

We may find an illustration of the plebeian ankylosis of advancing civilization in the minor matter of spelling. The laws of spelling, properly speaking, are few or none, and in the great ages men have understood this and boldly acted accordingly. They exercised a fine personal discretion in the matter, and permitted without question a wide range of variation. Shakespeare, as we know, even

spelled his own name in several different ways, all equally correct. When that great old Elizabethan mariner, Sir Martin Frobisher, entered on one of his rare and hazardous adventures with the pen, he created spelling absolutely afresh, in the spirit of simple heroism with which he was always ready to sail out into strange seas. His epistolary adventures are certainly more interesting than admirable, but we have no reason to suppose that the distinguished persons to whom these letters were addressed viewed them with any disdain. More anæmic ages cannot endure creative vitality even in spelling, and so it comes about that in periods when everything beautiful and handmade gives place to manufactured articles made wholesale, uniform, and cheap, the same principles are applied to words, and spelling becomes a mechanic trade. We must have our spelling uniform, even if uniformly bad. Just as the man who, having out of sheer ignorance eaten the wrong end of his asparagus, was thenceforth compelled to declare that he preferred that end, so it is with our race in the matter of spelling. Our ancestors, by chance or by ignorance, tended to adopt certain forms of spelling; and we, their children, are forced to declare that we prefer those forms. Thus we have not only lost all individuality in spelling, but we pride ourselves on our loss and magnify our ankylosis. In England it has become impossible to flex our stiffened mental joints sufficiently to press out a single letter, in America it is equally impossible to extend them enough to admit that letter. It is convenient, we say, to be rigid and formal in these things, and therewith we are content; it matters little to us that we have thereby killed the life of our words, and only gained the conveniency of death. It would be likewise convenient, no doubt, if men and women could be turned into rigid geometrical diagrams on Euclidian principles, as indeed our legislators sometimes seem to think that they already are; but we should pay for our conveniency with all the infinite va-

riations, the beautiful sinuosities, that had once made up life.

There can be no doubt that, in the much greater matter of style, we have paid heavily for the attainment of our slavish adherence to mechanical rules, however convenient, however inevitable. The beautiful incorrection, as we are now compelled to regard it, that so often marked the great and even the small writers of the seventeenth century, has been lost, for all can now write what any find it easy to read, what none have any consuming desire to read. But when Sir Thomas Browne wrote his *Religio Medici*, it was with an art made up of obedience to personal law and abandonment to free inspiration which still ravishes us. It is extraordinary indeed how far incorrection may be carried and yet remain completely adequate even to complex and subtle ends. Pepys wrote his *Diary* at the outset of a life full of strenuous work and not a little pleasure, with a rare devotion indeed, but with a concision and carelessness, a single eye on the fact itself and an extraordinary absence of self-consciousness, which rob it of all claim to possess what we conventionally term style. Yet in this vehicle he has perfectly conveyed not merely the most vividly realized and delightfully detailed picture of a past age ever achieved in any language, but he has, moreover, painted a psychological portrait of himself which for its serenely impartial justice, its subtle gradations, its bold juxtapositions of color, has all the qualities of the finest Velasquez. There is no style here, we say, merely the diarist writing with careless poignant vitality for his own eye; and yet no style that we could conceive would be better fitted, or so well fitted, for the miracle that has here been effected.

One asks one's self how it was that this old way of writing, as a personal art, gave place to the new way of writing, as a more impersonal pseudo-science, rigidly bound by formal and artificial rules. The answer, it seems to me, is to be found in the existence of a great new current of

thought which began mightily to stir in men's minds at the end of the seventeenth century. It will be remembered that it was during the early part of the eighteenth century, in both England and France, that the new devitalized though more flexible prose appeared, with its precision and accuracy, its conscious orderliness, its deliberate method. But only a few years before, over France and England alike, a great intellectual wave had swept, imparting to the mathematical and geometrical sciences, to astronomy, physics, and the allied studies, an impetus that they had never received before on so great a scale. Descartes in France and Newton in England stand out as the typical representatives of the movement. If that movement had to exert any influence on language — and we know how sensitively language reacts to thought — it could have been manifested in no other way than by the change which actually took place. And there was every opportunity for that influence to be exerted. This sudden expansion of the mathematical and geometrical sciences was so great and novel that interest in it was not confined to a small band of men of science; it excited the men in the street, the women in drawing-rooms; it was indeed a woman, a bright and gay woman of the world, who translated Newton's great book into French. Thus it was that the new qualities of style were invented not merely to express new qualities of thought, but because new scientific ideals were moving within the minds of men. A similar reaction of thought on language took place at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when an attempt was made to vitalize language once more, and to break the rigid and formal moulds the previous century had constructed. The attempt was immediately preceded by the awakening of a new group of sciences, but this time the sciences of life, the biological studies associated with Cuvier and Lamarck, with John Hunter and Erasmus Darwin.

To admire the old writers, one may

add, because for them writing was an art to be exercised freely and not a vain attempt to follow after the ideals of the abstract sciences, is by no means to imply contempt for that decorum and orderliness without which all written speech must be ineffective and obscure. The great writers in the great ages have always observed this decorum and orderliness. But in their hands such observance was not a servile and rigid adherence to external rules, but a beautiful convention, an instinctive fine breeding, such as is naturally observed in human intercourse when it is not broken down by intimacy or by any great crisis of life or of death.

The freedom of art by no means involves the easiness of art. It may rather, indeed, be said that the difficulty increases with freedom, for to make things in accordance with patterns is ever the easiest task. The problem is equally arduous for those who, so far as their craft is conscious, seek an impersonal, as for those who seek a personal, idea of style. Flaubert sought — in vain, it is true — to be the most objective of artists in style, and to mould speech with heroic energy in shapes of abstract perfection. Nietzsche, one of the most personal artists in style, sought likewise, in his own words, to work at a page of prose as a sculptor works at a statue. Though the result is not perhaps fundamentally different whichever ideal it is that, consciously or instinctively, is followed, the personal road of style is doubtless theoretically the soundest, — usually also that which moves most of us more profoundly. The great prose writers of the Second Empire in France made an unparalleled effort to carve or paint impersonal prose, but its final beauty and effectiveness seem scarcely equal to the splendid energy it embodies. Jules de Goncourt, his brother thought, literally died from the mental exhaustion of his unceasing struggle to attain an objective style adequate to express the subtle texture of the world as he saw it. Yet, while the Goncourts are great figures in literary

history, they have pioneered no new road, nor are they of the writers whom men continuously love to read.

Yet the great writers of any school bear witness, each in his own way, that deeper than these conventions and decorums of style, there is yet a law which no writer can escape from, a law which he must needs learn but can never be taught. That is the law of the logic of thought. All the conventional rules of the construction of speech may be put aside if a writer is thereby enabled to follow more closely and lucidly the form and process of his thought. It is the law of that logic that he must forever follow, and in attaining it alone find rest. He may say of it as devoutly as Dante, "*E la sua voluntade è nostra pace.*" All progress in literary style lies in the heroic resolve to cast aside accretions and exuberances, all the conventions of a past age that were once beautiful because alive, and are now false because dead. The simple and naked beauty of Swift's style, sometimes so keen and poignant, rests absolutely on this truth to the logic of thought.

The twin qualities of flexibility and intimacy are of the essence of all progress in the art of language, and in their progressive achievement lies the attainment of great literature. If we compare Shakespeare with his predecessors and contemporaries, we can scarcely say that in imaginative force he is vastly superior to Marlowe, or in intellectual grip to Jonson, but he immeasurably surpasses them in flexibility and in intimacy. He was able with an incomparable art to weave a garment of speech so flexible in its strength, so intimate in its transparency, that it lent itself to every shade of emotion and the quickest turns of thought. When we compare the heavy and formal letters of Bacon, even to his closest friends, with the *Familiar Letters* of the vivacious Welshman, Howell, we can scarcely believe that the two men were contemporaries, so incomparably more expressive, so flexible and so intimate, is the style of Howell. All the

writers who influence those who come after them have done so by the same method. They have thrown aside the awkward and outworn garments of speech, they have woven a simpler and more familiar speech, able to express subtleties or audacities that before seemed inexpressible. That has been done in English verse by Cowper and Wordsworth, in English prose by Addison and Lamb. When, as in the case of Carlyle or Browning, a great writer creates a speech of his own which is too clumsy to be flexible and too heavy to be intimate, he may arouse the admiration of his fellows, but he leaves no traces on the speech of the men who come after him.

No doubt it is possible for a writer to go far through the exercise of a finely attentive docility. By a dutiful study of what other people have said, by a refined cleverness in catching their tricks, and avoiding their subtleties, their profundities, and their audacities, by, in short, a patient perseverance in writing out copper-plate maxims in elegant copybooks, he can become at last, like Stevenson, the idol of the crowd. But the great writer can only learn out of himself. He learns to write as a child learns to walk. For the laws of the logic of thought are not other than those of the logic of physical movement. There is stumbling, awkwardness, hesitation, experiment, — before at last the learner attains the perfect command of that divine rhythm and perilous poise in which he asserts his supreme human privilege. But the process of his learning rests ultimately on his own structure and function, and not on others' example.

The ardor and heroism of great achievement in style never grow less as the ages pass, but rather tend to grow more. That is so not merely because the hardest tasks are left for the last, but because of the ever increasing impediments placed in the path of style by the piling up of mechanical rules and rigid conventions. It is doubtful whether, on the whole, the forces of life really gain on the surrounding inertia of death. The greatest writers

must spend the blood and sweat of their souls, amid the execration and disdain of their contemporaries, in breaking the old moulds of style and pouring their fresh life into new moulds. From Dante to Carducci, from Rabelais to Zola, from Chaucer to Whitman, the giants of letters have been engaged in this life-giving task, and behind them the forces of death swiftly gather again. Here there is always room for the hero. If all progress lies in an ever greater flexibility and intimacy of speech, a finer adaptation to the heights and depths of the mobile human soul, the task can never be finally completed. Every writer is called afresh to reveal new strata of life. By digging in his own soul he becomes the discoverer of the soul of his family, of his nation, of the race, of the heart of humanity. For the great writer finds style as the mystic finds God, in his own soul. It is the final utter-

ance of a sigh, which none could utter before him, which all can utter after.

After all, it will be seen, we return at last to the point from which we started. Style is in a very small degree the deliberate and designed creation of the man who therein expresses himself. The self that he thus expresses is a bundle of inherited tendencies that came, the man himself can never entirely know whence. It is by the instinctive stress of a highly sensitive or slightly abnormal constitution, that he is impelled to distill these tendencies into the alien magic of words. The stilus wherewith he strives to write himself on the yet blank pages of the world may have the obstinate vigor of a metal rod, or the wild and quavering waywardness of an insect's wing, but behind it lie forces that extend into infinity. It moves us because it is itself moved by pulses which, in varying measure, we also have inherited.

THE SEEKIN' OF IKE

BY EDITH FULLERTON SCOTT

THE hot August sun beat fiercely down upon Missy's turbaned head as she bent over the tubs, but she scrubbed away unmindful of the heat. She had no time to fret about the weather. Summer boarders pay well for their laundry, and must not be kept waiting for it. Because she took pride in her work, and was prompt in returning it, she had earned for herself a reputation for absolute reliability which brought to her many customers. In fact, she could not accommodate them all. Other colored persons might slacken their energies during the revival season, but Missy, having got religion years ago, had put it into daily practice, which is more than most of us do, and she firmly believed in working out her salvation, so she resisted the trend of her easy-going race which makes holiday on the slightest

pretext. But though Missy was busily at work, her mind was not altogether on it. Once in a while she would straighten up, shade her eyes with her hand, and peer over to the furthest corner of the yard, where, stretched full length under a mimosa tree, lay the master of the house.

"He 's seekin hard, Queen Esther," she said in a low but jubilant tone. "He ain't teched yet de coffee an' biscuit, nor de watermillion you done sot daown by him dis long time. Fo' de Lawd I's hopin' he 's gwine ter come t'rough."

"Daddy's right mungy, mammy," complained Queen Esther, who sat on the doorstep nursing a rag-baby nearly as large as herself. "Ain't he ne'r gwine ter speak ter me no mo'?"

"Naow, don' you-all be peste'ous, honey. Daddy ain't ne'r fel' de call er de

Sperret befo', an' he's wrestlin' right much wid ol' Satan, who's tryin' ter keep him from grace. Jes' wait twell he gets happy — den he'll spo't an' spo't wid you."

Many remarkable conversions had resulted from the ministrations of the visiting evangelist at present holding forth in Mathews County. He had spent a week in turn at each of the four colored Baptist churches in the vicinity, the congregations of them all following him in a body from one edifice to another, until now he had arrived at the last on the list, the one of which Missy was a pillar, though alas! her husband, Ike, had hitherto given more thought to his physical comfort than to his spiritual well-being. This had been a matter of deep grief to Missy, but she was confident now that the time was ripe for his repentance, and Brother Green encouraged her in this belief.

"Mis' Williams," he had said to her only the evening before at the close of the service of prayer and praise, "I've been 'sputin' de Word fo' twenty years, an' I ain't ne'r see de grace er Gawd flow so free an' easy as hit do jes' naow. Hit's pourin' out in a flood, an' de wussest sinner can't escape from hit. I reckon Ike will come t'rough washed whiter dan snow."

As Missy swashed the clothes up and down in the suds, she thought of the preacher's words, and she hoped that he would prove a true prophet. "Seek and ye shall find," was the command and promise. For more than three weeks Ike had certainly devoted his entire attention to carrying out the injunction, and Missy, to make sure of his receiving the reward, had aided and abetted him by shielding him from all distractions, getting up an hour or two earlier every morning so that she might do his share of the work on their small farm, and keeping from him all annoyances lest they disturb his meditations. Each day she looked for the sprouting of the seed of righteousness which her hopes saw planted in his harrowed soul, but though he was faithful in

attendance at the Big Meeting he had not yet boldly taken his stand with the ransomed, and here it was Thursday — in three days more the evangelist would be gone and Ike might never again turn his feet into the narrow way. She sighed, and, as if in answer, a low moaning smote her ears. She lifted her head and listened.

"He's fightin'! De adve'su'y is attackin' him! Daddy's got him by de neck! Glory be! He's cert'nly beatin' him!"

"Beatin' who?" asked Queen Esther, looking wildly about her.

"Dat ol' black devil! Listen! He's singin'! He's on de Lawd's side an' de Lawd's on his'n!"

Ike Williams had not moved, but his lips were parted and in melodious cadence there came through them a volume of sound which resolved into a chant with variations: —

"De king an' some of his wicked men,
Put Dan-i-el daown in de lion's den.
De Lawd looked daown, an' Dan-i-el saw,
An' de angel ritched, broke de ol' lion's jaw
Ain't dat a witness fo' mah Lawd?"

Missy placed her hands on her hips, swayed back and forth, and unobtrusively joined in the chorus: "Well, ain't dat a witness fo' mah Lawd?"

Three times they sang this refrain, and then, as Ike lapsed into silence, Missy with renewed vigor resumed her washing.

"See, Queen Esther, how I soaps each spot an' rubs hit on de boa'd twell hit's clean gone, an' dat pertickler spot can't ne'r come back. Dat's jes' like de Lawd do. He done take an' washes away in de waters er babtism all our ugly sins. He does dis fo' us mis'ble sinners 'dout money an' 'dout price."

Queen Esther dug her black toes into the ground and said nothing. Missy's impressiveness awed her, but did not interest her. She began to croon softly to her doll, but the sound of wheels attracted her attention, and she pointed out to her mother a buggy which was coming up the road.

"Hyar 's de doctor, mammy! I reckon he 's atter daddy."

"Sh-h! Daddy can't go." She wiped the white flecks of soap from her arms and hands, dried them on her apron, and, with a backward glance at prostrate Ike, hurried to the front of the house.

"Good-mornin', Missy! Where 's Ike? I 've been lookin' for him all the week."

"Yasser, I know, suh. He was pow'fu' sorry ter hev ter disapp'int you-all, but he ain't been fit ter do no work fo' a right long time."

"What 's the matter? Is he sick? I 'll have a look at him."

He started to get out of the carriage, but Missy hastened to reassure him.

"Don't bother yo'se'f, suh. He 's tole'ble well, but I needs him ter he'p me. He 'll sholy come on Monday, ef you-all kin wait fo' him."

There was a pleading look in her eyes, and the doctor forebore questioning her further.

"Well, Monday will do, but surely then. Joe's Pete will take the place if Ike does n't show up."

He drove away, and remarked to his companion, a guest from the North, —

"It 's just as I supposed. The fever has caught Ike at last, and he 's seekin'. He understands horses, and I 'll have to wait for him. You can't get the niggers to work durin' the Protracted Meetin'. This is the season we have to watch our hen-houses, for gettin' religion and stealin' chickens go together."

Queen Esther came running to meet her mother.

"Daddy 's feelin' some better, mammy!" she cried. "He 's eatin'."

"Eatin'!" Missy quickened her steps, filled with forebodings. Had he given up trying? She watched him dismally as he disposed of his refreshments until only the rind remained. She had taken his fasting as a good omen — an indication that the flesh was under subjugation. His back was turned toward her so she could not see whether he had lost his rapt expression, and he was unconscious of her ob-

servation. Suddenly he threw his arms up over his head and there burst from him; —

"Dey put St. John in a kettle er oil,
His clo'es an' body fo' ter spoil.
But de Lawd he looked daown, jes de same
An' de angel ritched, an' put out de flame.
Well! ain't dat a witness fo' mah Lawd?"

Missy's heart swelled with thanksgiving. He had not given up! He was making progress. She added her voice to his, and even Queen Esther felt the stirring of the waters and piped in a pleasing treble, "Ain't dat a witness fo' mah Lawd?"

But Ike was oblivious to all around him. Presently he fell face forward on the ground, and Missy, beside herself with delight, took this as conclusive proof that he was putting to rout the powers of darkness. She hung the wash up to dry, and, cautioning Queen Esther to be quiet, went into the cabin to her ironing, getting out of the way first some already dampened clothes of her own family's — a stiff-bosomed shirt of Ike's, a white dress for herself, and one for Queen Esther. The time was near at hand when they would have use for their choicest raiment.

She went through her work that afternoon as though in a dream. Ike had wandered off into the woods by himself, and her thoughts followed him. Her vivid fancy pictured him in a hand-to-hand encounter with the devil, and occasionally she brought her iron down with a thump as she imagined the telling blows Ike's strong right arm was dealing.

It was late when Ike returned, walking with slow and solemn mien. He glanced neither to the right nor the left, and gave no sign of noticing Missy and Queen Esther, who, arrayed in white, sat outside on the bench by the door ready to welcome him. He went on into the kitchen, and Missy, peeping in through the window, hugged herself in ecstasy when he ignored the supper she had left spread for him on the table and passed on into the bedroom where she had laid out in state his wedding-suit. Smoothing down

her ruffles, she composed herself to wait, and, as the church bell rang out, summoning the worshipers, he made his appearance, resplendent in his best, high hat and all, and gravely marched down the road with Missy and Queen Esther meekly following in his train.

Missy gazed at him admiringly.

"Look at him in his Jim Swinger coat! Ain't you-all got a han'sum daddy?" she whispered to Queen Esther, but received in reply only an absent-minded nod, for the royal personage was absorbed in the attempt to convince herself that her unaccustomed shoes with the ravishing squeak did not hurt the feet that they so adorned.

The service had just begun when they reached the meeting-house. They walked, a dignified procession, up the aisle to a vacant pew near the front, and Brother Green, from his post of vantage on the platform, took in the situation at a glance and piously clasped his hands together, thereby signifying his holy satisfaction. When the hymn-singing and prayers were over, Brother Jeffrey, the evangelist, launched into his exhortation.

"Mah breddren, an' mah sisters, an' eve'y lil chil' hyar ter night, I hopes you-all is safe! I hopes an' prays you is! Safe in de arms er Jesus! Hit's a mighty ca'm an' pleasant refuge. Hell-fiah can't ne'r tech you dere. Hell-fiah! Hit's ten times hotter dan dem brick-kilns I passed comin' daown hyar dis evenin'. Ten times hotter! Dat's a right smart fiah! Dere ain't no water kin squench hit. An' ef you-all wallow in sin dat's what you-all will hev ter suffer twell Kingdom Come. Hev you-all e'er t'ought 'bout dat? I's askin' ef you is callatin' how long you 'll hev ter stay in hell ef you go slidin' — slidin' — slidin' — daown de bro'd path dat lands you dere? Slidin' 's easy, but what 'bout climbin'? You 'll hev ter stay" — here his voice sank to a sepulchral whisper — "twell eve'y tiny picayune grain er sand has been toted off ol' Mother Earth by jes' one turtle-dove, who kin tote only one grain eve'y seven

years — not eve'y minute, one, but one eve'y seven years!" He paused to allow his hearers fully to realize the horrible prospect, and before he could go on Ike Williams had jumped from his seat and stood before him shouting, and waving his arms in vehement emphasis, —

"I'm free! I'm free! I've taken mah feet from de mire an' clay an' placed dem on de Rock er Ages! I've come t'rough! I'm happy! I'm happy!"

Instantly the congregation crowded around him. One after another seized him by the hand and shook it to show that they were rejoicing with him, while Missy stood beside him, very proud and thankful, with Queen Esther hanging on to her skirts and hiding in them as much as possible of herself. She did not like the confusion, and she felt disgruntled because, though she rose repeatedly on her toes, the noise was so great that she could not hear the lovely squeak.

The infection spread. Others, who had been slow in getting religion, now made profession of their finding grace, and one comely young woman with a baby in her arms worked herself up into such a frenzy that she tossed the pickaninny across the aisle to any one that would catch it — fortunately some one did — and proceeded to leap into the air so alarmingly that it took the united efforts of two strong men to hold her. Brother Jeffrey could not finish his discourse, but when the meeting broke up for the night he expressed himself as well content with its result.

The next three days were deliriously happy ones for Queen Esther. The sun of Missy's affection beamed upon her spouse as it had never done before, and in its warm effulgence were included liberty and enjoyment for Queen Esther. She had been under restrictions for so long that she reveled in the absence of them, and she attached herself to her father, who played with her and told her stories, and was his old cheery self, though she had been afraid that he would always be mungy.

Ike found the halo of sanctification becoming and comfortable. It agreed with him to lie in bed late, and then to sit around all day with nothing to do but receive the congratulations of friends and kindred, with a pipe to while away the hours, and three good meals to strengthen him. It really seemed too good to last — and it was!

Monday morning he was rudely awakened from his matutinal slumbers by a forcible shake and a strident salutation, which had been foreign to his ears of late, and yet which had a familiar sound.

"See hyar, you! What you-all doin' lyin' in bed dis time er day? Don' I tol' you las' night de doctor's lookin' fo' you ter his house dis mornin'? Get up!"

Ike opened his eyes and they gazed reproachfully into those of his wife.

"Why, Missy! Yo' 's mekin' a mistake! I ain't gwine ter do dat kin' er work no mo'."

"Huh? What 's dat? I reckon you-all got a idea I'm gwine ter suppo't you! You-all sholy do try me! You put off de ol' man when you was babtized yesterday, an' I was mighty glad. Ef you reckon dat I'm gwine ter stan' yo' ol' fool ways now dat you is borned ag'in, you 'll know mo' dan dat 'fo' you get many years older. I don' wan' no lazy niggah hyar no mo'."

There was no mistaking the determination in her tone, but Ike, though his courage was ebbing, tried to stem the tor-

rent which was threatening his sinecure. He raised himself on one elbow and made serious remonstrance:—

"Missy, I ain't shif'less! But—I feels de call ter 'spute de Word. You sholy don' wan' me ter tek charge er cattle when pe'ishin' human bein's is waitin' fo' me ter he'p dem fight der devil?"

Missy turned a contemptuous shoulder.

"I reckon de devil would n't ne'r miss de souls you 'd keep him from gettin'. Dere's preachers 'nuff ter 'spute de Word 'dout you-all. I's concerned in keepin' mah word an' dat 's 'bout all you kin do. Naow I'm gwine ter fix up you-all's brekkus so's you kin go ter der doctor's like I done prommus. Ef you ain't ready in fifteen minutes you 'd better not come at all!"

"Ef you feels dat way 'bout hit, co'se I'll come," said Ike resignedly.

Women are so inconsistent. Missy was always worrying before he had a halo, and now that he had earned one she would not let him wear it. He heavily reflected that his holiday time was over, for, having sought until he had found, he could never repeat the experience of seekin' and enjoy the privileges that go with it. If he could only have held out for three days more that pleasure would have been his to look forward to for another year. Dejectedly he clapped his broad-brimmed farm hat on his head and went in to his cornbread and coffee.

SOME MORAL ASPECTS OF THE PROBLEM PLAY

BY LOUIS W. FLACCUS

If a reporter is sent to interview a man, it is essential that he get hold of the right man, ply him with the proper methods, and sound him on the proper subjects. It is much the same with us. Some sort of definition of the problem play must be arrived at if a case of mistaken identity is to be avoided. We must state definitely what it is about the problem play we wish to get at, and fit method to purpose.

The stage has done this much for us: we can tell a problem play when we see it. Most of us would agree in classing as problem plays the majority of Ibsen's and Shaw's, and such plays as Sudermann's *Ehre* and *Blumenboot*, Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness*, Henry Arthur Jones's *Hypocrites*. But why group these plays together? Surely not because they are alike in æsthetic credo, make-up, and style. Naturalistic, mystical, analytic, they are set to different keys, have a different twang about them. Differences so radical make an æsthetic definition of the problem play a thing of much toil and little profit. It is not worth the risk of losing the richness of my theme; therefore, I shall dwell on the æsthetic only in so far as it bears on the moral.

It is in the sphere of morality that we must look for what is common to problem plays. Understand me rightly. To define such plays as plays dealing with immoral situations or as leaving a bad taste in one's mouth, is simple, absurd, unjust. Nor do I mean to refer to the moral effect they have on people. The problem of the salutary effect of exhibiting moral rotteness on the stage is one of some practical importance, and we are all familiar with the time-worn pros and cons, — the "strong meat and children" argument,

Tolstoy's "simplicity" plea, and the "degeneracy" refrain of Max Nordau. It is not effects, but aims we wish to get at. Problem plays stand for a peculiar attitude toward the problem of conduct, and it is our purpose to get at that attitude by a "catch-as-catch-can" method.

A glance at the development of the problem play will help us to get our bearings. The problem play is essentially a modern product. It gives in art what is given in countless other ways: a sense of the complexity and reality of life. Compare our plays with the stilted favorites of a former generation, *Virginius*, for example. But it is not merely in naturalness of costume, dialogue, and art form, that this keener sense of reality shows itself. Mysticism expresses it quite as strongly. Maeterlinck's is a search for reality, a reality too deep for words, the undertow of life. Again, modern art reveals in technique and motif a greater appreciation of the complexity of life.

Nowhere does this keener sense of the reality and complexity of life stand out as it does in the problem play. There it expresses itself in two demands. First, art is to be real in the sense of being vital. It is to get beneath the surface-play and pageantry of life; it is to use life-materials as the basis for life-meanings. Second, art is to do full justice to the complex and confused character of life, and at the same time to make a serious try at getting "rhyme and reason" out of this jumble of experiences. That accounts for much that is puzzling in the plays named. The average theatre-goer does n't quite know what to make of such characters as Peer Gynt, Brand, or Werle. That does n't mean that there is confused character-drawing: it means simply that the problem-play writer regards life as an ex-

ceedingly complex affair, so delicate and subtle a matter that it calls for an infinite refining of method. It means further that he is keenly aware of the puzzling and problematic character of life, and that he means to raise more questions than he can answer.

Every problem play exhibits the four characteristics named: a sense that life is real and that art ought to be vital, a sense that life is complex, a demand for some sort of unity, and a leaning towards the problematic. In this definition I have given æsthetic considerations a wide berth, for I am husbanding with an eye to a harvest of moral significance. It is easy to see how the four things named figure in moral problems. In such problems we find the greatest complexity, the most urgent need of a solution, and the smallest hope of ever arriving at one. There you cannot shirk the task of unifying. Try to escape it by a moral *tour de force*, and you will be forced back into it by a subtle dialectic of unrest. And still the puzzling and problematic always remain in questions of duty.

A further step in our definition of the problem play suggests itself. What is more natural than to trace the characteristics given to one final principle and key to the moral significance of problem plays? And where should we expect greater evidence of such a principle than in plays whose very warp and woof is conflict, — conflict of passions, of ideals, conflict in myriad forms?

Where does this ultimate moral meaning of the problem play lie? It lies in this, that every problem play is the launching of an individual point of view; a self-conscious criticism of life, its values and ideals. In one sense, every play is a criticism of life. Think of the moral content of *King Lear*. Think also of the moral conflicts it presents. But such a play is not a problem play: the moral content is spontaneous, the natural yield of a serious and richly gifted mind. In a play like *Hamlet* the morally significant is held in solution in a plot that has all the richness

and loose texture of life itself; it means nothing but depth of feeling, sincerity of art, a firm grip on the forces of life. In problem plays, on the other hand, the moral content is not spontaneous; it is willed as such. So much we may get either from the plays, or on the rebound in the utterances of the playwrights. Take a play like *Ghosts*. There, much of the dialogue is logical sword-play. Such are the conversations on ideals between Mrs. Alving and Pastor Manders. Often the characters merely voice the author's views on a variety of subjects. With what amusing perverseness Bernard Shaw airs his views on vivisection, capital punishment, socialism, in his plays! The same sort of inartistic patchwork is found in many of Sudermann's plays. It gives but a poor idea of the view of life I wish to emphasize.

With Ibsen — master of all masters in his field — such illumination of life does not mean the popping up of a light here or there, a logical flash in the pan: it means a steady glow etching in sharpest outline the problems of life. Where could there be found a better example of logic biting into the very substance of a play than in Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, with its problem of the conflict between the compact majority and the pioneer? The quizzing attitude is vital to the characters. It is the general problematic attitude, rather than the discussion of single problems, that characterizes problem plays of the best type. With the lesser men the aim is too obviously a moral brief or an exhibition of ingenuity. The "dramatic triangle" figures so prominently in many plays because it is such an excellent way of getting people into a tangle. Moral problems change from generation to generation; the problem-play writer aims to get to the principle of conflict, which remains the same, however it may play itself off.

That the problem play means a self-conscious criticism of life is brought home forcibly by the utterances of the writers of such plays. They wish to be taken

seriously as social critics. Perhaps they over-emphasize the effect of art upon life. Very likely they do. But that does n't matter; it is what they mean their plays to be that counts. Of course, they think of their social mission in different terms. Augier and Dumas thought it their business to "save souls," as Dumas put it. Sudermann and Hauptmann keep close to the social movements of the day; Ibsen tells us that the past, and the past as it lives in the present, with all their hollowness and falseness, are like a museum, open to us for instruction. An interesting side-light is thrown on *An Enemy of the People* in this passage from a letter of his to Lucie Wolf: "But I maintain that a fighter in the intellectual vanguard can never collect a majority around him." Again, he writes to Björnson in 1867, "I have taken life very seriously. Do you know that I have separated myself from my own parents, from my own family, because a position of half-understanding was unendurable to me?" What is this but the life-equivalent of much in *Brand*? Shaw frequently expresses the belief that the dramatist is a social critic and moral irritant. He calls himself "a critic of life as well as of art." He says, "For art's sake alone I would not face the toil of writing a single sentence." Most instructive is his idea of the artist philosopher. In him the great creative forces of life have become self-conscious; he is the organ by which nature understands herself. It is not enough to picture life as one huge pantomime, as Dickens did, or to apprehend the world, as Shakespeare did. Description is not philosophy. Of Shakespeare, Shaw says: "The author has much to show and little to teach." It is the mission of art to build up in men a consciousness of the great world forces and life problems. This is brought out in the following:—

"This is the true joy of life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown in the scrap heap; the being a force of nature

instead of a feverish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. And also the only real tragedy in life is the being used by personally-minded men for purposes which you recognize to be base. All the rest is, at worst, mere misfortune and mortality; this alone is misery, slavery, hell on earth; and the revolt against it is the only force that offers a man's work to the poor artist, whom our personally-minded rich people would willingly employ as pander, buffoon, beauty-monger, sentimentalizer, and the like."

The dramatist is to put before men visions of new truth. His works "catch the glint of the unrisen sun." It is a mistake to eye such views too critically. If it is true that nature becomes self-conscious in the artist, she seems to have become especially wide awake in Shaw, but rather in the sense of intense self-awareness than in that of a mastery of her own processes. It is not only in Ibsen and Ibsen's kin that we must look for this aim at a world-view with its fusion of critic and pioneer. It is to be found in Tolstoy's gospel of regeneration through work, sympathy, and self-denial. Maeterlinck's subtle thought plays about such problems as justice, fate, human destiny. Much as his world-view differs from Ibsen's, it exhibits in its own way, and quite as perfectly, the sense of the reality and complexity of life, the demand for unity, and the leaning towards the problematic. His attitude is easier to apprehend than to describe. The first thing that will strike you in his plays is a subtle suggestion of the unreality of the material world. It is only a suggestion, but there it is in his penchant for the vague, the unlocalized. His world is largely a world of colors and sounds, a restless world, striking consciousness with a note as monotonous and haunting as the wash of the sea. And yet this strangely intangible world is luminous with meaning, a meaning caught by men and women such as Maeterlinck pictures, strange men and women, lacking

something of the robustness of men of flesh and blood, but delicately tuned to the throbbing rhythm of life: men of intuitions, premonitions, faint soul-stirrings, of a clairvoyance that strikes into the meaning of things.

I cannot do justice to Maeterlinck's world-view, but let me point out in what way it is morally significant. If use is made of this spiritual mysticism in the handling of a moral problem, the result will be a problem play like *Monna Vanna*. There you have the conflict between the substantial but somewhat clumsy conventional point of view and a spiritual reinterpretation delicately feeling its way. Maeterlinck is just as emphatic an individualist as Ibsen or Shaw. With them, it is a matter of pointing out how a certain institution or convention is absurd, socially destructive. There is little of this churning logic in Maeterlinck. With him, it is a matter of suggesting a new point of view that takes all the meaning and value out of the current social view, — devitalizes it.

One further step must be taken. This social criticism is of a peculiar type, and may be described as the play of individual moral conviction on moral convention. This phrase hits off the moral significance of the problem play. It is my purpose to discuss in a more or less random way some of the many ways in which this theme plays itself off.

But what is moral convention? To speak of moral currency unfortunately suggests the clipping off of whatever of moral opinion is not marketable. On the whole, the term common-sense morality seems best. Common-sense morality stands for a number of definite, normal experiences, and, as such, figures as the point to which the captive balloon of moral theories is attached. Three things go to make it up, each illustrating one phase of conduct.

First, there are a number of institutions and social habits, firmly fixed and working almost automatically. Such are: the state, the family, the whole mass of char-

itable and educational institutions. Here we have perfectly definite social values, and, based on these values, perfectly definite obligations. Here society states its claim on the individual in blunt, emphatic terms; for there are certain things so vital to society that they cannot be left to the option of individual feeling. That, for example, is why there are sanitary measures and contracts.

The second thing that goes to make up common-sense morality may be characterized by the term public opinion. It is a mass of approved sentiment connected with social institutions. As such, it gives meaning, point, permanence, and an ideal backing to such institutions. Take the institution of marriage. It is largely, of course, a matter of law and definite usage. Something again must be left to the discretion of individual feeling, but much is given over to the guidance of a conservative, well-established mass of feeling, thought, and conviction. Were it not for this great steadying force of public opinion, society would swing violently between two equally undesirable extremes.

The third element in common-sense morality may be called free, detached moral sentiment. Unlike the second, it shows a tendency to cut loose from accredited institutions; it may even attack public opinion and its ideals. It tries its hand at framing ideals. It is not our aim to trace the many forms this detached moral sentiment takes. Very often it degenerates to a sort of idle, vapory day-dreaming. It exposes itself then to the keenest shafts of the problem-play writer.

Such is common-sense morality: institutions, public opinion, and free, detached sentiment. As such it is attacked by the problem-play writer, whose art is intensely individual and marked by an earnestness at once destructive and constructive, and whose personality expresses itself largely as intense moral conviction. It is this play of moral conviction on moral convention that gives point and substance to every problem play. Of course, both

method of attack and point attacked vary. Rapier thrust, clubbing, long-range shot, goading, and pricking: such are some of the methods. Each one of the three parts of common-sense morality offers points of attack. *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* protest against certain institutions and habits. In many of Ibsen's plays, and also in the divorce plays of the French playwrights, marriage in its present form is attacked. Again, it is not hard to find examples of attack on organized moral sentiment and public opinion. The deadening respectability of such sentiment is satirized in *Pillars of Society* and in *Man and Superman*. Jones's *Hypocrites* affords an excellent illustration. His attack goes straight to the mark of a solid mass of sentiment which gives support to certain undesirable social habits. Examples of an onslaught on free moral sentiment are easy to find. Idle dreaming is satirized in *Peer Gynt* and *Brand*. The character of Werle in *The Wild Duck* is meant to show the dangerous side of this quixotic idealism. Romanticism, with its flourish of false sentiment, disgusts Shaw because it does not connect with the real problems of life.

We are now ready for some of the variations of our theme. One thing more must be said of common-sense morality: it is always in the making, always on the move. The rate of change, however, varies. Sentiment, organized or not, changes more rapidly than institutions do. The latter disappear very slowly even when all the meaning is taken out of them. It is like a man staying on when there is no reason for his staying, and he knows perfectly well that he wants to go.

In the matter of this slowly changing mass of social habits and values, the problem-play writer assumes that individual conviction shapes and directs it to a higher moral point of view. This is what makes the problem play so intensely interesting, for in it we find the moral consciousness in action, in vital electrifying contact with life. There personal val-

ues clash with conventional values, and the clutch at victory expresses itself in a great many different ways: as frontal attack, deploying of forces, skirmishing, diplomatic sparring. This distinguishes the problem play from the doctrinaire play, for the latter stands for what the former attacks. What is dogmatism other than a kind of individual convention? How different is the quizzing, picking-to-pieces, tentative attitude of the problem-play writer! Sometimes this insecurity expresses itself as self-satire, as in Ibsen's *Wild Duck*; sometimes as a confused interplay of views, as in the last act of *Monna Vanna*.

The "I beg to differ" attitude of the problem-play writer toward common-sense morality takes two forms: discountenancing the old, and suggesting the new. That means clearing away of social rubbish. It means challenging of titles and weighing of claims. It means finding the problem in the solution.

One of the problems most frequently met with in problem plays is the happiness problem of current habits and ideals. Such a problem would naturally appeal to a poet, for he above all men is intensely aware of the emotional resonances of life. Ordinarily with him the problem of happiness is an acutely personal problem. It amounts to keeping one's skin whole and agreeably toning one's experiences. Much of lyrical poetry shows this clearly. Of one of the old Greek lyrical poets it has been said that with him everything — landscape, stormy sea, drenching rain, and driving snow — leads to the same goal, the bowl and its jolly pleasures. Poetry of a loftier strain refines on the problem. With the problem-play writer the whole matter of happiness is given a peculiar turn. There is not much spontaneity in his art, and he is not interested primarily in the sensuous side of life. We rarely hear the natural cry for individual happiness as it rings through the experiences of a Maggie Tulliver. Again, when the self-defeating character of pleasure is dwelt on, as in *Peer Gynt*, it is dealt with

as part of a different problem, that of personality. It is the social side of the happiness problem that interests the problem-play writer.

Let us now look into some of these social phases of the happiness problem which are discussed in problem plays. One thing is assumed: that common-sense morality is and ought to be a great source of social happiness. It is a commonplace to say that at present it is unsatisfactory in that respect. Part of the work of the problem-play writer will consist in pointing impressively the effects on happiness of unsound or defective institutions and conventions. Hauptmann, in *Die Weber*, arraigns certain industrial abuses in Silesia, and tips his arraignment with the pathetic appeal. A frequent attack is that on social oppression in general. This is typical material for the problem play, for there we find the needed touch of the problematic, due to the play of class prejudices and a clannish way people have of slurring over the interests of other classes. That is what makes the discussion at once imperative and tonic.

Social oppression of one class by another is shown to produce unhappiness, directly in the class oppressed, indirectly in the class doing the exploiting. Plays like *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and many of Pinero's plays, deal with the festering sore of social vice. How startling the problem when the responsibility is placed where it ought to be placed, on unfavorable social conditions! The slaves of greed and social pariahs are no less wretched. To see a play like Sudermann's *Sodom's Ende* is to look at life with a little less disregard of problems reaching into the life of the unfavored and unsheltered. Social oppression is, according to the problem-play writer, largely the result of effete institutions, ill-judged class privileges, and the like. If problem plays dealt merely with these obvious phases of the happiness problem, there would be nothing noteworthy about them. But they push on to the more intricate and problematic. They show how oppression reacts unfavorably

on character and happiness-chances. It develops such traits as brutality, sordidness of motive, deception, helpless dependence. Where one class has the whip-hand, it is but natural for the other to cringe. Sudermann's *Ehre* reveals these less obvious miseries of the oppressed class, a misery exhibited most sharply in the pathetic way in which the moral standards of the oppressed are a distorted reflection of those of their oppressors.

In still another way is the undesirability of social rottenness made clear. It corrupts and makes wretched the oppressing class also. It develops short-sightedness, arrogance, brutality, and parasitic habits. No society can prosper when burdened with parasitic, unproductive classes. Such plays as *Ghosts*, *Schmetterlingschlacht*, *Maskerade*, show how looseness of living at the expense of the degradation of another saps social vigor and results in general unhappiness.

An even more significant side of the social-happiness problem is brought out in the way in which the matter of social hypocrisy is dealt with. Ordinarily we give to hypocrisy a stagey, Pecksniffian touch. We do not think of socially organized hypocrisy, or of hypocrisy bred in the bone. It is just these subtle forms of hypocrisy that the problem-play writer dwells on. He tears off the several masks, such as smug respectability, time and place-serving, unprogressiveness, and the rest. (*Pillars of Society*, *An Enemy of the People*, *Heimat*, *Maskerade*.)

Much of this hypocrisy is the upshot of outworn or ill-working institutions. It is the way the weak have of countering to oppression by the strong. From the Middle Ages down, the sweep of the peasant's cap has been measured by the length of the nobleman's sword, and there was as little sincerity in the former as there was force in the latter. That social institutions often produce hypocrisy in this way is a well-known fact. Sudermann, in his *Ehre*, has shown how the caste system produces sordidness, evasion, deceit; how it demoralizes the individual, and how

that brings unhappiness. Most instructive, however, is the social hypocrisy that expresses itself as respectability, solidity. It results when social pressure is strong enough to produce outer conformity, but not equal to the task of shaping individual conviction. In that case, there will be either a double game with shifting and trickery, or conformity to what has lost its meaning. The problematic lies in this, that conformity to social standards may be valuable or dangerous. On the one hand, it gives a certain stability to conduct; it safeguards us against many a squall of emotionalism. On the other hand, it tends to stifle moral initiative, and often leads to social hypocrisy, individuality working underground. This smug respectability is dangerous because it blights individual conviction, the principle of social progress. It tends to preserve what has been outlived, and like a crazy collector prizes things fit only for the scrap-heap. At first glance such conformity to the social cult seems to favor individual happiness by saving much annoyance and thought. Unfortunately, however, the habit of conformity outlasts its justification; to be helplessly comfortable in one set of conditions means to be wretched under changed conditions. Society is always on the move, and the individual is always the standard bearer. This view is what makes the problem play so intensely interesting.

Let me refer to one more happiness problem, that of the destructive effects of certain ways of acting and thinking. It is inconvenient to separate the two, for they play into each other's hands. Such habits are more common than one might think. Ill-judged marriage-laws, the barter-and-sale marriage Ibsen scores, the absinthe habit, such are examples. Common-sense morality, clumsy at best, misses much of the effect on happiness of habits such as these. It is here that the problem play comes forward with scientific material which enables it to touch on moral aspects more firmly and incisively. It makes much of the connection between

alcoholism and disease and insanity, and of the fact that alcoholism interferes with social productiveness. Again, the doctrine of heredity is made much of. Control of one's impulses means so much more when the next generation may have to pay the reckoning. The problem of inherited handicaps always appealed to Ibsen. It lends a sinister as well as a pathetic touch to the fate of Dr. Rank, in *A Doll's House*. With some of Ibsen's followers the tracing of such pathological conditions becomes almost an obsession. Hauptmann's earlier plays deal with the problem of hereditary taint on its most unpleasant side. Very often the idea of conflicting claims is introduced, as in Hauptmann's *College Crampton*. This problematic element is the saving salt of problem plays. There is a subtle suggestion that there might be some validity in another point of view.

It is perhaps not at once obvious how the discussion of these single happiness problems bears on what is characteristic of problem plays: the play of conviction on moral convention. The connection lies in the fact that what we call common-sense morality plays a double and by no means consistent part. In one sense, it steadies and supports. Not only that, but it is the great forming force that shapes individual opinions. As such, it saves a man many a trying experiment in values, and it puts at his disposal a general happiness fund. It is quite true that common-sense morality is an imperfect happiness arrangement, and is on that account scored heavily in problem plays. But the real point of attack lies elsewhere. Moral convention discourages personal initiative and non-conformity, and therefore raises and perpetuates unhappiness in many forms. Its slowness of gait, its wrongheadedness, its intolerance, — all these things must irritate a man of force and enterprise. Add to this the fact that, as society develops, the happiness impulse assumes more and more individual forms. This, then, is the problematic in the problem, that moral convention harbors two

contradictory tendencies. One favors individual happiness, the other interferes with such happiness by conventionalizing the individual. The problem-play writer realizes that on a happiness platform the problem of conviction and convention cannot be solved. He sees too much of the tangles of life to have much faith in the untwisting and logical smoothing-out at which the moral theorist tries his hand.

The problem ultimately becomes one of personality and its conflict with common-sense morality. That is the vital problem, but quite as hopeless as the other. First of all, we may ask how the individual is related to the environment that shapes him. The problem play, with its liking for the complex and the problematic, makes the most of this problem. It is presented now as the problem of the hammer and anvil, now as that of the potter and clay. The matter of hereditary influence always interested Ibsen. In one of his letters, he suggests that character is the point of intersection of all sorts of influences; hence often the tragedy of life. It is because of this that a man is often as a house divided against itself.

What makes the problem so difficult is this, that much of custom and convention lives in us as a deadening force. Personality to the problem-play writer means freeing one's self from this force, asserting the truly individual point of view. Set formulas, machine-made morality, blight personality. Think of Ibsen's bitter satire. It is the problem of the spark and the clod. No man has insisted more on character than Ibsen has done. Be a person and respect others as persons: this formula is worked out in a wealth of detail. The same may be said with regard to such plays as *Heimat* and *Die Versunkene Glocke*.

In this matter of character-building convention fails much as it did in the matter of happiness. The forceful man must stand alone. He is more or less out of touch with society, for society, with the admirable but somewhat narrow econ-

omy of a good manager, emphatically discourages personality beyond the point of solid social income. In the eyes of the problem-play writer the problem of character is not in this sense a matter of pounds and pence. And yet it is to the best interests of society to allow a certain amount of non-conformity, and to encourage forceful variation from established standards. On this condition only is moral progress possible. As Shaw puts it, "Every step in morals is made by challenging the validity of the existing conception of perfect propriety in conduct." The individual will is the saving principle of morality. It supplies the tension and driving force necessary to social advance.

Here again we come upon the eternal question mark of the problem play. Is character-building a purely individual affair? Is self-culture worth while? Self-expression does not mean license; to realize the Gyntish self is to realize no self at all, to be a creature betwixt and between, not good enough for heaven and not bad enough for hell. In Brand self-expression takes another tack. It is the ruthless ideal of no compromise that holds him captive. But personality is after all a social affair, and it is the peculiar combination of individualism and an individualized social ideal that makes the problem of personality such a perplexing one in problem plays. Directly connected with this is the stress laid by such men as Ibsen and Tolstoy on the worth of self-sacrifice, renunciation. It furnishes the keynote to many of Ibsen's later plays. It is represented as a necessary element in strength of character. At the same time faith in one's self enters into strength of character. This takes us to the problematic in the problem. The ideals of self-culture and social service conflict. There are turmoil, confusion, and clash here as elsewhere.

This then is the true moral meaning of the work of the problem-play writer. He exhibits life as one huge problem, a problem to which there can be no solu-

tion other than a constant leavening of social habits and ideals by individual conviction. He is like a priest who lifts the veil of mystery to show us a veil beyond. His revelation is a revelation of mystery.

His office is to keep fresh and clear and ever-flowing the living water of individual conviction, that is to cleanse and purify the morality of custom and convention.

THE SECRET THING

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I SOUGHT to sing the secret of my heart;
 But it escaped me like a wild-winged bird,
 And to the lonely Heavens did depart,
 Until a faint lost note was all I heard.
 And no one else on all the earth could hear
 What I had deemed so marvelously clear.

I sought to tell the secret of my heart,
 Whispering low, to one who loved me well.
 But like a breath of dawn I felt it start
 And pass before one precious symbol fell.
 And she I loved so only looked at me.
 " What fragrant wind was that? Oh, sweet! " said she.

So I shall keep it hid eternally.
 It is so filmy, exquisite, and wild;
 And yet so bright and eloquent and free.
 Full many a barren day it has beguiled.
 But if none else its loveliness may see
 Think not I play the miser willingly!

CLOSING THE COUNTRY HOME

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THIS is the age of the country home, and we who are children of the age pride ourselves not a little on what we call our return to nature, our devotion to field and wood. True it is that new houses spring up in green valleys every year, that old farmhouses are taken over and transformed, that the mountains are ringed with worshipers from June until October. True it is that our book-shelves abound in manuals of the garden, of bird and flower, and that no self-respecting one of us would venture forth in the summer meadows without an opera-glass. We are very earnest in the pursuit of our outdoor enthusiasm, and, though it occurs to us sometimes to laugh, genially poking fun at one another for our excesses in the field, we never seem to doubt in the least the fundamental nature of our love, or its perfect desirability in the scheme of things at large. Perhaps this assurance is just as well; no enthusiasm certainly is worth a straw without it. And the nature-enthusiasm is good for soul and body, heart and brain, of those who acknowledge it. But there is another side to the matter, commanded by the point of view of the country itself and the country people, and this side is worth consideration if our love is really earnest.

The increase of country homes is working a very radical change in the life of the country.

A certain valley I have in mind, hidden among the mountains, remote and silent, a gentle spot, yet not untouched with sublimity in its grandly encircling hills. Meadow and woodland, pasture and stream, are brooded upon by a potent spell which serves to bind all hearts to the place in a devotion which is seldom equaled outside the realm of purely human affection. The people who go there

in the summer, returning year after year for long lifetimes, are bound in a brotherhood close and peculiar, so that, when they chance to encounter one another on the city streets during the winter, pleasure leaps up in their eyes, and they turn aside and forget other claims on the spot. The place has laid its still influence commandingly over the depths of many scattered lives. Little by little, the land is bought up for summer cottages, or old farmhouses are made over, and the summer colony spreads.

Time was when the social life of this valley was blithe and vigorous, the indigenous social life, native as rocks and trees. Old inhabitants shake their heads, looking wistfully back through the years. "Those were good days when the Crawfords lived here, when Silas Wilkins was alive, when we had the village orchestra and the Shakespeare Club." What is it that has so fatally happened to occasion that hopeless past tense? Silas Wilkins has died, to be sure, and no one could help that mortal accident. But the Crawfords have sold their farm to some people from New York, the Perkins family has decamped in favor of a Boston arrival, and Miss Lucy Jones has ceded her cottage for an artist's studio.

In the summer all is abundant good cheer. The houses and cottages brim with glad life along the winding country roads and in the little village. Horses and carriages climb the hills, picnic parties explore the glens, diligent walkers tramp "round the square," in the thoroughly conscientious fashion of the "summer boarder." There is a certain informal degree of social life manifest in tea on the lawn, in games at the tiny club-house, in tennis tournaments. A series of entertainments each year, "for the benefit of

the library," lays claim on the quite unusual talents of the summer residents, resulting in concerts of wonderful music, in masterly readings from the great poets, in exhibitions of pictures which later will adorn the walls of the New York Academy. "What a great thing it is for the valley," many a visitor has exclaimed, "that all these people should have settled here!"

A natural first conclusion that, inevitable to the urban mind; but one has only to linger a little into the edges of the winter to pause and question its ultimate soundness. This winter season is one which we fair-weather sojourners complacently ignore. Our country year is but half a year, three seasons at the most. What happens after we close our houses and return to our "sweet security of streets," we have not the least idea. That the moon has to consider and deal with a strange shadowed half, which is just as much a part of its being as its familiar earthward face, is a proposition which no earth-child can realize very acutely.

That something threatens we apprehend in those great days of late October when, hurriedly packing, we glance out through our windows at bare-stripped hills, purple-black beneath flying clouds, at gaunt woods "in the stormy east-wind straining," at armies of scurrying leaves. But we do not linger to put to the test our shivering apprehensions. The wistful eyes of the country people might tell us a story if we cared to listen. How they dread the winter! Their preparations for it are grave and carefully deliberate, beginning in the middle of autumn, lest something be forgotten, or lest the time prove too short and frost overtake the farmhouse unawares.

"It's a regular campaign you have to plan, is n't it?" I said to a farmer's wife, as I dropped in to see her one November day, and was ushered into the kitchen. All the rooms in the front of the house were closed off, and the front door was locked for the winter.

"Yes," she sighed, "we have to change

all around, you see, and huddle close together. My husband and I sleep in that little room off the kitchen, with the two youngest children, and the others sleep just above; the stove-pipe goes through their room. Even then, we often suffer with cold. I don't know as you'll hardly believe me, but one night last winter I left a fire banked up in the stove and the tea-kettle on the griddle, and in the morning the coals were still there, but the kettle was froze solid."

"It is n't the cold that I dread most, though," she went on after a moment, "it's the awful loneliness. There's so few people left in the valley now after the first of November. You see how it is a little yourself, stayin' so late this year. There's nothin' lonesomer than a closed house, an' on some roads there ain't nothin' else hardly but closed houses. My! how I hate to drive by 'em in a winter twilight. I think there ought to be a law to oblige city people to keep lights burnin' in their country homes all winter. Don't you suppose" — this with a sudden appealing turn — "you are ever goin' to want to stay with us all through the year?"

Was I ever going to want to, I wondered, as I walked home after this interview. Yes, I wanted to even then with at least one-half of my heart. The solemn November beauty is greater to me than all the light-hearted abundance of summer; the lure of the winter is stirring. If only my comrades would stay with me! If only! There I betrayed the need common to all our humanity, urban or rural, and quickened my steps to pass the closed houses, and shivered, and was sad. The inestimable benefit accruing to our valley from my summer home and those of my friends seemed suddenly not so evident to me as I had always supposed it to be. If I were the valley, I know full well that I should prefer the old order of things, with houses open all the year round and filled with stout-hearted country people who loyally took storm and sunshine with me and gave me their

whole endeavor, who wove a strong social life in my midst and made me a part of the world.

Think what it is that we do in fact, we "lovers of the country!" As soon as the way is conveniently smooth for our delicate feet in the spring, we sweep in, usurping all the best sites, buying up the best farm-land. All authority we blandly assume, even controlling the social life, as by divine right forsooth. The country people are shy and proud. Seeing us so abundantly willing to manage the affairs of the valley, they decamp before us. Any least condescension they recognize, — in our efforts to "make ourselves one with them," to "draw them out," — and they retire into the hollows of their hills, perturbed and obstinate. Even the villagers, those who have traveled and know the ways of the world, never open out their lives fully to us, so that the barrier disappears and we are no longer "city folks" to them, but just plain everyday "folks." The relation between us is not the genuine, unstudied one of fellow townsmen, but at best a conscious adaptation.

For the truth of the matter always is that we are not fellow townsmen. No real valley-dwellers are we who take the sweet of its life and leave its bitter doubly pungent. We speak of "our valley," "our hills," "our woods;" but they are not in the very least ours, the claim is presumptuous. They are His who made them, of course, supremely; and, after that, they are theirs who live rounded lives in their midst.

To these latter should fall all rights of controlling growth and change. The little valley of my affection has long desired a railroad. The reasons are many and excellent: to facilitate transportation of farm produce, to spare horse and man in the piercing winter cold, to make intercourse possible between scattered farms (a country railroad often runs on the trolley principle of stops), to communicate a little of the pulse of the world. Nothing less than new life would be the gift of that

road to the valley. Yet — "Never!" exclaim the owners of country homes, with one voice, and a determination based on the tax-list and reasonably sure of itself. Based on æsthetic considerations, too, of course, and quite conscientious. Shall the lovely valley be defiled, its sanctity invaded? There is, however, a sanctity of hunger in the human heart which is a more august and reverend thing than any valley solitude, and this the railroad of our abhorrence would honor and subserve. The decision is certainly not ours to make, yet we do make it and enforce it, and the railroad is not yet.

One wishes that the social reformers would turn their attention from city slums for a while and give the country their thoughtful consideration. There is great possibility and great need for readjustment here. Life in the country ought to be all that is sweet and wholesome and glad. Wordsworth realized this obligation and wrote of his high-souled farmers. But Crabbe, for all his lesser genius, looked more squarely into the face of fact, and sadly set forth, —

*The Village Life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains.*

*Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please,
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there.*

No, alas! it is not there. The average country life is not a life of happiness. Hard work and poverty chain the body — and with the body the mind — to a hopeless, monotonous round. It is enough to kill the spirit to see no possible end to one's task, nor any varying. An impious, tragic distortion of values results from this lifelong absorption in material things, so that all the finer issues of life, those for which the soul was created, come to be, if not ignored altogether, scorned at least and neglected. To the average country person a dreamer is a contemptible failure. Books and music have their place, but a scanty one, in the cracks of the day, or at its weary end. It actually transpires

at last that the shell of life has all the importance, and the kernel shrivels and is cast away.

They have their vague misgivings of course, these fettered farmer-folk (no wronged soul can utterly fail of indignant protest), and therefore their eyes are wistful. But the finer issues of life are perhaps after all a community product, a divine result of comradeship, of love and faith and intercourse, an urban growth rather than a rural. Scattered, lonely, separate lives cannot well attain it. This theory contradicts the poets, and that is another tragic and impious act. But etymology bears it out. The one word *civilization* itself tells the whole of the story.

They say that the state in which lies the valley to which I have referred is steadily degenerating, that crime is on the increase. That should be a shocking matter of concern to all of us who love the state and have our summer homes there. What shall be done? "A return to the soil" is everywhere cried as the remedy, and perhaps we think we are meeting the need in the May to November return we make, in our "fancy farming." But half-way methods never succeed, and ours is no real return. What the valley needs is the whole allegiance of the best of its native sons, who shall abide in it and work its weal instead of selling their houses and setting forth to see if they, too, cannot become "city folks;" and of its sons by adoption also, for there is room in the valley for all who will come and work for it honestly.

Just here comes in the great opportunity of the country home. Work-room or play-ground — that is the question on which the whole issue depends: which is the valley to the owner of the country home? At least it is certainly true that no lover who is worth his nectar fails to devote himself heart and soul to the good of his beloved; and, if our love for the country be real, we will see to it that the country profits, not suffers in the slightest way, by our presence in it.

All this reasoning seems to point to one logical conclusion: that the country home be kept open through the year. After what has been said of the urban birth of the finer issues of life, the conclusion sounds like a condemnation; and indeed the lure of "the friendly town" is as strong as that of "the open road" to us of the modern world. But, if we all stayed in the country together, those of us who have country homes, there would be a real community life, a civilization of numbers. The country people would swell our ranks, — or we should swell theirs, which is the truer and assuredly the more gracious way of putting the case, — and the valley would have one established life, one purpose, and one hope. The good old days might come again, or — since of course they never do — better ones perhaps. The wistfulness might leave the eyes of the farmer-folk and their hunger be appeased by the constant presence of their kind. Crime is often enough but a desperate effort at self-defense against the arch-foe *ennui*, a miserable refuge. What if we of the country homes leave the path open by our desertion, our positive infliction of loneliness through our negative absence? It is a point to consider.

Nor need we suppose that our sacrifice (complacent creatures that we are!) would be any greater than our gain if we stayed in the country all winter. A comradeship very close and informal would grace our long seclusion. Apart from the hurry and rush of the city, we should have time to know one another, to build up a real society based on eternal things. Around "our neighborly open" fires, abroad on snow-shoes or skates together, sharing the fight with the elements, we should have intercourse real and substantial, worth everything else in life. Our books, too, — how we should revel in them, by the hour, by the day, with the snow falling softly outside, and the wind in the chimney! And the crisp morning's work at easel or desk, and the long cosy evenings! Surely the life would be good.

As for the beauty, do we understand what we forego when we turn away and leave the valley to winter? Days of dazzling blue and white — a white world of silence, beneath a blue sky in which the stars await only the swift going down of the sun to blaze forth, hanging in space. Soft gray days of whirling, muffling flakes; dark, fierce days of rushing winds. Winter woods to explore, winter brooks to follow, and winter ponds to skim. The greatest season of all the year is this King Winter, and we will have none of it.

Then there is the first approach of spring, that most exquisite surprise. The earliest comers-back of us are never in time for this revelation; it belongs to February. We feel it in our city streets and respond to it with a leap of the heart; but what it must mean to be touched by it some gusty morning across snowy fields,

and to burst out of our winter prison, rejoicing utterly!

It is only a question mooted, this of the duty and present failure of the country home. I who write have no more mind to relinquish my city apartment than my old farmhouse. But one has spells now and then of debating, not what he has a mind for, so much as what effect he is producing by his line of conduct; and when one of these virtuous moods is upon me, my heart misgives me for my little valley. It lies at a distance among the hills. The deep snows wrap it, the silence broods, the evening lamps shine too far apart to be aware of one another. Along the roads and in the village closed houses stand in cheerless gloom, forbidding presences. Loneliness, dreariness, and desertion, — while here hive we in our cosy city, safe and warm and happy together. The contrast gives one pause.

"RESTORING" WORKS OF ART

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER

A NEW YORK picture-dealer was recently arrested for procuring forgeries of the paintings of George Inness, Homer Martin, and others. Being a true son of our times and knowing the dilatory course of litigation, he promptly made his defense before the first reporter handy. Repudiating energetically the charge of forgery, he admitted readily that he had had certain American paintings "retouched." It was a service that clients expected, nay required, of a merchant. To illustrate the nature of the retouching process, he described a case in point. A monochrome sketch, the mere preparation for a picture, by Alexander Wyant, passed first into the hands of a fellow artist and then into the trade. It was skillfully "retouched," and came out a finished landscape, with Wyant's familiar

delicacy and range of color. The widow (of the artist — not of the retoucher, who is still productive at this writing) was prevailed upon, so the story runs, to affix Wyant's signature, a reprehensible but still a common way of dignifying sketches post mortem.¹ Then, shall we say? the improved landscape became part of a well-known collection of American paintings, and brought a good price in a famous sale. For the authenticity of the anecdote I cannot vouch. What is really noteworthy about it transcends issues of veracity; the vicissitudes of this sketch seemed to a successful dealer to be mere-

¹ Many of the studio sketches of the late George Inness, which were sold at auction a few years ago, bore a palpable imitation of his signature which had presumably been affixed by authority of his executors.

ly of a usual kind, implying no reproach anywhere. It is a pretty serious consideration for all who collect, or simply love, works of art, that under the still more specious name of restoration many beautiful works in all fields of the arts are literally disappearing; or worse, the inauspicious skill of the modern restorer is coolly masquerading as the masterpieces that were.

Now, for the practical purposes of the lover of art, the distinction between the simple forger, the retoucher as defined above by an expert, and the over-zealous restorer, is pretty nearly negligible. All, with varying motives, practice a kindred deception; all present their own work as that of another and greater. A casuist may be pleased to observe that the forger deceives the public, but not himself; that the retoucher may take a certain dubious moral comfort in the substratum of genuine work under his own confections, and that the restorer, while misleading the public, may honestly deceive himself also by the flattering conviction that he has given a fine picture, if in garbled form, a new lease of life. Such considerations would justify a Dante in relegating deceased practitioners of these allied crafts to diverse profundities and altitudes of the nether or probationary afterworlds. For the connoisseur and student of the history of art such moral considerations are largely nugatory. Except for the possibility of removing repaint, it is much the same, whether a clean canvas, a slight sketch, or a much-damaged old picture, underlies the specious integument. In each and every case there has been falsification of artistic evidence, substitution of the handling of an artisan for that of the artist. The rest is merely a question of degree, and the best we can say for the chartered repainter, as compared with his subterranean colleagues, is that he openly practices what may be called an indispensable profanation for the sake of a higher good.

To this contention that old pictures must live on, John Ruskin retorted, Vol-

taire-like, that he did not see the necessity. Better, he insisted, that a fine work of art should be left reverently to the inevitable processes of decay. Again and again he inveighed against the vandalism that would add to, or take away from, a masterpiece. He has pointed out that in every stage of disintegration fine handicraft retains its essential beauty. Preserve it we cannot, without making it less fine; save it from such desecration we may and should, so long as one scrap of crumbling stone or pigment reveals the hand and mind of the artist. Of this doctrine, one can only say that it would be more gracious in a Premillenarian than in a believer in the persistency of the present universe. When we indulge so fairly superstitious a respect for the perishing thing of beauty, we do so at the expense of posterity. It would greatly lighten the task both of amateurs and museum officials if they might adopt, on Mr. Ruskin's authority, the essentially Bourbon motto, *après moi le deluge*. Yet I doubt if the Sage of Coniston himself would have maintained the severity of his teaching had he been brought face to face with the imminent ruin of one of his favorite pictures. In fact, Tintoretto's Paradise, about which Ruskin has written so nobly, was found a few years ago to be in rapid decay. The great canvas was giving way at many points, and it was probable that within another fifty years nothing would be left but tatters stained with dried and meaningless pigment. Advocates of the intangibility of masterpieces would have had no course open except to notify the world of the progress of dissolution, thus inciting art-lovers to pay their last respects betimes. Fortunately the city of Venice took a less sentimental view of its duty. The damaged remains of the Paradise have been transferred to another canvas which should safely bear its precious charge for centuries to come. I think that nobody will deny that this was a case of necessary repair.

In many other instances the choice is between repairing a fine object or losing it

utterly. Take the many early paintings which were done in tempera on a prepared panel. In the course of time, through the warping of the wood, or, worse yet, through furnace heat or damp, the thin film of plaster upon which such a picture was painted begins to crack and come away. Minor damage of this sort may be arrested by simple means, but if the chalky preparation is generally loosened, the picture must be transferred from wood to canvas or be lost. The process of transfer is a delicate and often a disastrous one. The question, then, becomes simply, Is it better to have a fine thing damaged, or not to have it at all? Between two visits to a hillside oratory near Florence, I witnessed the actual disintegration of a fine Lorenzo Monaco. At the first visit the picture, a Crucifixion, was apparently in fair shape, though a close inspection revealed the long and deep fissures that bespeak inner decay. On our return a few weeks later two palms' breadth of the paint had scaled away, leaving more scar than picture, and on the stone pavement lay the curling fragments of what had been an exquisite bit of tempera enamel. And this is only a sensational example of the end in store for all paintings that are sufficiently let alone. Oil paintings have their peculiar and wasting maladies, upon which doleful topic I need not now dwell.

With many other works of art the case is the same: we must keep them in repair or lose them. Pottery of all sorts is more readily broken when already damaged or incomplete. Fissured wood-carving is more exposed to changes of temperature than to warp and worms that consume. Even slight fractures in marble offer a way to disintegrating frost and rain. To multiply examples is needless. Moreover, many objects of art fortunately remain still in use in the places for which they were originally contrived. One cannot apply the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, for example, to tapestries that have begun to ravel and yield, to fine rugs trodden or burned through in spots, to stained glass

that is beginning to admit wind and weather. Furniture too must be kept in a condition to support a sitter, metal in service must be cleaned even at the risk of destroying a patina. Unless we are prepared to send all crippled works of art forthwith to the lazar-house — and there are those who rightly dread more than neglect the surgery practiced in art museums — we must be willing to tolerate a common-sense amount of repair.

And repair often involves restoration, I hasten to add, for the impatient reader who will be calling me back to my subject. In many cases something must be added in order to preserve that which remains of the original work. The nature of that something is the real point at issue. The word restoration, to a genuine lover of art the most offensive in the language, implies that this added something is to be precisely like the original. The Italian word *repristinare* — restore to its original brilliancy — conveys an even more ill-omened association. And, indeed, the avowed aim of most restoration has been to make the object under repair look as if it had just come from the hand of the artist. Obviously there could be no more fatal ambition. In the first place, the original appearance of any work of art not indued with an inalterable enamel is merely matter of conjecture. The moment a restorer begins to add work of his own, which he honestly believes to be like the original, he is under strong temptation to change portions of the original material which have the defect of not harmonizing with his own additions. It is notorious, for example, that in repairing the mosaics of the Florence Baptistery, some eighty years ago, the spaces from which the glass cubes had fallen were filled with plaster and the design carried out thereon in paint. But since these patches by no means harmonized with the brilliancy of the adjoining mosaic, large portions of it also were smeared with paint. In other words, the authentic mosaic in sight was actually greatly diminished in the name of restoration, and

much of the composition willfully brought down to the level of the repairs. Happily nothing was done that could not be set right, and in our own times a considerable repair has saved what was left of this beautiful ceiling. But often such devastation is irrevocable. It is known, for example, that within recent years, certain masterpieces of the Dutch genre school, in the Louvre, have been drastically cleaned. One must fear that the delicate films of colored varnish with which these pictures were finished were actually swept away by alcohol heedlessly applied. In any case, the authorities were so troubled by the raw appearance of the cleaned pictures that they ordered them to be covered once more with a yellow varnish. They replaced, that is, with a false patina the genuine patina of time. One can hardly regret that the occurrence, and the resultant criticism, left the Louvre administration in so sensitive a state of nerves that it has since declined to permit the most harmless cleaning of one or two very dirty paintings.

A most lamentable application of this vicious notion, that a picture may be restored to its original state, was made upon no less a masterpiece than Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*. From an early period the master's paint began both to fade and peel. Without repeated repair, including a certain amount of repainting, the *Last Supper* would long ago have been counted among lost masterpieces. On the other hand, if its custodians had been contented with simple repair, we might have had this great work in not much worse condition than the average of old mural paintings. Unhappily, in the year 1726, the artist Michelangelo Bellotti, being distressed by the faded condition of the *Cenacolo*, offered the monks a recipe "of an oily nature" by the application of which the colors might be revived. The monks not only permitted the heinous experiment, but were so delighted with the results that they groomed the picture once a year thereafter. When Mr. Edmund Rolfe, of Heacham Hall, Nor-

folk, took notes in Milan, in 1761, the annual unction, being still in force, had been perpetrated no less than thirty-five times. To this brazen sacrilege, rather than to the bad methods of Leonardo, or the ravages of time and damp, we doubtless owe the present vanishing condition of the most famous painting of the Renaissance.

Such examples show the absolutely disastrous effect of following, in repair or restoration, that purely phantom thing, the original appearance. I repeat that the word restoration has done infinite harm. If at all times those artisans who bear the proud title of restorers, and affect the mystery of miracle-workers, had been forced to accept the humble and accurate designation of repairers, or, say, picture-tinkers, their work might have been kept within useful limits. As it is, we have had to do for generations with an excited professional pride that burns to wreak itself upon the unprotected masterpieces of old time. If museum directors would publish their diaries, the list of applications from incompetents, or almost worse, from famous art-doctors, would be appalling. It is said rather cynically that the surgical faculty must have cases, and that under statistical scrutiny clinical records would show a far higher percentage of operations than, say, a similar number of cases of equal gravity in private practice. Upon such statistics, lay opinion is evidently of no weight. But I may safely say that no young house surgeon is more resigned to the appearance of a rare and interesting lesion in a patient, than the average professional restorer to those symptoms that condemn a noted picture to his manipulation.

Of course no profession has a monopoly of self-seeking at others' expense. One reads even of critics who have had such foibles. The gentlemanly blackmail, for example, that Continental art criticism levies upon the living artist, is morally as indefensible as the worst ministrations of the quacks to whom infirm works of art are so often committed. Yet, since the

whole community, and posterity as well, suffer especially and irretrievably from the undue pretensions of the restorer, we do well to choose him for especial condemnation. How far the mania may go, can be imagined from the fact that archaeologists, not mere restorers, mind you, have actually endeavored to rebuild historic structures, not as they were, but as in the opinion of current science they ought to have been. In France and England particularly, in the name of style, a uniformity that was not even dreamed of by the Middle Ages themselves has been imposed upon mediæval buildings. Beautiful old work, because it was not "of the period," forsooth, has been ruthlessly replaced by modern copies out of the books. It would be interesting to know if the archaeology of centuries to come will rejoice in these regularized Romanesque and Gothic monuments — will welcome the abundance of sculptured stone that is of no period at all, being the attempt of nineteenth-century scholars and artisans to facsimile that which is really inimitable.

One may well leave these pedants, who would set right not merely their own, but all past ages, to the irony of Anatole France and the forthright anathema of Ruskin. It is enough to have shown that the worst enemies of art are frequently those who are reckoned, and even paid, to be its friends and faithful custodians. I need hardly argue that no intrinsically beautiful thing, be it old repair or addition to a fine work of art, should be destroyed except to reveal thereby a still finer thing. The splendid frames with which the Renaissance adorned so many Gothic altarpieces are a part of their history. Who are we that we should substitute our own false Gothic for the pious and genuine homage of a more artistic age than ours? Even old repaint when of a certain age and quality should, it seems to me, be let alone. Why should we care to efface the architectural background which Lorenzo di Credi added to a panel of Fra Angelico? Did the Munich Gal-

lery really do Dürer, or us, a service when it wiped out of the panels depicting the Paumgartner brothers, the helmets, horses, and landscapes added by Fisscher? ¹

These cases of early repaint with a kind of artistic value of its own call for a delicate and liberal exercise of judgment. Each question must be settled on its own merits. Yet the general principle holds, that additions which constitute a part of the history of the object, being the homage of a later to an earlier artist, should usually be respected. They, too, are a part of that human record which we call art. Being spontaneous, they are on a very different basis from the work of the professional restorer. Only a foolishly pedantic collector, for example, would remove the settings which the goldsmiths of the English and French sovereigns added, incongruously if you will, to splendid Chinese porcelains. In short, the right appraisal of these matters requires a keen sense of intrinsic values, and a disposition to prefer to the assertion of our own connoisseurship the preservation of any even humble product of the past. When one recalls the havoc that has been wrought in England, merely that each cathedral might sit squarely into its presumed class as "pure" Early English, Decorated, or what not, one marvels that no apostle of consistency has contrived to do away with that unpardonable accretion to Westminster Abbey, Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

So far we have taken our subject in the

¹ Note that the beauty of Dürer's enamel had been hopelessly impaired between the old repainting and the modern skinning. With Fisscher's additions the pictures were, if less Düreresque, actually finer works of art than they are now, as technically restored to their original condition. In many cases old repaint, even when it involves some travesty of the real design, may be preferable, not merely to modern repaint, but even to a marred original surface which cannot be uncovered without further injury. It may well be counted a shame to have repainted a picture in the first instance, but it may be even more foolish and less pardonable to make a bad job worse by drastic cleaning.

spirit of denial, and I think we are agreed that works of art may and should be repaired to keep them from impending or eventual deterioration, but should not be restored in the spirit of renovation. We have suggested, too, that repairs, in the interest of sincerity, should look not like but unlike the original texture to which they are applied. Although this seems to me self-evident, a mere vindication of the right of the observer to know whose work he is inspecting, it will be a startling notion to practically all restorers and to many collectors and museum officials. In all time past the effort has been to conceal the fact of restoration. If a more rational practice has gradually made its way, the reform has been forced by the inconvenience of the system of dissimulation to students. In the field of sculpture, for example, it has become usual to exhibit incomplete statues as such, and when restorations must be made to use another stone. I cannot forget that in our own times the Hermes of Praxiteles has been set upon a nondescript pair of shanks, — "made in Germany," I believe, — but at least the sacrilege has been noted and condemned. Repairs upon potteries and porcelains are now usually made on the sensible plan of leaving the addition visible. This is partly due to the fact that these textures and colors are virtually inimitable, perhaps more to the feeling that only students, for whom a cheap and ostensible repair suffices, deal with such objects. Broadly speaking, the principle of frank repair is gaining ground and seems likely to prevail, except in the case of painting. There ancient darkness is only beginning to yield to light. To show strikingly the case against old-style restoration, let me take — and it shall be absolutely the last of the horrible examples — a very recent instance, where a modern picture in premature decrepitude was most skillfully rejuvenated.

It is not generally known that Meissonier's alleged masterpiece, *Friedland* 1807, passed from the Hilton estate to the Metropolitan Museum in a fairly ruinous

condition. Whether it had been successively overpainted upon the wet pigment, or had merely hung above a steam-radiator, whatever the cause, the originally sleek surface of the picture resembled the sun-dried bottom of a drained pond. Deep cracks cut it up into sections about the size of a dime. And it was not merely a question of looks, for without repair these isolated fragments would have gradually fallen away. The thoroughness of the restoration that ensued may be divined from the fact that it is now practically impossible to tell where this cobweb of deep cracks lay upon the picture. Through the courtesy of the restorer, I have seen photographs of portions of the surface before the restoration, and I may estimate that something between a tenth and a twentieth of the visible paint has been added since the picture came into the Museum. Now, one need not grieve unduly over the incident. If such a *tour de force* were to be perpetrated, better it were done upon the relatively neutral and unsympathetic surface of a Meissonier than, say, upon that of an Alfred Stevens. Certainly the last thought in my mind is to blame my friend, the late assistant director of the Metropolitan Museum, for acting conscientiously under the traditions of his profession. Not personalities, but principle, are in question. In fact, I cite the case only because it suggests so strikingly the fundamental difference between deceptive restoration and the frank repair here advocated. Restored, the *Friedland* looks like a picture fresh from the easel — a pious deception, that is, has been practiced upon the public; repaired, it would look like a picture that had been badly cracked. The network would be filled with an unobtrusive tone that would prevent further deterioration of the surface, and while diminishing the unsightliness of the damage, would show plainly through what vicissitudes the picture had passed.

Repairs upon works of art, in a word, should neither be so unlike the original surface as to be offensive, nor yet so like

as to be deceptive. This, it seems to me, should be almost the golden rule for every custodian of the art of the past.

What seems to me ideal repair is exemplified in the noble frescoes of Piero della Francesca, at Arezzo. Take the most famous, the Battle of Constantine. Large portions of the plaster had come away. One saw headless riders, horses in widely separated sections, helmets above bodies which had disappeared. There was every temptation to restore the composition radically, replacing all the missing parts. This, in fact, has been done to about half the important mural paintings of Italy, to the great confusion of the evidence. Instead, the repairer of this masterpiece in San Francesco cautiously cleaned the painting, and filled the gaps with tinted plaster. Thus he arrested the crumbling of the pictured wall, but left Piero's finest composition honestly for what it is — a magnificent fragment. It was a service only second to that of the donor, who commissioned the paintings more than four hundred years ago.

We should examine this case of considerate repair very carefully, for it may suggest principles that should govern quite different cases. Let us admit that, in a composition without the sweep and movement of this famous battle-piece, the big blotches of plaster might seem intolerably ugly. Pietro's battle refuses to be damped or confused by any amount of patchwork that many another picture could not bear. Well, the thing then would be to adjust the tone of the repairs more delicately to that of the adjoining original color. Or it might even be that a certain amount of actual restoration, as a last resource, might be advisable. Evidently the cavalier methods appropriate to a fresco should not be applied to a tiny easel picture of the Dutch school. In every case where mere repair becomes so ugly as to prevent the enjoyment of a work of art, we must have recourse to a degree of restoration, but again to a restoration that frankly avows its true character.

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We repair a work of art, let me repeat, for purely utilitarian reasons, to save it from being lost. But at a certain point æsthetic considerations may fairly compel us to combine repair with a cautious restoration. Both are tolerable only as they are evident; and since both are blemishes, they are admissible only in view of some contravening advantage. In broken pottery, for instance, the loss of continuity of form is so unpleasant that we must usually, even where repair is not otherwise urgent, carry out the original form of the vase, completing perhaps a pattern inexplicable in the fragmentary condition. On the same principle, a picture may not remain defective beyond a certain point. An art critic once had in his temporary possession a Madonna and Child, covered with very dark varnish, besides much dirt. The investigation he had undertaken required a careful preliminary cleaning of the panel. But, alas, the rag that thinned the dirt removed also the face of the Child — a recent and miserably executed restoration. Just what the critic did to revive the massacred innocent the story does not tell, but I think it rather obvious that in such a case repainting is defensible. Or take the case in a less complicated form. We know that the Leda of Correggio was decapitated by a fanatical prince. I think the severest purist would not accept above that beautiful body merely the patch of blank canvas required to stay the damage. Nor do I think it ill done that the restored head is Correggiesque. The requirement of sincerity would have been satisfied by leaving it evident that the head was painted, not on the original canvas, but on a patch, and this might have been done without real detriment to the effect of this most lovely composition.

In every case we must depend on the tact and taste of the restorer, or better, of the owner or trustee of the work of art. The great safeguard will always be the habit of letting the added work be seen and judged on its merits. What seems to me a peculiarly judicious restoration is

found in the fresco by Piero della Francesca, which we have already considered. It has been noted how the bare plaster cuts the forms of horses and riders without any real diminution of the impressiveness of the work. But there was in the centre of the composition a bit of river landscape which originally led the eye far back to a low horizon. Here the river was arrested in midcourse by a great scar, and most of the horizon had disappeared. The crumbling of the same stretch of plaster had carried away the central portion of a tree, leaving an unsightly gap between the fork and the crown. Here the damage had destroyed an effect of depth, disguising the obvious intention of the artist. So the restorer drew in the missing horizon, indicated the upper course of the river, and roughly connected the parted sections of the tree. He prudently made no attempt to imitate the matchless bit of remaining landscape foreground. His work is so sketchy that it could never for a moment be mistaken for a bit of the original. But it is enough to open up the vista, and relieve the imagination from the *malaise* of following up a river only to run aground on raw plaster.

At first blush, this practice of showing restorations candidly will be abhorrent to the profession. For many generations restorers have been encouraged to pride themselves upon their facility in aping the manner of the great masters. The result is that we to-day can rarely say Titian, for example, but Titian *cum* X, Y, Z, according to the number of posthumous collaborators posterity has imposed upon him. The reform, which has already included many categories of objects of art, will be extended to painting only when collectors and museum officials shake off the dilettantism which prefers doctored pictures to those that have been honestly put in order. Professional restorers, however, need not fear that their craft will thereby cease to be a delicate one. As a matter of fact, more rather than less will be required of them. To mini-

mize repaint, to contrive that it shall be seen on scrutiny and yet remain inoffensive, this is a task not less difficult than to pretend to paint like Velasquez or Rembrandt. If any one thinks it is easier to repaint freely than to stay one's hand, let him consult that peerless repairer and restorer of old pictures, Cavaliere Cavenaghi of Milan. Under the new dispensation, as under the old, the restoration of painting of any precious quality would require the most sensitive care. So far as color is concerned, I take it a restorer of the future would work — upon the smaller and more delicate pictures, I mean — quite in the manner of the artist restorer of to-day. The difference would appear chiefly at the end of the task. Whereas the old-style restorer seeks, by imitating the precise texture of the original, to dissimulate his additions, the new-style restorer will, by leaving precisely these subtle differences of texture, denote his work candidly. A greater difference, one not of procedure but of spirit, may be the fact that the future restorer will eschew the name as eagerly as certain learned professors do their academic designations. He will style himself proudly a repairer, will regard restoration as a last deplorable resource, and will restore grudgingly one work of art, where a hundred are cheerfully rehandled to-day.

Who is to produce this ideally conscientious artisan? Who is to take the subject of preserving works of art out of the witches' kitchen, in which it lurks to-day, into the light of common prudence and common sense, and, I may add, common honesty? Evidently we can count little upon the dealers, who will continue to find their account in selling sleekly repainted wraiths of fine pictures and cobbled treasures of all sorts. Collectors and museum officials, however, among whom a disinterested love of art surely should prevail, not to mention a reverence for antiquity, and a bent for sincerity, might carry this reform almost single-handed. Much, too, might be done by a kind of consensus of artists and art-lovers. But

such a public opinion must first become intelligent to be of much avail. So long as we find so many real enthusiasts, both artists and laymen, who, with a fairly Ruskinian obscurantism, oppose reasonable repair and cleaning of their favorite works of art, little effective influence can be brought to bear from that quarter. We must trust, in this as in similar forms of education, to a gradual diffusion of sound information and doctrine on the subject. Are not the directors and curators of our museums our natural leaders in this matter, and could they do a better service than to put on record the principles of repair and restoration which prevail in their several institutions? From the mere comparison of practice and principle much good would come.

Mystery has been the bane of the subject in the past: it has caused, or at least permitted, the ruin of countless works of art by those who were solemnly appointed to be their custodians. Who could more gracefully break this unhappy tradition of silence than those who are the trustees of our artistic patrimony? Most of the museums publish bulletins. Why not include in these journals, as matter of current news, the more important restorations and repairs? Now this is done spasmodically by way of defending an official under attack, or of smoking out an esteemed colleague who is thought to have done amiss. If it were

done regularly and dispassionately, it would constitute an effective means of education in a neglected but surely important branch of the history and appreciation of art.

As for the restorers, we ask of them simply a more sparing use of the hand and a more generous and constant employment of the head and heart. Their most useful and honorable profession can only gain in repute through such a change. A sensible patient willingly pays a great physician, in order not to be dosed or sent incontinently to the latest invalid's paradise; and a wise collector prefers to pay rather for what the repairer leaves undone than for what he does. It is for this reason that masterpieces from every land pour into Cavaliere Cavenaghi's studio. What he does is sufficiently remarkable, but his great and deserved reputation is based quite as much on what one is sure he could never do. The repairers of ancient buildings frequently record their services in memorial tablets, where may be read in varying phrase, usually in stately Latin, that such an one "restored," "rebuilt," "adorned," with many another ambitious word. More rarely one finds simply the homely verb *consolidavit* — "he made it firm." The conscientious repairer of works of art could ask for no greater prestige than to write *consolidavit*, with his initials, on every beautiful object that passes through his reverent hands.

THE CHEERFUL FEAST OF SAN MICHELE

BY JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

As I came into the *portineria* of our house in the Via Lorenzo Mascheroni, I found Isabella talking with the *portinaio*. I heard her tell him that the padrone of our new house in the neighboring Via Venti Settembre was a delightful gentleman, who was going to let us move into the larger apartment we had taken with him, a full month before the beginning of our term. Hence, we must transport to the new place at once.

"But it is impossible to make a san-michele for the signora," he answered, "until San Michele comes, on the twenty-ninth of the month of September."

"Nothing is impossible!" exclaimed Isabella, in her decisive way.

"*Davvero*, of a truth!" he responded grimly, — so grimly that, on the way up in the elevator a few minutes later, Isabella told me she thought I had tipped the man more liberally than his worth.

"But what is a san-michele?" I asked, partly to change the subject and partly to fortify my knowledge of the matter.

"A san-michele," said Isabella, "is moving your things from one house to another. They call it that, because the official moving day is September twenty-ninth, which is the saint day of San Michele himself. After dinner you can take me over to see if the new house is in readiness. It was to be finished to-night by six o'clock."

"Also by luck, perhaps," said I.

"I should think," retorted Isabella with severity, "that you had learned something from the *portinaio*."

"Appreciation, possibly," I replied. I do not think she liked it.

After dinner we went around into the Via Venti Settembre. The August evenings in Italy do not darken before nine o'clock, and there was plenty of light for

us to find our way into the confusion of the littered court, and up the boarded staircase to our own floor. The workmen had gone, and left the rather greasy caretaker in charge of the place. I did not call Isabella's attention to the fact that our front door was not yet hung. We entered our apartment. The floors had not been scraped. The walls had not been papered. The electric-lighting fixtures had not been put in. Only a little of the woodwork had been painted. None of the glass had been set into the window panes. The faucets were not in the bathroom. The kitchen was entirely glutted with the odds and ends of the rubbish which had been swept daily for several months from the other end of the house in that convenient direction. The dining-room door had not yet arrived, but in its place there was a rough board barrier, half-nailed and half-locked into place, through the wide crevices in which we were able to see that behind it had been stored everything and all the things which should have been in their proper places, but were not.

"The steam-radiators were in, though," I remarked, as Isabella led me indignantly down the dusky staircase.

"I noticed it," she responded. I do not remember that we referred to the matter again.

During the following three weeks our time was fully occupied with avoiding the eyes of our *portinaio* and visiting the new apartment. Each evening after dinner we went there in hope, and returned in an anger which, as the month of August drew toward a close, took on the sombre aspect of despair. The window panes were put in, and some of the doors were hung. But the floors were not scraped, and when, on the twenty-eighth of September,

we surveyed our prospective living, where a solitary paper-hanger was singing lonesomely to himself and making occasional dabs at the expectant walls, our gorge did rise. It rose in the person of Isabella, who is the custodian of our family gorge. I might even say she was its originator. Some of the workmen, with an hour and a half of good light yet left them, were hanging about the courtyard, sucking their last pipes dreamily.

"Listen!" said Isabella, going up to them like a muslin storm-cloud. "To-morrow is San Michele."

"*Davvero*," responded the head man calmly. He was a slender, clean-shaven Venetian, — a handsome fellow with an insolent smile beyond which nothing seemed able to pass.

"Our *appartamento* is not yet ready," continued Isabella.

"*Davvero!*" he agreed.

"How are you going to manage it?" she demanded.

"*Chi sa, signora!*" said he, and gave a graceful jump of the shoulders. "Who knows? I do not know."

"But you could paper three rooms before dark this evening," she protested.

He took out his pipe, and bestowed on Isabella a slow and indulgent glance of superior toleration.

"*Che Americana!*" he exclaimed, and chuckled gently.

Isabella drew one of her ominous deep breaths, — I believe she learned them from a correspondence course with a university in a city in the northern part of New York, — and let fly at the Venetian. Her Italian when aroused was what a certain congressman of our acquaintance would have described as torrential in volume and terrible in execution. She discoursed directly upon the target. She circled above her prey with a hawk-like choice of expletive, not to say explosive, and pounced down on him with a strong and poignant use of the subjunctive which made me writhe in pity and in admiration. She swore by Bacchus with the easy familiarity of an old and tried ac-

quaintance. If she breathed between, I did not note it. There was no end to her vocabulary. When she ceased, it was as if by preference and not necessity.

"*Ecco!*" That was her last word. The Venetian paper-hanger once more removed his pipe, and this time bowed quite politely.

"Very well, signora," he said. "We will see to-morrow."

"No!" fairly shouted Isabella. "We will not see to-morrow. To-morrow morning will be San Michele. You must finish to-night."

I saw he was tiring of her, but before he could so express himself she wheeled on me with her most fearful air of determination.

"Go back to the house with me at once," she said. We went. She offered no explanations and I asked none. When we arrived she sent the cook into the *cantina* in the basement and asked her to bring up all the bottled wine we had, excepting only champagne. When this had been done, — seven bottles of fine old Falernian, red and white, brought to me from Naples, — she ordered the cook out to buy several flasks of common red wine, and back we went again to the undone apartment in the Via Venti Settembre. With her arms full of bottles Isabella returned to the attack.

"Now then!" said Isabella, to the Venetian. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and glanced critically at the sun, still well up.

"Hi, *ragazzo!*" he called to a shambling boy who lay in a heap of sand across the court. "Go around to the *farmacia* and bring a corkscrew." Then he turned to his men with a magnificent air. "*Avanti, signori!*" he said. Five minutes later they were hanging paper like fiends, if fiends do that sort of thing. The rolls fairly faded from sight and flowed upon the walls. Down from the remaining unglazed windows there came to us, seated in the court, the clink of bottles and the aroma of my old Falernian. Candle-light flickered up and down.

"It is a wondrous rich wine, Isabella," I said, a little ruefully. "You remember it was the liquor best loved by Petronius."

"Yes," answered Isabella. "Petronius also was a diplomat!"

At ten o'clock that night we tipped the caretaker who had kept the doors open for us, and went out into the street. The house was papered from end to end! It was with difficulty that we induced the Venetian head-man to leave us at our door. His remarks were eloquently fulsome.

"Now to-morrow morning early," remarked the triumphant queen of my heart and home, as we picked our way into an already dismantled chamber and prepared for the rest she had earned, "to-morrow morning early we will make our san-michele. The *portinaio* has promised to be ready for us at seven, with five good men to help him."

At seven o'clock next morning the *portinaio* was not in evidence, nor were his five good men. His wife in the *portineria* had a vague and irritating air when questioned upon his whereabouts.

"It is San Michele, and he is very busy," she said.

"But he has to move our things into the Via Venti Settembre!" cried Isabella.

"But the other signora is a *signora contessa*," explained the woman.

"Ah, — then there is another signora!" exclaimed Isabella.

"*Naturalmente!*" declared the *portinaio's* wife with clear philosophy. "There always is."

We began preparing our goods, to be ready for the men when they did come. At eight they had not appeared. At nine we agreed that they might be along at any moment. This expectation was still in force at eleven, at which hour, having sat uneasily on our various bundles and trunks and boxes and barrels in turn, Isabella began showing signs of a deep and absorbing indignation. I admit I shared it to some extent. I went out into the street with the idea of picking up the first half-dozen men I came across and

impressing them into service for the remainder of the day.

"You can tell them about your old Falernian," suggested Isabella humorously as I departed.

I did tell them.

The streets in our quarter of the town were crowded with humanity in all sorts, and with attendant vehicles and animals of every shape and size. Hand-carts went by with household goods piled as high as three or four times the length of the conveyance. Upright pianos were wedged in with mattresses, and kitchen stoves with sets of books. Sweating men and straining horses were tugging this mass through all the neighboring squares. Nearly everybody was yelling at everybody else. In two or three places insecure loads were toppling over toward the crash of destruction, saved only by the hoarse shouts of groups of men dancing around them in the way in which I suppose the more depraved of the cannibal tribes habitually caper about their frying victims. Imported roustabouts from the docks at Genoa, and mercenaries from Como and the Lakes, were chattering in their several dialects in a vain effort to make their curses intelligible to the abounding Milanese. At one corner I found a young fellow standing stock-still, and gazing down unhappily at the ruins of a large Japanese vase which had got the better of him. Farther on, a melancholy housemaid, with her muddy yellowish hair streaking her wooden Swiss face, was struggling with a great cage in which a profane parrot of gigantic proportions was making a determined effort to commit suicide. Here and there along the asphalt lay old shoes, scraps of newspapers, bits of cloth, revolver cartridges, leaves from books, sheet-music, old periodicals, receipted bills, kitchen litter, and countless other signs of the times. Along the stolid rows of stone apartment houses there was a general look of open windows and reckless unreserve. And I got no men to come and move our things. The two or three I

asked to do so answered me with special violence. I returned to the Via Mascheroni.

On my way the city clocks struck noon. On the instant of the first stroke the mad procession streaming past me stopped. I suddenly found myself the only animate thing in the whole Magenta quarter. Men flung themselves into the nearest shady place and dropped into an amazing slumber. Even the horses on the carts hung their heads and lost themselves. Looking back from the last square before I reached our door, I could see the streets in all directions clogged with household gods, tilted at all angles and exposed with utter shame to the public view, with a narrow lane down the centre for the passage of the trams.

A certain terrible suspicion which came to me in that moment was confirmed in fact, as I turned into the broad entrance to our house. There, his five stalwarts prone about him like Roman soldiers on the tented field, lay our *portinaio*. A violent attack of sleep had come upon him. No one moved as I passed by, and I went on to report to Isabella.

"As to the *portinaio*," I said, "an attack —"

"I am aware of it!" she interrupted. "I have had an interview with him. He is to come to us at two o'clock."

"I hope he will," said I.

"He will!" declared Isabella, with conviction.

We ate a cold lunch, the gas-stove having been disconnected the night before.

I have never known what Isabella said to the *portinaio*. She seldom allows me to enter into these things. My reputation is that of an easy-going dreamer, with no disposition for encounter. No one respects me, because I make it a rule never to scold. Everybody likes Isabella, because she will tolerate no retort. People try to please her to avoid certain results. It is like what you do when you have to take a house next to an oil-tank or a powder factory. Without the slightest expectation of inheriting the earth, Isabella

gets full value from the portion of the other heirs.

Toward half-past two our piano went downstairs like an ebony centipede. Staggering legs stuck out from all around it. Isabella gave a few explicit directions to the *portinaio*, and led me away to the new house to aid her in superintending the arrival of our furniture. We passed under our old windows just in time to see the men lowering the best wardrobe through one of them, with a piece of clothes-line. Isabella gasped but said nothing, and I did not raise any of the several obvious questions that occurred to me. I had in mind a situation that might arise if the lowering shades of night found us half moved out and half moved in!

At the new apartment the workmen, who had suddenly put in a most unexpected appearance and in surprising numbers, grumbled vigorously at us for interfering with their plans for a long day's work. I have never seen men so eager for their chosen labor. The least interruption irritated them. Some of them I recognized, though with difficulty, as among those who previous to the eleventh hour had striven with the most leisurely regard for themselves and the clock. The men scraping the floors announced that they would stop immediately and leave the premises if we put a stick of furniture in their way. We compromised on two glasses of chianti for all hands, and putting the heavier pieces in the outer hall and along the stairs. Our methods of arbitration must have been communicated to others, for within the next hour I was called on to serve chianti, and meekly did serve it, to not less than fourteen workmen of various trades who came down from upper floors and tried to call our men out on some pretext, the exact terms of which I did not learn.

About five o'clock I heard excited words below, and found Isabella in earnest argument with a man.

"He is from the landlord," she said. "The landlord sends notice that we must

not leave our furniture on the stairs. Is that in our lease?"

"Probably," I replied. "Everything else is in it. Leave me alone with him for a moment. You might go up and see how things are going."

I think I paid him fifteen francs. At all events, we had just concluded a peace, when a nervous little man, in whose aspect I thought I detected a distinct bristle, quite sprang through the entrance into the courtyard.

"O signore," he spluttered, "I am Signor Raghetti, the new tenant in your old apartment in the Via Mascheroni, and since the rising of the sun this morning my family — my *gentilissima famiglia* — has been waiting for you to get out in order that we might get in. Why is this? *Perchè è questo! Perchè, perchè, per-r-r-r-chè!* Why is this!"

"I do not know, signore," I said. "I will have to ask my wife."

"*Ma che!*" he cried, in a sort of explosion. "Why do you not ask me what I am going to do with my *gentilissima famiglia* this night! Is it that we are going to sleep in the streets? Or perhaps," — what he really said was "*Forse!*" — with a remarkable emphasis of utter scorn, — "*perhaps* you think that I am going to answer you that we can sleep in the Park. Perhaps in the Albergo Popolare! *Ma no! Ma no!* My *gentilissima famiglia* is not to sleep in the Nuovo Parco, neither in the Albergo Popolare. My *gentilissima famiglia* will throw your furniture out of the windows in another hour, and be rid of you. *Ma che!* It is truly a *porcheria!*"

Now in Italy you cannot with dignity take "*porcheria*" from any one less than a real nobleman, the number of whom is dying out. I do not know exactly what the word means; but its general direction is such that I immediately called Isabella and requested her to deal with our excitable successor of the Via Mascheroni. All that I saw from the rear window through which I watched the battle was that our bristling successor lowered his

mane the instant Isabella's gaze fell on him, that he bowed profoundly, protested effusively, smiled affably, pressed his heart eloquently, held his hat deferentially, and backed out of the courtyard like a *débutante* at a drawing-room. Going to the front of the house I saw him standing in the street to look back at our doorway, and rubbing his forehead in evident disturbance of mind.

Meantime our things were streaming in. By seven o'clock we were fairly well moved. Yet much remained, the men showed signs of quitting work, and neither Isabella nor I dared go over to investigate the state of things in our rear and run the risk of meeting the new tenant on his own ground and supported by his own wife. I promised the crew an extra tip and a glass of wine apiece, and got them to turn to in the early twilight for a final attack on what was left. Isabella and I sat in the new kitchen and listened while one load after another came laboriously up the darkening stairs.

"We shan't get settled to-night," she said. "There are no electric lights ready yet, and we must go to the Hotel Cavour and do the rest of the work to-morrow."

Still the work went on. The men heartened under the wine and the prospect of higher pay. Now and then there came a crash as something fragile was cast ruthlessly into a corner.

"Never mind," said Isabella wearily. "I have passed the line of spoken protest."

At nine o'clock the procession was not yet at its end. More loads kept coming over from the Via Mascheroni, and were debarked and hauled and worried up the now shadowy staircase and into our apartment, the rooms of which seemed to have contracted since we made the lease.

"It may be the light, or the lack of it," I said to Isabella out of a lurking and perplexed uneasiness of spirit, "but the house seems very much smaller now we have begun getting furniture into it. I don't see where we can put it all."

"Order will come out of it to-morrow," she responded. "I did n't realize, though, that we had collected so many things."

By half-past nine there was no light left. The *portinaio* groped his way out to us and asked for a candle.

"Thanks be to Heaven, signora," he said, as Isabella found the light for him, "we are now *totalmente finito* excepting the second piano."

"T-h-e WHAT!" cried Isabella shrilly.

"The second piano, signora," he said, and added with an ingratiating smile, "Perhaps the *gentilissima signora* would permit us to bring that over at a good hour to-morrow morning. The other piano is already in the drawing-room, supposing the signora and the signore should care for a little music this evening."

Isabella stood straight up. She stood farther up than usual, holding the candle in her hands. For an instant she gave me a fearful look.

"Come with me, please," she said, "and prepare yourself for the worst thing that has ever happened to you, — in all your life!"

She led the way out of the kitchen and into the fore part of the house. It was difficult to follow her rapid course, and the candle held before her left no real light whatever. The *portinaio* and I made the best way we could. I felt that the rooms were crowded.

Presently Isabella, having traversed the entire house, halted in the ante-chamber.

"I am afraid we made a mistake," I said as I came up to her. "The rooms seem filled to suffocation."

"Robert," she replied, "you are right about the mistake. And the rooms are filled to suffocation. One of the main reasons why they are filled to suffocation is that this unspeakable *portinaio* and his partners in crime have moved, not only all our furniture, but as much as they could find of the furniture of that other tenant!"

"Signor Raggetti?" I asked.

"Signor Raggetti!" said Isabella. "He must have put his furniture into the house before ours was gone, and this is the result of his enterprise."

"The result is full of possibilities," I remarked. I could feel myself getting hot in a slow, irresistible wave from my heels to my head. "When Signor Raggetti gets up in the morning from wherever he has gone to sleep, he will experience the surprise of his life."

"*Portinaio*," said Isabella, very quietly, — almost tragically, — in the tone most frequently assumed by very great stage personages in the last act, "you may go away. We do not need the second piano, and we do not need you. To-morrow we shall send you what we have to pay you and the gentlemen who have assisted you. You need not call for it. We shall be glad not to give you further trouble. *Buona sera!*"

"*Buona sera, signora e signore*," he answered, clearly bewildered at the situation, at Isabella's manner, and at the sense of some mysterious untoward thing which he had done. Isabella went speechless out to the kitchen, leaving me alone with him in the dark.

"*Scusi, signore*," he whispered, rather terrified, "but the signora does not seem to be *appassionata* of my labor. I do not think she is fond of my work to-day. What is it has happened?"

"Nothing," I said weakly. I did not see how any one man could tell him in any one short sitting. "*Buona sera.*"

He stumbled down the staircase, muttering thunderously to himself. From the front window out of which I leaned for air while waiting for Isabella, I heard him discoursing to his mates.

"*Il signore*," he declared, "he is much polite. He is *sempre allegro*. Whatever happens, it is always '*niente*' with him, and a couple of lire in your hand at the door next morning. But the signora, — um-m-m! For me, I do not find her — sympathetic. 'What is it has happened?' I have said to them, up there in their

accursed *appartamento*. And the signora, she has looked at me with a look that was a terrible thing. But the signore, when I asked him, said, '*Niente*,' like a true gentleman. I tell you it is the signore who is much polite in that house!"

"Much!" said the crew, like a chorus.

I did not repeat this to Isabella. She put out her candle, and together we went down the black hole of the stairs and so on to the Hotel Cavour. At every corner I expected to meet the bristling aspect of Signor Raghetti, hunting us down with the troops at his back, or at least the civil guard.

We had supper at the hotel, and felt a little more cheerful. The morning seemed less like a thing to flee away from. I heard Isabella laughing nervously. She was sitting on the floor and struggling ineffectively with her shoes.

"I was thinking," she said, "that it was only yesterday at about this time that I was giving you a most sage explanation of why they call a thing like this a *san-michele*!"

"You might bestow a thought, just for remembrance, on Signor Raghetti," I remarked. "You know I shall have to meet him to-morrow."

"On the contrary," replied Isabella smartly, "he has already been met. I had the hotel porter arrange to move back his goods for us early in the morning. We will go over and see him as soon as we are out of bed."

We were out of bed early, and proceeded to Signor Raghetti when we had had our breakfast. We went straight to the house in the Via Mascheroni, determined to be noble about the business, and hoping that his sentiments, if he had any left, would rise in a reasonable degree of majesty to meet our own.

"He probably took his family to a hotel as we did," said Isabella. "All the better people do that at this season, no doubt."

There are few things so desolating as to walk up to a door that once opened to your touch, and find it barred by the

hands of strangers. Even the semi-barbarous flat-dweller has that much soul in him. We had had good times in that place. I rang, — not my usual loud and peculiar signal, but coldly and with great reserve.

"Now, I will do the talking," cautioned Isabella. "Leave him to me. You take these things too seriously."

We entered. The entrance hall seemed furnished — even full. Beyond, in my old position at the head of the dining-room table, we found Signor Raghetti over his coffee, with the *Corriere della Sera* before him. Fragments of talk from the other parts of the house seemed to indicate that the *gentilissima famiglia* had not suffered great disaster at our hands. The apartment, or as much of it as we could see, was completely and handsomely fitted out. Signor Raghetti was what I should consider quite properly termed "affability itself."

"Why, what lovely furniture!" exclaimed Isabella, driven half out of her wits by the situation. "Is — is it yours?"

"*Pardon, signora!*" said he, with a distinct rising inflection.

Isabella began explaining. Signor Raghetti forgot his coffee. Even had he not forgotten it, he could not have drunk a drop. He laughed himself twice around the dining-room and in and out of three different chairs. He called in his *gentilissima famiglia* one after another, and made Isabella repeat the whole story for each of them. Suddenly he grew quite solemn.

"I know what you are going to ask me," declared Isabella desperately.

"Yes, yes," he said. "It will be *molto interessante* to know that. Who does own the furniture that was moved into your new *appartamento* by mistake last night? Only this we know, — that we came in here while you were going out, and we saw many loads of other goods in the courtyard as evening arrived. It is possible —" Signor Raghetti choked alarmingly.

"*Anything* is possible!" declared Isa-

bella, in the tone of intense feminine disgust.

"*Davvero*," gasped Signor Raghetti. "Anything is possible at San Michele."

I led Isabella out. As the door closed us into the corridor which before we had trod as *inquilini* under lease, instead of visitors on sufferance, subject to the scrutiny of the *portineria* and the signs which tell you to leave your bicycle outside the iron gate, — as we went away from there we could hear Signor Raghetti roaring gleefully behind us. Silently we went around into the Via Venti Settembre, dodging belated cargoes of goods that still wheeled through the city. From the doorway of the house we heard the sound of a terrific argument going on above. The low-pitched growls of several porters formed the background for a shrill and soaring tenor, inquiring pointedly who had misdelivered his furniture. Isabella signaled me with her eyes, and I nodded assent to anything. She tiptoed into the *portineria* and left our keys with the custodian, whose mouth opened in awestruck explanations of the neighboring row, but closed down into an intelligent smile upon the swift production of a silver five-franc piece.

We went out into the street. For a mo-

ment Isabella listened shudderingly to the mighty clamor in our flat, then led the way on into the city.

"Robert," she said, "September is the very nicest month on the Lake of Como. I think we might go up this afternoon and try a week at Cadenabbia."

"There is an express at half-past ten," said I. "We can catch that if we hurry."

"Then hurry!" she responded, — and we caught the express.

That afternoon we had tea in the little garden of the Hotel Britannia, sitting underneath the shade of the rose trees, and looking out across the brownish purple of the lake to where the creamy houses of Bellagio shimmered in the strong fall sun. The wavelets lapped softly on the gray walls of the road before us, and from off the water there came the muffled, hollow ring of the boatmen's oars, straining rhythmically in their locks. The city and its troubles seemed very far away.

"There is only one thing," said I. "Whose *was* that furniture the *portinaio* moved in with ours?"

"*Chi sa*, who knows!" said Isabella flippantly, while she pried the chocolate from the top of a pasty cake. "Who knows but San Michele!"

ANTHROPOMANIA

BY WILBUR LARREMORE

THE purpose expressed in the constitution of Massachusetts to form "a government of laws and not of men" is but a single facet of the democratic ideal. Democracy's aim is an entire social system in which the average man shall be swayed by ideas, not personalities. What are the surface indications of progress, and what is the real outlook?

The writer vividly remembers his shock, as a very young man, when a fellow tourist at the English Lakes, — an English Unitarian of good parts and wide culture, — upon mention happening to be made of Edinburgh Castle, dashed from high level of discourse upon historical and literary associations down to a cockney rhapsody over the magnificent view he had had of the Prince and Princess of Wales, when they chanced to be visiting the castle at the same time as himself. With years of mental discretion there has come a tolerance for the companion's point of view. There are few Britons who have declined a peerage; usually an Englishman of genius will regard the social overtures of a lord as, at least, those of an equal. Albeit our cultured Unitarian was pleased with the rattle and tickled with a straw of snobbishness, his attitude signified British social solidarity. And the influence of that society, based upon an aristocracy which is constantly recruited from the best, has been potent both as an inspiration and a steadying restraint.

Indulgent acceptance of European snobbishness becomes the easier in view of the wide interest bestowed on our own mushroom "400," and, indeed, on any person who offers the slightest pretext for notoriety. Take up almost any periodical, American or English, and you will find names, names, names; faces, faces,

faces. There are many publications that enjoy wide circulation wholly through catering to the hunger for personalities, and this often without pruriency or scandal-mongering. Persons of unusual gifts and staying power are kept standing in type. Any individual who, by accident or unusual opportunity, is connected with an event of note, is trumpeted and thrown upon the screen; and, as in earlier stages of civilization a man's family were put to death with him in punishment for his crime, now they share his day of snapshot glory, even to the babe in arms.

There is a sense in which the verse —
And the individual withers and the world is
more and more —

is true. The individual of the present day is drawn into social and industrial combinations, and the tiny screw loses its identity in the vast machine. There is another and a deeper sense in which the very reverse is the truth. In earlier stages of development, the individual has the identity of the drop in the bucket. The tribe, the family, are everything; aggressive individuality is frowned upon; change is abhorred. The most minute acts of life are regulated by rule, departure from which is a sacrilege. Lafcadio Hearn has graphically depicted the survival of this stage of evolution in Japan down almost into the present era.

Under our system of industrialism, there go with the stress of competition, and the magnitude and complexity of institutions, a constantly increasing independence and variety of personal existence, and institutions themselves are created and directed by individuals called to their stations by natural selection. Individual genius, whether as inventor, organizer, or executive, is the most important factor in modern life, and

the gaping interest in any personality emerging, no matter how fortuitously, from the ruck, in one sense is an aggravation of legitimate outwatch for new leaders.

The trait that we shall term "anthropomania," however, crops out in many different forms, and is displayed in the attitude toward men of genius, as well as toward the random hero of the hour.

The case of an enthusiastic but inexperienced philatelist who paid eighty dollars for a canceled postage-stamp, only to learn that it was a forgery, illustrates what Walt Whitman has called "the mania for owning things." Purchases of spurious works of celebrated artists represent this crude craving with the admixture of anthropomania. It would of course be affectation for a connoisseur to claim that no part of his satisfaction is derived from the great names signed to the canvases in his gallery. There is a not illegitimate element of pleasure in having as one's own a collection of works upon which a consensus of skilled judgment has set the seal of approval.

On the other hand, famous names, as names, become a commercial asset because of the passion of owning anything that is conventionally desirable, whether it happen to have intrinsic worth, or be merely the object of a passing fad. Utter philistines will pay goodly sums for paintings for which in their hearts they care less than for the blue-ribbon collies acquired from similar motives. There is generated in the popular mind an interest in celebrated artists independent of the quality of their work; and this not only leads to the forgery of "Innesses" and "Wyants" and "Murphys," but diverts attention from pictures without the sign-manual of fame, but whose merit might render them delights of homes that cannot afford masterpieces. Exaggeration of the personal element, therefore, interferes with the spread of æsthetic appreciation, and delays the "arrival" of men of genuine gifts.

The condition of the dramatic art in

America displays the effect of anthropomania in very aggravated form. Thirty years ago there were constantly performing in the city of New York, two theatrical stock companies, either of which would nowadays pass for an exceptionally brilliant "all-star" cast, and there were other regularly attached companies only less capable. The rise of the baleful "star system" has changed all this. The player, not the play, is the thing, evoking an endless series of one-character pieces, without literary quality, and often framed merely as an expression of the star's eccentricities. The aim of the average actor is not to develop versatile ability, but to display some mannerism which will make a "hit" and serve as a basis for stellar aspirations. Women reeking with notoriety from the divorce court, men who have been victors in the prize ring, and with no other qualifications, have gone upon the stage and — to the shame of the public, more than their own — have drawn their crowds. The abuse has been carried so far that, fortunately, signs of reaction are appearing.

Over-devotion to biographical literature is a significant symptom. The everyday facts of the lives of celebrated men appeal to one with much the same kind of interest as table-talk about friends and neighbors; and inveterate addiction to biography is a dangerous form of anthropomania, because its victim may cherish the delusion that he is necessarily "improving his mind."

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

The utilitarian advantage of biographical study is much exaggerated. The assumption that the best preparation for grasping success is closely to scan successful careers, is groundless, because men prevail, not through imitation, but in proportion to their originality. The general lesson from almost any triumphant life is that its liver knew himself and knew his opportunity when he saw it.

It is, of course, true that a comparatively insignificant event may afford hints

for thought, and that all biographies have value as a supplement to the study of mankind by observation. Many biographical works are indispensable as sidelights of history. The story of the lives of literary men may be essential for critical estimate of their works. Conceding all this, and even more, on the score of legitimate "cakes and ale," it must still be said that educated people permit biography to absorb a disproportionate share of the time that can be devoted to literature, impelled by the same appetite that leads the masses to consume sensational "write-ups" in the newspapers.

One could view with more complacency the sea of faces in periodicals, on bill-boards, and painted on the rock-ribbed hills, if more discrimination were shown in the use of personalities. We know that, at its present stage, democracy is so indifferent to abstractions that the Referendum has made practically no progress among us. It is impossible in the average community to obtain an intelligent, or even a numerically large, vote upon constitutional amendments that are submitted to the people. Popular interest remains languid even as to grave measures of reform until they are championed by a striking human figure, such as that of Mr. Jerome, who, in his campaign for reelection as district-attorney of the City of New York, so fired the imagination that he accomplished a miracle of discriminative suffrage.

It is proper to laud the hero in connection with his cause, but why should he also be used as an advertising factotum? A line of commendation from the President of the United States, though he were as illiterate as Andrew Jackson, or as brimming with health as Theodore Roosevelt, would make the fortune of any book of poems, or any patent medicine. Prominent men as retail trade-marks, with occasional interspersions of vaudeville actresses in the same capacity, constitute one of the most obtrusive American features. In England, the royal family and noble lords and ladies serve

as sponsors for ales and chow-chow and lingerie. Here, the commercial strain is largely upon our statesmen, and the horror of it may well give a sensitive man pause upon the threshold of a public career.

Bagehot has said that "a constitutional statesman is in general a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities." It might be suggested that the reason for drumming in eminent politicians as exemplars of opinion on works of literature or art, is that they represent average appreciation, and, therefore, are persuasive decoys for patronage. The motive on the part of the masses who are impressed, however, is not a distaste for anything save commonplace guides, but rather an application of the fanciful assumption pervading Carlyle's lectures on hero worship, that any great man has in him the potentiality of all kinds of greatness.

Even when the human figure does symbolize an idea, it is grasped only in the rough, often with adventitious elements derived from his personality; and the symbol himself becomes the spoiled child of the tendency that heroized him.

Andrew Jackson unquestionably embodied a great social and political principle. He represented in the concrete the philosophical democracy of Jefferson, which, in the period of half a century, had permeated the popular mind. Democracy was the inevitable phase of social evolution, as it meant the leveling of artificial privilege and the widening of the area of competition and natural selection. The masses, however, carried the principle to absurd lengths of radicalism. As a substantial policy there was developed the greatest curse of American politics after slavery — "the spoils system," or democracy run mad. It is unjust, as is frequently done, to saddle upon Jackson the brunt of responsibility for the prostitution of the civil service. Utterances of his previous to the period of his presidency have been quoted in which he condemned the practice of rewarding party service with public office. His way to become the

exponent of the popular clamor was, however, smoothed by his peculiar blend of personal passion with public conscientiousness, and his devout conviction that John Quincy Adams, who had appointed many of the removed incumbents, came to the executive chair through a corrupt bargain. This consideration, indeed, counted with the rank and file, but more fundamental was the conviction that a permanent office-holding class was inconsistent with and a menace to democracy; that an equality of opportunity in the scramble for place was simple justice.

On the surface the "Jeffersonian simplicity" lapsed into the "Jacksonian vulgarity," and there arose a deliberate cult of blue jeans and bad manners.

Extremes met, and the exemplar of democracy in its most fanatical form became a czar. The multitude made him its fetish and worshiped his very infirmities. Standing for the conception of general equality, he could actually do whatever he chose, without marring his idolhood. Several of the important policies he fathered have stood the test of history, but among our most offensive traditions are the excesses of his absolutism, dramatically culminating in the resolution that his imperious will forced through the Senate in 1837, to expunge from its journal a censure previously passed upon him.

Notwithstanding differences in birth, breeding, and education, the resemblance in character and temperament between President Jackson and President Roosevelt is very strong, and the popular attitude toward the later is much the same as toward the earlier "metrical instrument of public opinion."

Again, an elemental democratic sentiment found its human exemplar. After an agitation extending over more than a quarter of a century against the enslaving power of corporate wealth, the masses of the people, enlightened to the situation and dangerously in earnest, have made it clear that aggregations of capital — whatever their form — shall be controlled by

law. Mr. Roosevelt, in genuine sympathy with the culminating crusade, has preached its doctrines, always fervently, sometimes fanatically. In the mind's eye of the people, he has come to stand for the movement itself, and no one since Jackson has enjoyed a more unshakable popular grip.

Again, the excesses of an impulsive, autocratic nature have been hailed as virtues by public sentiment that could grasp the policy of controlling the corporations and "trusts" only generally and vaguely. Not being a profound constitutional lawyer, he has advanced not a few utopian measures of relief. "Old Hickory" never did a more grotesquely outrageous thing than President Roosevelt's arrogation of the right to rebuke judges of federal courts for rendering decisions that did not agree with his ideas of propriety. This is the phase of "Rooseveltism" which history will probably most severely condemn; in its degree it calls for the same kind of criticism which Carl Schurz passed upon Jackson: —

"His autocratic nature saw only the end he was bent upon accomplishing, and he employed whatever means appeared available for putting down all obstacles in his path. Honestly believing his ends to be right, he felt as if no means that would serve them could be wrong. He never understood that, if constitutional government is to be preserved, the legality of the means used must be looked upon as no less important than the rightfulness of the ends pursued."

Popular infatuation made it the easier for Mr. Roosevelt to indulge the defect of his qualities — to sacrifice dignity, and impair the weight of his influence, by posing as universal oracle and next friend of all the world.

In one episode of Theodore Roosevelt's life, anthropomania, in displaying its own tendency for evil, demonstrated his essential sanity and moral soundness. Mr. Roosevelt has known many legitimately proud moments, and none greater than the evening of election

day in 1904, when, being assured of enthusiastic choice by the people to an office originally attained through accident, he announced that he should consider the period he had already served as the equivalent of a first elective term and would not be a candidate for renomination. This was following the precedent set by Washington, not in letter, but according to its broad spirit. Mr. Roosevelt's popularity grew during his second term, which was no sooner started than demands began to be heard for the retraction of his pledge. This spirit waxed so strong that in the end he held the nomination for the succession in the hollow of his hand, and was compelled to great firmness in saving himself from his friends. Nothing will contribute more to rendering his official life illustrious than the circumstances of his leaving it. And popular idolatry was directed toward inducing a gentleman to break his word of honor, and pass into history as a servile lover of place, instead of as an inspirer of lofty political ideals.

The present effort to point out some of the salient manifestations of anthropomania is offered not in any spirit of pessimism.

Carl Schurz, treating of Jackson's aggrandizement of the executive department, uses the following language, and again a similar criticism in its degree would apply to Mr. Roosevelt, with the difference that his usurpatory disposition was directed against the Judiciary, rather than Congress:—

"But if a President of the United States ever should conceive such a scheme (of setting up a personal despotism), he would probably resort to the same tactics which Jackson employed. He would assume the character of the sole representative of all the people; he would tell the people that their laws, their rights, their liberties, were endangered by the unscrupulous usurpations of the other constituted authorities; he would try to excite popular distrust and resentment, especially against the legislative bodies; he would exhibit

himself unjustly and cruelly persecuted by those bodies for having vigilantly and fearlessly watched over the rights and interests of the people; he would assure the people that he would protect them if they would stand by him in his struggle with the conspirators, and so forth. These are the true Napoleonic tactics, in part employed by the first, and followed to the letter by the second, usurper of that name."

The imputation of "Cæsarism," or of imperfect loyalty to republican institutions, either to Jackson or to Roosevelt, would, however, be absurd. They, no less than Lincoln and Cleveland, were sincere public moralists and sincere patriots. Mere Boulangerism is an American impossibility. Our hero-worship needs a discriminating curb, not to be set radically right.

Our text was taken from the constitution of Massachusetts, and the Bay State has preëminently lived up to its own precept. There, the separation of national, state, and local issues, with independent voting, has been quite substantially accomplished. Massachusetts, more than most states, has withstood democratic zealotism. It is one of the very few states that did not substitute an elective for an appointive judiciary. Its roll of governors, United States senators and judges, is almost unbrokenly one of especial fitness as well as exalted character.

New York, whose political history strongly contrasts with that of Massachusetts, has, during recent years, given many indications of progress toward government by ideas, and none has been more convincing than the indorsement by its people of the administration of Governor Hughes. He was nominated, with some misgivings concerning his "taking qualities," as the exponent of legal control of public corporations. A strong justification of democratic faith has been offered by his success in this direction,—notably in compelling the passage of the law creating the Public Service Commissions,—with the correlative circumstance that he

vetoed an arbitrary attack on corporations, in the so-called "Two-Cent-Fare Bill," without any inroad upon his popularity.

The tangible accomplishments of Governor Hughes were largely confined to the first year of his term, the only conspicuous reform during his second year being the repeal of the "Racing Bill." The adoption of this anti-betting law by a recalcitrant legislature, will, however, in connection with the series of important statutes for the control of corporations, have an abiding influence, because it accentuated the policy which Governor Hughes has uniformly pursued. He was adversely criticised by many who had simply the success of the particular measure at heart, for not offering personal inducements which would have brought comparatively easy success. But his consistent action in appealing solely to thoughtfulness and to the moral sense, and so indirectly coercing the legislature, has led to a striking triumph of popular reason.

Sedulously ignoring the emotional, and avoiding the spectacular, the force of circumstances has nevertheless rendered Governor Hughes an imposing figure. He has, moreover, under the exigencies of the situation, and being a clever, versatile man, developed "magnetic" attributes. He has become an effective popular orator, with qualities of grace, pungency, and humor, adding to the earnest force of the man behind the words. It may safely be said, however, that into his success no element of anthropomania has entered, and his career as governor, like the career of Mr. Cleveland before him, constitutes an important contribution to the advancement of the Massachusetts idea.

On the national scale, it is significant of the subsidence of anthropomania that there was no serious movement to make the hero of Manila Bay the candidate of either of the great parties for the presidency. It is also highly significant that, while Mr. Roosevelt retains his hold of

the popular heart, criticism of his grave faults has constantly grown more widespread and telling; and this because of the greater diffusion of higher education to-day than in the time of Jackson.

But, although much may be expected in America through incidental effects of diffused culture, it is believed that young persons should further be directly admonished that *the* proper study of mankind is not man. The primary interest of mankind should be in ideas, principles, tendencies, with man only as incidental and illustrative. The overshadowing importance of the human figure is a survival of the anthropomorphism of savage and barbarous stages, of the abject hero-worship of the ages of absolute monarchy and militarism. While a certain vigilance for the recognition of genius and leadership is not to be discouraged, the absorbing interest in personalities is unsuited to democratic conditions. It should be deliberately restrained, not only as to the living, but as to the dead.

In his paper on John Milton, Mr. Augustine Birrell, after describing the poet's personal habits, which included smoking a pipe before going to bed, remarks, "It is pleasant to remember that one pipe of tobacco. It consecrates your own." One would be indeed a surly purist not to relish this touch of genial humanness, and it has been endeavored throughout the present article to avoid that very round-head fanaticism, which Mr. Birrell, for all his reverential sympathy, cannot help showing characterized the great, blind bard. In a different spirit, however, it may be recalled that in the exhibit of the United States Department of Justice, at the Chicago Exposition of 1903, there were solemnly installed, among famous documents and archives, an ancient shaving brush and cup, said to have been used by John Marshall. The monument of the great Chief Justice is all about us, in a constitution that was made to "march," in a "paper-theorem" transmuted into a living government. *Circumspice!* To treasure the dilapidated toilet articles of

such a man is puerile absurdity of relic-worship.

Americans laugh contemptuously at the parade of statues of kings and princelets in European cities, but, under the enterprise of ancestor-worship with a political "pull," we shall soon have to pluck the beam from our own eye. In the streets and squares of New York are statues of men who in the perspective of history are little removed from nonentity; and the same is true of other American cities. If this abuse of public commemoration be suffered to continue, in fear of outbreaks of righteous iconoclasm, there may well be inscribed on many a pedestal: "Cursed be he who moves my graven image."

With perfect respect for the opinions

of those who differ from him, the writer ventures to suggest that the Hall of Fame, inaugurated at one of the universities of New York, is servilely imitative of traditional shrines of the Old World, and that it is not soundly educative, either for students or for the public. You cannot measure fame with a yard-stick. Rightful title to niches in the pantheon will always be a question of opinion, and of opinion shifting with the lapse of time. Already childish bickerings have arisen over the bestowal of the tangible crowns of immortality. The memory and achievements of our greatest men need no such ukase in order for proper appreciation. The real effect of the institution is to sanction and intensify anthropomania.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I SEEMED to see thy spirit leave the clay
 That was its mortal tenement of late;
 I seemed to see it falter at the gate
 Of the New Life, as seeking to obey
 Some inner law, yet doubtful of the way
 Provided for its passage, by that fate
 Which makes birth pain, and gives to death such state
 And dignity, when soul withdraws its sway.

A tremor of the pale and noble brow,
 A tightening of the lips, and thou wast gone—
 Gone whither? Ah, the hush of death's abyss!
 All tenantless thy beauteous form lay now
 As the cicada's fragile shell outgrown,
 Or as the long-forsaken, lonely chrysalis.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY BERTHA H. SMITH

ONE day, about four years ago, some boys in a western high school were testing the laws of gravitation by heaving rocks over the edge of a bluff on which the school was located. It chanced that the laws of gravitation were in good working order that day, and the rocks went straight down, and through the roof of a tiny cottage at the foot of the bluff. The widow who lived in the cottage, not being interested in the experiments, bemoaned the damage to her roof, and went straightway to the principal of the school to report the offenders.

The boys were called together and told how carelessness of this sort affects the reputation of the school, and a committee was appointed from their number to determine what reparation should be made to the woman in the cottage. The immediate result was that the boys raised a subscription among themselves and had the roof repaired.

But there was another, and a far more important, result of this little episode. Then and there was inaugurated a system of self-government among the pupils at that school which has proved a force second to none in the efficiency of the school. From a commercial high school with an enrollment of five or six hundred students, the school has changed to a polytechnic school of two thousand. But with each year the work of the self-government committee has broadened and strengthened until self-government has become a vital principle underlying every activity from the study-room to the athletic field.

The system did not spring full-fledged into being. It has evolved. After the boys had made good in the matter of the rocks and the roof, another conference was called and a committee appointed to re-

lieve the teachers of yard-duty. The boys were told that the yard was theirs and that if anything went wrong it was their wrong to right. And the principal of the school was the sort of man who believes that the only way to do a thing is to do it; and from that day no teacher has ever stood watch over the boys in the yard. They were made to feel absolute responsibility for good conduct on the school grounds. And by the end of the year the success of the plan was so pronounced that the pupils were asked to attack the problem of governing the entire school.

A problem it was, indeed, particularly when the school was moved to a fine new building with halls extending over an entire city block, with scores of class-rooms, a large auditorium where frequent assemblies are held, a gymnasium, and all the departments and equipment of a modern polytechnic high school. Order must be maintained in the halls, in the study-room during an assembly, on the playground, and going to and from school, without interference on the part of teachers. Only during recitations must the teacher be responsible for order, and even then any disorder is reported to the committee for correction.

Back in the first days, when the boys were beginning to prove themselves, the girls were given the care of the lunching places. Gradually their responsibility was increased until a committee of girls took place alongside the committee of boys, one having complete jurisdiction over the girls, the other over the boys. The committees, consisting of a boy and a girl from each class, are elected by the pupils, eligibility being merely a question of scholarship. Previous deportment cuts no figure, and it has happened that boys known as ringleaders in all sorts of mis-

chief have been elected even to the presidency of self-government committees. On one occasion the election of a mischievous boy was deliberately plotted, in the hope that a semester of lax discipline would follow. What did follow was a term of the most severe discipline the school had known, and it is needless to say the boy was not reelected. During his term of office the boy kept out of all mischief, and knowing the ways of his kind and the boys who were likely to be implicated in any wrongdoing, he could lay finger on the offender every time. Always he dealt punishment with justice, but without mercy; and when he went back into the ranks he did so with a somewhat chastened spirit.

In so large a school, every sort of question of discipline arises. There is stealing, there is selfishness of every kind, there is bullying and browbeating on the part of older and stronger boys, and the fear of force and influence on the part of the weaker, beside all the petty annoyances, from note-scribbling to the kicking of tin cans down the aisle during class. As homes are becoming less and less homes in the real sense, the responsibility of moulding the character of boys and girls is being more and more shifted to the public schools; and perhaps at no time in the history of public schools has school discipline required more judgment, more firmness, or more tact, than to-day. And the habitual optimist may score a point when, instead of reverting to the pedagogic principle of "No lickin', no larnin'," there is put in practice the democratic dogma of government of the people, by the people, for the people.

The authority of these self-government committees does not stop short of actual suspension, although in taking this last step the principal is invariably consulted. But the greatest strength of self-government work lies in the fact that the offender is tried before a jury of his peers. It is not some unsympathetic, middle-aged person, who has forgotten he was ever young and lawless, who sits in judg-

ment, but a roomful of the offender's school-fellows — possibly some of his or her best friends. And the question that naturally arises is whether these boys and girls are big enough and broad enough to lay aside all prejudice and personal feeling, and deal impartially with the individual. The best answer is a report of a meeting of the girls' self-government committee held the last day of the week before the close of school.

A girl was called to answer for continued disorder in the study room, and the cutting of many classes during the week. A note to some boy, afterward hastily torn and thrown on the floor, was the clue that led to the discovery that the girl was in mischief in the study-room when she should have been at her English and mathematics. It was a roomful of her friends that she had to face when the president called her forward to answer to the charges. She had been many times before the committee for disorder. She was guilty now, and had little to say for herself. She was sent to the hall, while another offender was made to tell why she had stolen flowers from a teacher's desk, and reminded that taking even so small a thing as a flower was really theft. She, too, was guilty, and had little to say for herself to this jury of her fellows.

When both had been sent from the room, the committee discussed, with perfect calmness, the two cases. The chief offender was a particular favorite, but it was pointed out that her behavior had been bad for a long time, that every effort had been made to help her, but that neither the counsel of friends selected to talk with her, nor lighter punishments, had had any effect. It had been deemed useless to leave the matter to her parents, as she was known to be petted and spoiled at home and left entirely to her own will in all things. At last it was decided that since she had shown no disposition to yield either to persuasion or punishment, she should be allowed to remain in school on but one condition — that of absolutely good behavior.

She was then recalled, and the president, one of her friends, told her, gently but earnestly, that her offenses were so serious as to merit an extreme sentence. She was required to make up fifteen hours in study during the final days of school, and would return the next term with a suspended sentence of suspension — which means that each week she must bring to the committee a report of satisfactory work from her teachers, and in the event of being once more reported for disorder or unsatisfactory work, suspension would follow.

The girl who took the flowers was severely reprimanded, and was given sixteen hours to make up during the week when the air was full of the excitement of commencement and class days. These sentences from their playmates were harder to bear than a reprimand from a teacher, with whom the pupil is not associated in a social way. And it is doubtful if any set of grown-ups — for example, a body of teachers — could reach a higher plane of abstract justice, independent of personal feeling, than did those thirty or forty girls.

Nor does self-government have a tendency to develop prigs. While the boys and girls maintain a considerable dignity at all times in the discharge of their duties, at other times they are just boys and girls like the rest. Under stress of youthful spirit, they have even been known to forget for the moment that as goats they were in any wise different from the sheep. On one occasion the boys of the school were much disturbed by the appearance of a several-weeks-old moustache in their midst. The wearer of it was repeatedly requested to shave it, but he always refused. At last the boys could stand it no longer, and half of the offending moustache was shaved off, in spite of the owner's protests. The shorn one lost no time in bringing his father to the principal. Now, the principal had been a boy himself, and he knew the offense that another boy's moustache can give. He also knew that if he had been robbed of his

first moustache he would never have stopped until he had whipped every boy connected with the robbing. He told the boy and his father to name the punishment for the others, and while they, thus disarmed, went home to decide what it should be, he made inquiry as to the authors of the mischief. To his surprise, he learned that almost every boy was a member of the self-government committee. Even when he called them together to discuss the matter, they could not see that they had done wrong. Nor, down in the principal's heart, which is still part boy's, could he. But since the boy, whose dear first moustache was gone, chose to take the matter seriously, something must be done. The boys offered to make public apology. The shorn one refused to hear it. Nor, after much consideration, could he decide that the world contained any solace for griefs like his, and he determined to return to school and let the matter pass. But the boys, realizing that they had lowered the dignity of their office, resigned in a body from the self-government committee. It was the greatest sacrifice they could make, and they made it manfully. But the vindication of their fall from grace, and the appreciation of the stuff they were made of, came at the next election, when every boy was reinstated, one being elected to the presidency, which he filled with rare tact and dignity.

"The self-government system," says John H. Francis, the principal of this school — the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School — "is more difficult than the old system of government by teachers. You must first secure the belief of the pupils that the committee is absolutely square, and it is difficult to make either pupils or parents believe that pupils can rise above their own prejudices and favoritism. And it is difficult to make parents believe pupils have sufficient judgment to pass upon questions of government.

"It is difficult to get pupils on the committee who have the personality that will

command respect and obedience. After you get them you must stay pretty close to them to see that they do rise absolutely above any favoritism, and see that their judgment is at least fair; and after that you must stand back of what they do in a way that will hold both the committee and the rest of the school, and keep parents satisfied. If the committee failed, that would discourage its members. If the parents felt everything was left to the committee, they would criticise. It devolves upon the teacher or principal to maintain a proper balance.

"But self-government is the best solution of the question of school discipline. With self-government introduced into the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, these higher grades could control the whole school. Pupils should be made to feel that they are the citizens of the schools, that the efficiency and the reputation of their schools are for them as much as for their teachers. The public school is the place to develop the fundamental principles of citizenship, and it is not doing what it should along this line. If teachers and principals had the right kind of ideals they could revolutionize the social world.

"Self-government gives the student a responsibility that is strengthening. Pupils inclined to be trashy and irresponsible have entered upon the work of the committee with a seriousness that was

the first indication of real character. Among the better class of students, it has developed a manliness and personality in the boys, and tact and dignity in the girls that are little short of miraculous. The experience and the knowledge of human nature which they derive from it are an invaluable asset in their equipment for life."

The success of the self-government system in this, the largest high school on the Pacific coast, has aroused interest among educators throughout the country. The example has been followed by another high school in Los Angeles, and the same principle is being applied to a rather more limited extent in the Central High and Central Manual Training High Schools of Philadelphia, and one St. Louis school. Not since the birch switch and hickory rod were relegated to the limbo of unutterable barbarities has anything come so near a solution of the vexed question of school discipline. And while the best results of the self-government system will always be obtained in schools where the principal or teacher back of the student committees is of the sort that could readily enforce law and order by the strength of his personality, in any circumstances its effectiveness would probably equal that of other means, and the by-product of experience is a clear gain to the students who have an active part in the self-government work.

AUTOMOBILE SELFISHNESS

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

I HAVE a locomotive, built of steel, which I run upon the public highways wherever I please. I have been running it for six years. My locomotive is of only twenty-five horse-power, and weighs little more than a ton; thirty miles an hour is a fast pace for it, and I try hard to keep it down to twenty, — to fifteen, or, on a pinch, ten, where the legal pace is twelve, or eight, — and I'll have you know that I pass for an unusually careful driver by virtue of this fine observance of law and the rights of the ninety per cent who cannot indulge in private locomotives. Really, mine is a very modest equipment in size, power, and speed. Forty horse-power is just past the plebeian, among road locomotives. Nothing less than a sixty-horse, twice as heavy as my little car, costing as much as a church, and guaranteed to do a mile a minute without turning a hair, takes patrician rank; and who could expect a road-engine so magnificent to hold itself down to a paltry twenty miles — especially when no spotter is looking? None, certainly, except the undisciplined among those who are not in the sport.

Dear me! how we have pulled away from the old days when the gay four-in-hand, prancing up the street at nine miles an hour, sent the pedestrian scurrying to the curb, there to gaze at the dizzy toy, — with envy, perhaps, if socially ambitious beyond his purse (bother the dolt for living in a slow age — he could have indulged by mortgaging his house and standing off the grocer); or, if of bucolic turn, with an undefined sense that his peaceful and necessary use of the common highway had been wantonly disturbed by a display beyond his attainment, interest, and appreciation. But had he only known what was coming

upon him and his kind within a few short years!

We certainly have progressed — if the utterly changed relation of the people to their highways may be called progress. What is a highway? A public thoroughfare, divided for convenience into parallel spaces for vehicles and pedestrians, *except* that, at every crossing, vehicle and pedestrian come upon common ground. And there's the rub. Are the fortunate few in high-speed steel locomotives fit companions to share this common ground with the rest of humanity afoot?

The automobile principle — the substitution of machine power for horse-power upon the highways — stands for a distinct advance in transportation methods. But the development of this principle has been abnormal. Instead of producing a machine which shall lighten the burdens of both man and horse and serve the bulk of mankind, without seriously disturbing the rights of any, ninety-seven per cent of automobile effort has been upon an expensive speed-wagon for the well-to-do. There are two essentials in automobiling as now developed: first, a speed comparable with that of trolley and steam-cars, — the ability to cover distances by road never dreamed of with the horse; and second, the right of way upon the common highways, — a luxury which forces upon the real owners of the highway, the public, a serious curtailment of its privileges, with absolutely no compensating feature. The automobile of to-day is not a substitute for the horse; it is a substitute *de luxe* for the trolley and the steam-cars. The automobilist pays for his speed; his right of way he takes without price from a public that has never been able to give definition to its vague but deep-seated protest.

This condition has come upon us gradually, but a given condition is precisely the same in its relation to the human family, whether brought about by slow or sudden process. Our *view* of a condition is, however, marvelously affected by the rate of change. The human mind is not sensitive to long-distance comparisons; the old picture grows dim as the new one comes on, — and luckily, too, else we would all die of our emotions when contemplating the changes which long years so stealthily bring upon us. This argues that, by the gentleness of its approach, the new condition upon the highways may have caught napping some most sacred notions concerning popular rights, — possibly liberties, — for to-day the dear people certainly do their “pursuit of happiness” looking fearfully sidewise. Our poor, unretentive minds can be made to comprehend the great change of the past ten years only by resort to this artifice: eliminate, in imagination, the intervening time, but leave the skeleton of facts to come upon us in a night, — bring ten years ago down to to-day, and awake to-morrow into our own to-day.

So, suppose, to-day, children on their way to school, tossing balls, and racing about oblivious of crossings and curves; their elders walking the highway in city and country, without fear in their hearts, but all yielding cheerfully to their own best friend, the trolley-car, space clearly marked by two steel bands upon a comparatively few highways; “sharp turn in the road” meaningless to them, “concealed corner” not yet invented. Then suppose, to-day, the appearance throughout the country of a proclamation something like this: —

“Dear People: This is to announce that we, representing nearly ten per cent of all the people, have at much expense possessed ourselves of road-locomotives of high power and speed, which, beginning to-morrow, we shall run in great numbers upon all the highways, as our private pleasure vehicles. The advent of

these swift machines will, obviously, necessitate radical changes in your use of the highways; hence, this friendly note of warning. Use the roadways as little as possible, and then with circumspection. Instruct your children in this new danger that will attend them at every turn; caution them against such earnestness in play as will for a moment put them off their eternal guard. Instill in their young minds an abiding fear of the common highway. And you, elders, approach every street-crossing with your thought upon our road-engines. Look both ways: if the road is clear, proceed, but take no chances. When in doubt, wait on the curb. Many unfortunate accidents are bound to result from your inexperience, but time will, we hope, eventually reduce the casualties to the class known as ‘unavoidable.’ Remember, all of you, that the price of safety is eternal vigilance, — and nothing induces more faithful vigil than a chronic sense of danger.”

Now let the imagination run over into that promised “to-morrow.” Would these machines have started? Of course not. But they are all running to-day. And is there one admonition in this proclamation to which the non-automobiling public has not, by slow degrees, bent its patient neck?

That automobilists are killed in automobile accidents argues little against the sport. Participants in any sport expect casualties. Yachtsmen are sometimes drowned; men and women on the links have been struck down by golf-balls; indeed, people have tripped over croquet wickets and broken their necks; and it is recorded that one old lady, in the excitement of bridge whist, swallowed her dainty scoring pencil with fatal result. Please observe, however, that all these people die at their own games. The general public is non-participant; its attitude toward their misfortunes is one of indifferent pity. But if yachtsmen habitually ran down fishing-smacks, or lightships, or coal barges, the public would rise up against yachting. A golf-ball

might stray from the links and kill a meditative passer-by *once*, but not *twice*, without provoking a stern demand for a re-laying of that particular golf course. Yet so insidiously has the sport of automobiling crept in upon the public consciousness that the frequent killing of non-participants serves only to spur the surviving non-participants to greater degrees of caution. Even in the realm of commerce a dangerous business is sternly compelled to limit its casualties to participants. A powder mill may blow up with all its employees, get a paragraph in the papers, and rebuild; but if some of its fragments do damage in a neighboring village, there's a great hue and cry, and that powder mill must rebuild farther away. Such is the public temper as to the rights of non-participants, *toward every sport and business except the sport of automobiling*. The introduction into public parks of an expensive sport for the few, dangerous to all, would be instantly suppressed by law and public sentiment, — while the common highway is freely used for an exclusive sport which, in its present uncontrolled state, will continue to furnish its list of "unavoidable" casualties so long as men and women are prone to forget, and children are possessed of immature judgment.

But even these "unavoidable" accidents are incidental. The sense of insecurity which they create, the apprehensive craning of necks up and down the highway, the new vigil that has become a part of daily life, — these constitute the main burden that the automobile has put upon every man, woman, and child who use the streets. The quiet delights of the country road, with horse or wheel, have been killed by the fiends who "open her up wide in the country, — nobody there, you know." The absurdity of it is that the non-participating public has meekly set itself to the study of ways and means to avoid being killed, instead of branding the sport as an impossibility in the light of all precedent. It is natural that all should use ordinary precaution to avoid

collision with the traffic which serves all, — horses, trolleys, fire-engines, and even engine-propelled vehicles in the general service; but one will search in vain for a reason why ninety per cent of the people should be put upon their everlasting guard against a luxurious pastime in which they cannot participate.

How has this anomalous condition come about? Luckily for automobilists, the trolley preceded them upon the highway; and so gradual was the advent of automobiles that the unthinking public failed to distinguish the difference between making due allowance for its own necessary carriers upon a few principal roads, and dodging the unnecessary carriers of the few upon every road in the land. Then, too, the automobile first came in vogue in Europe, where everyday people are trained to regard the overriding pleasures of their betters with more or less fortitude. Its acceptance there unquestionably gave it entrée here subject to less careful scrutiny than it otherwise would have had to meet. In these two respects the preparation of the public mind has been on psychological rather than on logical lines.

In this manner automobiling has developed, with speed as its prime requisite, and speed as its most objectionable feature. What is the public going to do about it? Let custom slowly dissolve the memory of a once pleasanter relation with the highways? But mere custom should not be allowed to obscure the fundamental principle that the few shall not infringe upon the rights of the many. It is now the public's duty to revert to first principles, and adjust automobiling to the miscellaneous traffic upon the roadways, regardless of the unwarranted privileges which custom has seemingly granted.

Express trains run sixty miles an hour, on tracks from which other forms of traffic are rigidly excluded; experience has determined that twenty-five miles is the limit of safety for trolley cars, upon their *well-defined portion* of the highway.

Based on these premises, fifteen miles an hour is not an unreasonably low maximum speed for any vehicle, public or private, which runs an unmarked course upon the roadway itself; a generous public might allow eighteen miles. In cities and towns, ten miles an hour is an equally liberal speed limit.

One can almost hear the wail of the automobilists that these limits are much below the requirements of safety. They are, as safety upon the highway is now reckoned. The present factors of safety are agility, eternal vigilance, and good judgment; the automobile accidents due to youth, old age, and sudden confusion, are mourned as "unavoidable." But the public cannot recover its pleasurable use of the highways, and its peace of mind, until these "unavoidable" accidents cease to occur; and the speed limits at which these will cease to occur are far below the speed limits required by the present loose notions of "safety." "But, in the *country*," they cry, "in the *country* the roads are used hardly at all!" Quite true. The impending prospect of a machine coming at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, though it comes but once a day, will keep a winding country road clear of all whom necessity does not compel to travel upon it. The country places, both here and abroad, have suffered from the speeding automobile vastly more than the cities. Cowper wrote, "God made the country, and man made the town," in ignorance of the automobile's most unpleasant habit.

How shall these limits be enforced? Ordinances are unavailing; police-traps serve to check automobile speeds over the traps, and increase speeds outside the traps. Laws, moral suasion, threats, and penalties, are all wasted attempts to regulate the average automobilist. Now, why not try a mechanically sure way, — regulate his *machine* by an automatic attachment, sealed and beyond his control? Such a device should have two functions, to cover the requirements of country and city, respectively: —

First, arrange that at a speed of eighteen miles an hour it shall automatically shut off the source of power; this would effectively enforce the maximum speed limit.

Second, arrange that at a speed of ten miles — or at any other rate of speed determined upon by town or city authorities — it shall automatically display colored signals on both sides of the car, in full view of passers-by; *and make the display of these signals a misdemeanor within the prescribed districts.* This device would bring the offending automobilists as fully under the public eye as are any other disturbers of the peace on the streets, and render them as easily subject to complaint and conviction.

Under this rigid control, what would happen to automobiling? Those individuals who must get over the country at high speed would be relegated to the guarded routes of travel from which they should never have been allowed to escape, — and the pleasure of those who wish to tour in orderly fashion would be correspondingly enhanced; cars of rational power and cost would multiply, and be run by rational people; automobiling would be killed as a frenzied sport, and rejuvenated as a healthful pastime. More than all this, every one using the roadways would know for a certainty that *nowhere* could an automobile bear down upon him at more than twice the speed of a brisk horse-trot; and if on the city streets he were to submit to the impositions of automatically proclaimed law-breakers, the fault would be all his own.

Drastic measures, you say? Not at all. In naming conditions the public is not asking a favor, — it is granting a concession to a comparatively few individuals. These individuals could not have made as good a bargain with the public ten years ago, had the possibilities of the automobile been foreseen; and it would be absurd to claim that the public's rights in the highway have been diminished by its tardiness in asserting them.

CASTRO'S COUNTRY

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I HAVE often heard my best friend in Carácas say that Venezuela was a country of contrasts. My own experience in that fascinating dictatorship was not of great duration. I did not even belong to that class of tourists for scientific purposes which Dr. Paul, in his recent communication to our government, maintains has been treated with such consideration. We went, in fact, in search of a summer's recreation. Our friends called it mere midsummer madness to visit the tropics at that season. But we entered the republic at so interesting a climax of its troublous affairs, and we were fortunate onlookers upon so much that even the scientific tourist must usually miss, that, ever since, the Caraquenians and Castro have seemed personal and intimate. We left with the impression, not since altered, that Venezuela's proper epithet is the land of extremes.

La Guayra and the Army of the Restoration

Even if one neglects the way-station island of Curaçao, a tropical Holland which exhausts one's adjectives, the extremes begin before foot is set on Venezuelan soil. The northern shore of South America is a vast rampart flung off from the Andes, and walling Carácas from the foreigner with bills and battleships by six thousand feet of mountain barrier. Charles Kingsley, in *Westward Ho*, did justice to its magnificence, but he wrote from pictures of the inner eye. The advertising folders of the Red D line describe it, too, if I remember rightly, but in language no warmer than is used to paint the ordinary "Switzerland of America." Consequently, when, in the dark before dawn, I stepped on deck to the swing of an off-shore ground swell, and

saw a black and impenetrable cloud-mass looming high above us in the southern heavens, mountains so vast as to reach half-way to the zenith seemed the last of probable explanations.

Dawn comes quickly at 8°. A faint gray stole through the east. Suddenly lines of fire, dim, then brighter, began to trace out buttresses, peaks, the curves of gigantic slopes, cliffs that shone rosily far above in the dawn, and lost themselves in the clouds. The eye traveled upward through mountain vapors, and saw above them clear starlight, and vast, ominous, impending, a great peak, still based in the clouds, still in the night, while, moment by moment, the underworld was dressing itself in all the colors of a tropic day. I hurried to my stateroom to pull Giovanni from his berth. When we returned a minute later, the ship was swinging in a sapphire sea at the foot of what seemed the wall of the world.

La Guayra clung in squalid ranks to the scratched red of the first slope of the Andes, and the old gray peak of La Silla, a mile and a half above, streamed the tiniest wisp of cloud, a white pennant in a spotless heaven.

Of La Guayra, at the foot of the mountain wall, one hesitates to write. The name appears so frequently in the newspapers that much may be expected of its describer. And yet, ordinarily, there is very little to describe. The tourists who stop off there for a day or so on their palatial winter cruises must bear away a disappointing impression of South America. They can bear away little more (always excepting the Andes) than the long unkempt mole with tramp steamers and smuggling schooners under its wing, narrow, cobbled streets, full of a population

that one remembers as white-clad, dusky-faced, and sour in expression, streets made picturesque by the burros who pace softly beneath their enormous loads, each following his brother's tail, and the foremost led by a pensive Indian youth with shy eyes and furtive tread. That, I think, is all they could carry from La Guayra, except the smells, which are best left where they are.

But this August day when we entered the harbor was, by the merest chance, the day after the arrival of Castro's army from the Orinoco, where, under the illustrious Gomez, they had some weeks before totally defeated the revolutionary, Matos, in a bloody engagement, in which some fifteen hundred lives had been lost and Castro's dictatorship in Venezuela made secure. Our first intimation of the excitement came before we had reached the aforesaid cobbled streets. As we sat on deck a drum struck up on shore in the savage rhythm they use in the Venezuelan army, a loud beat, then a whirring rattle. On the beach we saw an almost endless line in single file winding along the waterfront and up, through the blazing, intolerable heat, for La Guayra is a furnace, up the corkscrew road to Carácas over the mountains. Every hundredth man, or thereabouts, in the thin, white line carried a yellow banner, and the sun flashed in diamond points from their guns. It was the Army of the Restoration, as the newspapers called it for the next weeks. A crueller sight was seldom to be seen. No northerner, no white man, could have marched over those mountains in the intolerable white, wet heat of noon, and lived. The officers (who, however, seemed all to be black) rode up with us that afternoon in a first-class compartment!

We sauntered up the shady side of a noisy street, with a toothless, jet-black Trinidad negro for guide, until we turned into a delicious open square shaded with heavy trees garnished with orchids, and there found the rest of the army. Up to that instant, and although we knew how

serious had been the struggle on the Orinoco, we had spoken of the revolution in the jesting tone familiar to American comic papers. But never again! As I remember, there were some hundreds of men and many women stretched out in this little park. All the men were ill, most were wounded. Fine bronzed peons, with horrible, festering holes in legs or arms, unbandaged, often, I fear, untreated; skeletons, yellower than nature and shaking with fever; every form of sickness, wound, and misery was in that mock hospital. A veteran, perhaps, would have looked pityingly and passed on, but to us, softlings of a long peace, it was the first realization of war. I shall not forget one gigantic half-breed Indian, his head on the breast of a young and really beautiful Indian girl, his useless leg writhing on the grass; and still less a poor devil stretched on the hot, hard pavement (for the misery was not all in the park), covered with a poncho, and breathing his last of fever.

An hour later, and three miles away, we stopped by a full military band playing briskly on the sidewalk of the little resort of Maciuto, and, looking through iron pickets, saw a breakfast party beneath a tree which shaded the table with an umbrella of blossoming vines. Castro, the little general, was there, sipping champagne and toying with pâtés, so they told us at the gate. The contrast was painful!

Cipriano Castro

It was in Maciuto that we first met Castro face to face. The village is a little winter resort near La Guayra, embowered in impossibly luxuriant foliage and tucked upon a beach under the mountains. It was gay once, but was hard hit by the revolution. Our Carácas friend, the general's daughter, told us that bullets kept zipping across the plaza at their last wintering there and made the stay over-exciting. But the Venezuelans take such accompaniments of war very lightly. It was this same señorita who, returning with her brother from the opera to her home upon the outskirts of Carácas, al-

most trod upon three armed men hiding beside a path. "Hush! Can't you see that we are an ambush!" whispered one of them. Probably it is Castro's partiality for La Victoria, where one can dance *la danza* all night, take one's shoes off, and enjoy liberties forbidden by the formalities of the seacoast, that has most injured Maciuto. But on that morning Castro was there. He came over to the baths where we were drying off in the shade after a plunge inside the coral reefs. A dozen notabilities trailed after him, but so little did I suspect the yellow little man, in his gray frock-coat, of greatness, that it was only his preoccupation with the white skin of Giovanni that checked a request for a match.

He was one of the yellowest men I have ever seen, a color due to a tinturing of negro, or of Indian blood, or both. He reminds you of certain Balkan nobles, whose carefully correct dress only half conceals the barbarian. For Castro is immaculate, and, at the same time, if you can trust the eye, savage. It is this combination of traits which explains much of his diplomacy. We never met him, although his inspection that day at the baths of the two *musios* who had come to his country in August was long enough to constitute an introduction. Our friends were all *godos*, that is conservatives, and in Carácas the *godos*, who are the older, and the more cultivated, families, do not know the "government" socially. Unfortunately their relationship politically and financially often has to be a close one. So we never met Castro, and our friends refused even to take us to Miraflores — that beautiful villa built of loot, stolen from one looter by another, and now the dictator's residence in Carácas — for fear of social complications. But we saw him many times, and heard whispered anecdotes so many and so racy that a special article would hardly contain them. One view of the general was when, beneath festoons of colored paper and canvas legends in pompous Spanish announcing Hail to the Restorer, he drove through

very lukewarm crowds into his capital, beside him Gomez, the real fighter of the last war, black — well, dark brown, but a perfect Nubian warrior in spite of his frock-coat. An hour later (this was upon the day the army arrived in Carácas), we drifted in the wake of a crowd into the *sala* of a great house, and found ourselves in the presence of Gomez, a very much bored Gomez, standing straight as a royal palm while a local poet read to him an interminable ode! Castro, perhaps, they were hailing elsewhere.

Once again we saw both chiefs in a notable fashion, but the vice-president must fade from our narrative as he has from the administration, although I suspect that he will be heard from if the Dutch really mean business at Curaçao, and probably not on Castro's side. This last time was at a remarkable social gathering. It was called a "picnic," and the engraved card of my invitation so announces it. Really it was what we should call a garden party. The host was the Bank of Venezuela, the financial backbone of Venezuela, which somehow has outlived revolutions and kept the country on a gold standard; an institution run by the *godos*, and indicative of what some Venezuelans could do if they had a real government, say a despotism, with a man who would not loot at the head.

The occasion politically was most important. Castro had conquered Matos, a *godo*, and a very rich one. Castro was on top, and was probably going to stay there. The *godos*, as nearly as we could judge the situation, had wisely decided to make the best of it, and hence the picnic, in which society with a good grace congratulated Castro on beating one of their own members. The papers, and indeed the people, talked about little else for weeks. But for an outsider its social aspects were more interesting than its political. Cultivated people, after all, are much alike the world over; and at the balls, teas, and dinners to which our Venezuelan hosts had taken us in these gay weeks, the Caraqueñians we had met were like charming folk every-

where, although with delightful idiosyncrasies. But at the picnic "the government" was also present. I have already hinted that in Venezuela, or at least in Carácas, a tendency, which has been evident in our own country, has gone so far that there are two distinct social castes above the mob, — "society," and those who enter politics. Now, much of Castro's "government" had but recently arrived from the state of Los Andes, his birthplace, which is about as far in point of time from civilized Carácas as Pittsburg from New York before the railroads. Also the government was whitish, yellowish, brownish, and, often, undeniably black!

The picnic was held in a paradise. I do not trust myself to write of the most beautiful places in Venezuela. They encourage a riot of adjectives. This was a hacienda some miles from Carácas, in a valley of sugar-cane and coffee plantations, between lofty mountain ridges which led up to the great pyramid of La Silla. Gray and violet mountains, intense white clouds which are ever marching with the trade winds across their summits, emerald sugar-cane, dark green forests covering the coffee bushes, and in their midst a gray, four-square hacienda, with broad loggia on three sides, where they were dancing; to the right, a garden full of palms and strange, gorgeous flowers; to the left, a dense mango grove, beneath whose shade we breakfasted at little tables, on bouillon, pâtés, and sweet, warm champagne. All Carácas, the foreign ministers, and our two unplaceable selves had accepted and come. Principally we danced in the loggia, first to the excellent national band, then to a string orchestra full of *guitaritas*, whose peculiar runs send thrills through your leg muscles. I have never traveled in Spain, where, I suppose, is the home of the dance, but I have never seen such devotion to dancing as in these descendants of Spaniards. This was noon, at 8° from the equator, in August, and, though up three thousand feet, it was just a bit hot.

Yet they danced, young and old, waltzes, quadrilles, and the native dance, the *jeropa*, as if the devil were in their toes.

The ladies of the government were the most gorgeous of tropical butterflies. They wore all the colors at the same time and jewels in profusion, but you seldom looked further than the paint and powder. I had seen a darky girl in Porto Rico powdered until she looked like a rusk, but she was at rest! These gaudy Spanish, Spanish-Indian, Spanish-Negro creatures were pinked, and scarleted, and whited on face, throat, and neck, until the original color appeared only on the upper arms; and after they had danced for an hour one thought of the delta of the Mississippi in the old green geography! And so we all danced, painted and unpainted alike, and only the unbelievably florescent description in the next morning's paper can give an adequate conception of what the Caraqueñians thought of it.

In the shade of the house the foreign ministers and older Venezuelans talked, possibly politics, but probably not. On the loggia the politics of Venezuela was performing. I know no other word. They were dancing the waltz, which in Venezuela has a peculiar time all its own and most engaging, when I first caught sight of General Cipriano Castro ricocheting from couple to couple, his collar wilted, his gray frock-coat damp, and a wild light in his eyes. Caraqueñians looked horrified and tried to keep out of his way, but could not. The spirit of the dance was unchained in him. As we watched, he dropped his partner, waved to the musicians, who stopped and then began on a quaint air. Castro ran down the length of the loggia, separating rudely the dancers into two lines. He ran back, and, with a coat-tail in each hand, began jiggling ridiculously to the music, swaying right and left like an automatic toy. The dance, some one whispered, was *la danza*, a rustic entertainment forgotten in Carácas. Some of those in the lines knew it well, and responded to Castro's swings and waggings by equivalent scrapes and

jigs. But most did not, and confusion followed. The little man fairly screamed with wrath. His face grew yellower and yellower. He seized women by their bare arms, jerked them, whirled them, left the imprint of his fingers on their arms, and fear on their faces. It was *fear*.

I was exploding with laughter, for this absolute lack of self-control was as funny as it was significant. "For God's sake, don't let him see you laugh! He'll put you in Maracaibo!" said an English voice in my ear. Perhaps he would have. I had just met Señor —, who was still limping from a year in the shackles of that underground prison. But he would as likely as not have gotten Giovanni by mistake, for, although we are in no sense alike, the Caraqueñians could go no further than *Usted*, you, and *el otro*, the other, in distinguishing us!

Whenever I read a pronunciamiento of Castro's, or hear of the progress of his diplomacy, I think of three things: his uncontrolled rage and unspeakable rudeness in that *danza*; the ridiculous bombast of the Venezuelan papers in describing his achievements on that and on more bloody days; and the story of a peon in his army who was found dead after the battle on the Orinoco, with fifteen hundred empty shells in his pit. A dangerous man, Castro. A boaster, who has no self control, and who will fight. Of his principles, it is unnecessary to speak.

We saw no more of Castro personally, but heard much. I wish that I felt competent to draw out the significance, for the present situation, of the opinions which many qualified to know gave us at that time. But only a student of the country can do more than gossip about the politics of Venezuela. I knew, and know, enough to agree with a recent writer in *The Outlook* that they begin and end with Castro. Some anecdotes of him remain from those conversations, and seem to have unusual bearing on his conduct then and since. The story, perhaps, is already familiar, of his first appearance in Carácas, as a representative from the state of Los

Andes: how he took his seat in the capitol, pulled on a pair of white gloves, pulled off his shoes, and put them on the desk before him. Less familiar, but certainly true, is it that after he had made himself president by force of arms, he and some fifty or sixty *Andinos*, women of dubious character many of them, occupied the Yellow House, the official presidential residence, and sat down all fifty or sixty of them to breakfast every noon. When his followers were in need of money, "Little Chief," they would come to him saying, "give me five pesos."

Mme. Castro, who seems more civilized, came later, and cleaned out the brood, offering a revolver, so they say, to her husband, which he might use on her, or mend his ways. He mended them, but it seems they were like the Venezuelan roads, one mending suffices for a generation. They were building a pavilion in the suburbs "for the general's pleasures" that summer! It was last winter, I think, that Mme. Castro had gotten an automobile, probably for consolation, and had rendered undrivable the El Paraíso road, which is the only possible motoring stretch in Venezuela, and almost the only drive. I wonder if she has quelled the pride of the famous "American Mule," who stood a hand higher than the biggest of the native horses, and used to pull the little street car up the grade to the Plaza Bolívar. From recent reports it appears that she must have given up the subduing of Castro.

That was a Venezuelan picnic; delightful, for the Venezuelans have the instinct for hospitality; useful, for the *godos* and Castro have, outwardly, pulled together since; and peculiar. We met there some of the finest gentlemen, of native stock, that it has ever been my fortune to encounter. And on the way home we passed three officers of the Army of the Restoration, beating with sticks and swords a horse whose blood was already streaming down its flanks! Extremes again! And Castro, barbarian, sensualist, tyrant, who for so many years has kept himself

in the saddle and by skillful diplomacy checked or checkmated every nation that has played the game with Venezuela, combines in himself the greatest extremes of all.

Outside of Carácas

The interior of Venezuela is so vast, so unknown, so full of possibilities, that an epic sweep would be required of its describer. My own knowledge consists merely of impressions of the infinitesimal portion of the whole which is easily accessible from the capital, impressions such as could be gained from a few horseback trips, a remarkable view, and a hundred miles or so on the railroad.

The view was from the top of that coast range of the Andes which walls Carácas from the sea. We climbed there (against the protest of our friends) one early morning, following the Spanish paved road, which went back to the days when "the Spanish main" meant something; or, where time and shiftlessness had destroyed every vestige, and this was most of the way, taking to paths cut by the sharp hoofs of burros deep into the red soil. The crest of the main range, above which La Silla still towered, was itself some six thousand feet above the sea at its base! It was grassy, cool with the trade winds, and odorous with violets, which go swinging down in bunches on great staffs over the shoulders of the natives, to be sold in the Carácas flower market.

At the very top there is an ancient ruined fort, and there we came, all unprepared, upon one of the great prospects of the world. For to the north we looked down, down, almost straight down for the whole of the six thousand feet, upon the infinitely blue floor of the Caribbean Sea spread illimitably to the horizon, the clouds above it mere white puffs below us, the ships black specks beneath them. And when our eyes were dazzled with the beauty of the great turquoise plain curving into its horizons, to the south range upon range of mountains rose one

above another, until two blue peaks, so we fancied, looked down upon the endless llanos and the Orinoco.

But this was fancy only, for the mysterious llanos, whence everything curious and strange — beast-skin and bird-feather — in the Carácas markets came, by all maps must have been far beyond our eyesight, and of them I know nothing at first hand. These brown mountain ranges, which make up northern Venezuela, seemed to contain, however, between the pairs of them, narrow valleys. Later on we toured those of Carácas and Valencia on the so-called German railway, which, by eighty-six tunnels and one hundred and twenty-eight trestles, crosses from one valley to the other, connecting at Valencia with an English road running at right angles down to the sea and Puerto Cabello, a seaport some hundred miles west of La Guayra.

Extremes, again, characterized this rural Venezuela. First, we followed a valley, green and rich beyond description; then crossed a desolate pass which wound among barren mountains; then another valley, where the train ran beside great shady forests of *bucare* trees, with the light green coffee bushes rustling like a green tide beneath them and graceful arms of bananas rising at regular intervals above the surface. Next, we passed the same scene, but gone to tropical wilderness, the coffee overgrown with a thousand shrubs, the bananas broken down beneath vine lariats — and this, so they told us, was the plantation of one of Castro's exiles! Valencia, from the railroad, seemed a pleasant, well-built town as we ran through it; but in its midst was a fine stone bridge, whose central arches, shattered by the revolutionists, were to be crossed only upon slender planks! And to the south a short train ride brings you to the beginning of the country where there are no railroads and only partial maps.

At Valencia we left the German corridor car for an English compartment, and entered upon a perfect extravaganza of

scenic extremes. The road had to make its way through the coast range and down to the sea. This was accomplished by a rack-and-pinion descent down a long incline, and then a steep grade through a narrow gorge which led to the coast. Down this precipitous ravine we ran, between walls clothed in a magnificent tropical forest; above us vast trees looped with ropes of vines, tufted with parasites, and gay with brilliant birds; beneath us a brawling stream of hot water, pouring from some volcanic cleft higher up in the mountains. Then, in one curve, we left the ravine, the forest, the boiling stream, skirted a bit of dazzling beach with blue sea beyond, and entered the most pestiferous mangrove swamp the mind of man can imagine. The tide was low, and on the mud, which steamed in the heat, beneath the crooked and filthy limbs of the mangroves, thousands of crabs scuttled over the slime.

It was a fitting introduction to Puerto Cabello, a muddy, unhealthy town reeking with damp heat. A town with a hotel in front of which egrets and roseate spoonbills roost in an impossible traveler's palm, which looks like the fan of a giant, while the back rooms are built to open upon a bit of enclosed coral reef with the surf breaking over it! A town with stagnant water in many of its streets, and huts squalid beyond description! A town whose populace seems to be mainly without occupation, and almost without clothes, while in the harbor enormously expensive dredging machines, bought for the graft, lie rotting and unused. A town succinctly described by the American consul whom we found stretched in a steamer-chair, a graphophone on one side, a negro boy with a fan on the other. "This place," said he, "is —!!!!!! If you eat fruit, you get dysentery. If you don't, you get yellow fever. What in — is a man to do?" Armed with two sets of pajamas, two tooth-brushes, a letter of introduction, and a bottle of claret, we had many adventures by night in Puerto Cabello, VOL. 102 — NO. 5

which, unfortunately, are inconsequential to this narrative, but we formed much the same opinion of the town. In summer, at least, Puerto Cabello is the quintessence of one Venezuelan extreme.

Social Carácas

The society of Carácas is at the same time provincial and cosmopolitan, a combination which any one will grant should be charming. The various powers have accredited diplomats of the first order to Carácas, not so much on account of the importance of Venezuela, as because their services are so frequently needed in the disputes for which the country has become famous. These ministers and their families give to Caraqueñian society an air of the great world, and a variety out of keeping with the insignificant size of the city itself. It is a small society in a small city, and an aristocratic one. The native portion carries on a successful social war with Castro's government, which controls it politically and often financially. Its wealth is considerable, although the vicissitudes of recent years have ruined many of its members. Even the notorious Matos, who belonged to this caste, though defeated, and in exile in Curaçao, was living, when we delivered to his family a letter smuggled from Venezuela, in one of the most considerable houses of "the upper side," as they call that half of Willemstad which lies across the harbor. The aristocracy of this society is emphasized by the Carácas mob, the fearfully numerous lowest class, unwashed, idle, almost unclothed, living on cheap fruits or beans, and mingling the blood of three races in a product which is a foil to the few gentry who live among them.

The "good families" of Carácas live in houses which would baffle Morgiana herself to separate from those of the bad families. That greatest of levelers, the earthquake, which seldom leaves Carácas long unshaken, sets one story as a standard for all. Thus a long succession of low, stuccoed fronts faces the street, each front

relieved solely by a great door, and one or two windows, enclosed in a basket of iron work, from which the señoritas see the world. There is an old Carácas song which says, "If you wish to catch a husband you must fish for him from the window." And riding past the windows is a chief amusement with young Carácas bloods. This is how you do it. At about five you mount your mule (don't start — no horse was ever better bred) and amble in the single foot *del país* through the proper streets, seeing to it that your silver-mounted lariat jingles against the silver trappings of your bridle. The charm of the affair is that the iron bars act as chaperones, and nowhere but at the windows and in the dance itself can the Caraquenian señorita speak alone with a man. But though faces differ, the windows, in general appearance, do not, and difficulties of location are materially aided by the Carácas custom of naming the corners instead of the streets, so that Señor —, for instance, is said to live between The Parrot and The Cocoa Palm, or, as in one actual instance, the — family between Heaven and Hell.

If one finds one's house and enters the great door, there is a very different story. Most Carácas houses are planned like those of Pompeii, consisting of a series of large, high-ceilinged rooms opening upon a *patio* which rises in a mass of palms, fern trees, and flowers to the height of the red-tiled roofs surrounding. Often a thin netting is cast over the whole *patio*, and a dozen or so brilliantly colored birds fly and sing in the palm branches, while white egrets stalk over the pavement below. Our house was one of the few in Carácas with an *alta*, a second story, which, in this case, was like a ship's bridge looking down on the *patio*. There were our bedrooms, and our porch with its bookcases into which everything printed must go at night lest the cockroaches, inches across, should eat them; and there we sat in the morning, sipping delectable coffee, and watching the endless sweep of the white clouds across the peaks of the

gray mountains above us. It was warm enough to do this in pajamas, and cool enough, except at noonday, for tennis or such exercise. One can ask little vainly, except energy, from the climate of Carácas.

The *patio* is the place for balls and teas, and there one dances on stone or brick, while beneath the loggia the long table is spread with cakes of all kinds, perhaps "choke cats" (I am not sure of the Spanish), which explode into powder when you bite. At the street front is the drawing-room, or *sala*, where the family assemble when they are "at home." In the older houses this room is heavily hung with old-fashioned pictures, the windows are thickly curtained in the style of the 70's, and on the carpeted floor several furniture families are assembled, each in its allotted place: a marble-topped table and a circle of plush chairs here, a walnut table and its circle of walnut chairs there. In such a *sala* we sat on the plush family while Señorita —, in black with a red rose in her hair, sang to the *guitarita*. —

"A San Antonio Bendito
Tres cosas pido:
Salvación y dinero
Y un buen marido."

"I asked of St. Antonio three things, my salvation, money, and a good husband." Answers St. Antonio, "Caramba! How can he be a good one if he has to be a man!"

On one evening of the week it is *comme il faut* to go to the Plaza Bolívar, an excellent public square, shaded by mahogany trees, and sit near the fine equestrian bronze of Bolívar to hear the military band, the only public institution in Venezuela, except Castro, which seems to be thriving. The girls, carefully chaperoned, sit in a long row, the men of the party stand behind their chairs, and before them sometimes walk the dandies of Carácas, but more often stand and stare point-blank at the ladies, with a rudeness which is as remarkable as the absolute unconcern with which it is endured. Later your friends will probably take you

to La India, an old café and a good one, where they have the finest chocolate in the world. Indeed, one never knows the possibilities of chocolate until one has stopped in Venezuela; and the coffee is almost as remarkable. But one Venezuelan drink is not so agreeable to a modest northern palate, and that is the raw rum which, at eleven or twelve on a hot morning, is the proper drink at the Carácas café.

I wish that I could retail some of the stories of Venezuelan life heard in La India, — of the prominent official (perhaps still alive) who loaded his loot in coin on a launch which he filled to the gunwales, and drove her across the open sea to a refuge in Curaçao; of the melancholy succession of American ministers who disgraced us in Carácas in the days when the spoils system was at its worst: X, who drank from finger-bowls and kept his neighborhood moist with tobacco juice; Y, who suffered from the delirium tremens; Z, whose wife, at dinner-parties, used her napkin for a handkerchief. But Carácas gossip requires a book for itself.

The major part of this gossip consists of highly colored episodes in which Caraqueñians have suffered in life, limb, or property from the government; and it is impossible to conceive of this charming Carácas society unless the dark as well as the light is kept in mind. It was the society of a town in Latin Europe that we met there, — courteous, pleasure-loving, fond of saint's-day's *fiestas*, fine clothes, dancing, gossiping, and gallantry; yet set

upon a crater in which the lava of mixed bloods, poverty, greed, and crime flaunting the rhetoric of patriotism, is always overflowing.

Neither liberty, property, nor life is secure in Venezuela. And there is a good deal that is pathetic about these Caraqueñians, living in one of the most beautiful countries in the world, living comfortably in the few good years, exiled or imprisoned in the lean ones, or, if fortune favors, spending in Paris what they have saved, yet with an unshakable love for *la patria*, a name as often on their lips as in their absurd newspapers. Two extremes, the sombre endurance of the Spaniard, the mercurial spirits of the other Latins, seem to meet in them. Robbed, abused, imprisoned, they are exiled, but seldom emigrate. In New York they have their especial hotel, and in Curaçao their own café. The fortunes of their country always seem to be their own. "Carácas has been very sad," said an old Venezuelan to me on the way to Porto Rico, with a peculiarly personal interest in the welfare of the capital. And "Carácas has been sad, but now it is very gay," were almost the first English words I heard when I arrived there. If it were not for Castro and the ominous degeneration of the Carácas mob, it might be a *patria* to be proud of as well as to love. But until the little chief falls before a rifle bullet, or departs for Paris to spend his enormous gains, the good Caraqueñian will be safest anywhere but at home.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY of English literature¹ in several large volumes, published under the auspices, and bearing the name, of Cambridge University, and edited in chief by the master of one of its oldest colleges, a man celebrated for his history of English dramatic literature, is an undertaking fitted to excite the liveliest and most hopeful anticipations. Cambridge, the nursing mother of Milton and Tennyson, should represent, with her sister Oxford, the soundest literary traditions. Cambridge, possessing some of the most precious manuscripts of the early mediæval period, should rejoice to set forth the productions of that period in the fairest light; Cambridge, which has long boasted so considerable a scholar as Skeat, the editor of a monumental edition of Chaucer, should be able to command, not only his services, and those of the Master of Peterhouse, but those of the best scholars, in England and the allied fields of Great Britain, America, the colonies, Germany, Scandinavia, and France, and of writers fitted to illustrate, if not to adorn, whatever subjects they might touch. True, it ought to be borne in mind that scholars of the eminence of Skeat and Ward are not numerous, even in England; that the possession of knowledge, and the ability to awaken and sustain interest, are not always united in the same person; and that even a renowned university may not be able, within a moderate time, to command the activity of the most capable pens. Then, too, it must be considered

that many portions of English literature, and even whole tracts, have been vigorously studied for only a few decades, and not always by scholars of thorough training and enlarged minds, but in some cases by gatherers of minute and unrelated facts, or by hasty generalizers.

Another serious difficulty confronts the projectors of such an enterprise — that of defining, in their own thought, the body of readers they shall cater for. Shall they aim at the more general public of intelligent laymen, or shall they address persons who are already in some degree specialists? If the former, they must presuppose but little; if the latter, they may take a good deal for granted. Or shall they adopt a more difficult and glorious course, marshaling facts and presenting conclusions so convincingly and agreeably as to captivate alike the professional and the general reader? It is this last conception of their office which would seem to have actuated the editor of the magnificent history of French literature, Petit de Julleville, and to have inspired his colleagues in the undertaking.

The history of French literature just mentioned is so admirable that it will serve as a convenient standard by which to test the volumes before us. Though, like its English counterpart, it is a work of collaboration, all the writers seem not only to be moved by a common purpose, but to possess in common a certain central body of knowledge, and even — perhaps because they are all educated Frenchmen, and hence all well trained in the technique of composition — a kind of corporate style, always rich in substance, unpretentious, urbane, limpid, vigorous, vivacious, yet restrained, although now this, now the other quality may be more in evidence. Hence the French work succeeds in being eminently

¹ *The Cambridge History of English Literature*. Edited by A. W. WARD, Litt. D., F. B. A., Master of Peterhouse; and A. R. Waller, M. A., Peterhouse. Vol. I, *From the Beginnings to the Cycles of Romance*; Vol. II, *The End of the Middle Ages*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cambridge, England: University Press. 1907, 1908.

readable — a result due in part to the masterly organization of the material; as this, again, depends in part upon the limitation of the field. For the Frenchman, though he must have been tempted to include both Latin and Provençal writings in his scope, eschews them all and confines himself strictly to literature in French. Nor does he neglect to provide good store of choice illustrations, mostly photographs of manuscripts, illuminated or otherwise, or, in the later volumes, portraits and specimens of handwriting. The writers chosen to perform a task so delicate, difficult, and honorable are among the first scholars in France in their respective fields. Finally, he who was the foremost student of mediæval French letters of his period introduced, in a score of pages, the first two volumes with a just and striking estimate of Old French literature, as the general editor was to begin the third volume with a paper summing up the characteristics of the Renaissance.

In the work which we are now considering, these features are lamentably absent, or present only in a lower degree. There is no general survey of the qualities of mediæval English literature, or of mediæval literature in general. The contributing scholars are, with several notable exceptions, not those whom all the world knows of, or all experts unite to honor. There are no facsimiles or pictorial illustrations of any kind. The field of English literature is extended to include not only Scottish literature and the Latin writers in England, but also such topics as the introduction of printing into England, and the early work of the press, English scholars of Paris, and English and Scottish education. There are as many styles as there are authors, — this it would be easy to forgive, — but few of these styles deserve unrestricted praise. And then, if the whole truth must be told, not all the contributors are persons, we will not say of ripe scholarship, but even of accurate and ordered knowledge.

A few particulars will serve to point

these strictures. The want of any abstract and brief chronicle of the whole subject dealt with in these two volumes — literature in the British Isles in the Middle Ages — is a fact easily verified, as is likewise the absence of illustrations. There is a chapter devoted to Chaucer, of course, but it is signed neither by Skeat nor by Furnivall, the first of living Chaucerians; one on Alfred, and on the Latin literature before his time, but not by Plummer, or Stevenson, or Sedgefield, or Sweet; one on the writings between Alfred and the Conquest, including legends of the Holy Rood and homilies, but not by Napier. We mention only authorities living in England, but the names of American and German scholars of repute might easily be introduced to swell the list.

The English work, though it omits a treatment of the mystery plays, is, in round numbers, one-third larger than its French predecessor, which finds a place for the mediæval drama. Nearly one-fourth of the second volume is taken up with things Scottish, though of things Irish there is scarcely a trace. As to style, we too often find mere enumerations, instead of stimulating or satisfying interpretations. We can scarcely predicate style of passages like these: "Among the sources used are Pliny, Solinus, Eutropius, Marcellinus Comes, Gildas, probably the *Historia Brittonum*, a *Passion of St. Alban*, and the *Life of St. Germanus of Auxerre* by Constantius" (i, 90). "In the third book we proceed as far as 664. In this section the chief actors are Oswald, Aidan, Fursey, Cedd, and Wilfrid" (same page). "Among them we find Gifca (Gibicho), Breca, Finn, Hnaef, Sæferth (Sigeferth?) and Ongentheow, who have been mentioned above, as well as Attila, Gormenric, Theodric" (i, 38). Well may one of the contributors to this volume say, "The muse of history needs, for her highest service, the aid of the imagination."

Occasionally we get writing as bad as this (ii, 171): "afforded, both in respect

of form and of matter, excellent material for translating for many a year until, in fact, the clipped wings had had time to grow again." An allusive style, occasionally employed to relieve the dullness which will creep in, has its own peculiar perils: the writer last quoted thus blends two Shakespearean reminiscences near the close of the second volume: "It has been sometimes urged that the fifteenth century . . . is an uninviting, barren waste, in which it were idle and unprofitable to spend one's time when it can be flouted carelessly in 'the demesnes that here (*sic*) adjacent lie, belonging,'" — as the writer considerably explains — "to the stately pleasure houses of Chaucer and the Elizabethans." There are thus styles and styles; but few among them have those conspicuous merits which are displayed in every number of *The Spectator* or *The Saturday Review*.

Before commenting upon certain positive errors which here and there occur, we may note the careless proof-reading, especially in the first volume, extending to the references in the index. These blunders are often ludicrous, though generally of a sort to be easily corrected by the reader. Thus, for example: "the gleemen of [or] minstrels who played on the harp" (i, 3); "in 1674 [674] Benedict Biscop had built the monastery of St. Peter" (i, 98); "the following tablet [table] . . . shows the relations of the various MSS." (i, 123); "had Harold won, instead of lust [lost], the battle of Hastings" (i, 166); "that none deserved better posterity [of posterity] than he who wrote a faithful record" (i, 180); "Changes in Delusion" [Declension] (i, 433, running title); "the language in its state of translation [transition] afforded special opportunity for these irregularities (i, 390); "sayings of the philosophers" (ii, 239).

One may pardon oddities or affectations in the language employed, such as the use of "fitt" — why not "fytte" — (i, 61), "scop" (i, 70), "*Crist*" (*passim*), and even *Cristabel* (i, 164), the over-

working of "aureate" (ii, 109, and often subsequently), the use of "horseplayful" (ii, 207), or "erst-friar" (ii, 294). One may overlook the Johnsonian magniloquence of clauses like the following (ii, 294): "which assumes a fundamental homogeneity in mediæval method, in most respects incongruent with the literary intention of the new learning." One may smile at the artful aid of apt alliteration in ii, 293: "His was not the heavy-headed fancy of a moribund mediævalism." But one must not condone blunders which a fair measure of attention would render impossible.

To be specific: John S. Westlake, M. A., Trinity College, informs us (i, 128) that Ælfric was born about 955, and that the poem entitled *Judith* was written about 918, or perhaps earlier (i, 158); yet he is quite capable of saying (i, 157), "It is noteworthy that Ælfric himself had written a homily on Judith. This homily must have been written earlier, and, perhaps, it influenced the writer of *Judith* to choose her as a national type." This is pretty chronology: a homily written by a man born in 955 influences the author of a poem which nobody dates later than 918. The same authority tells us (i, 151) that *Judith* and *The Battle of Maldon* "deal with the struggle against the same foe." As the foe in the *Judith* is an Assyrian, and in *The Battle of Maldon* a Danish army, we hesitate before accepting the statement unqualifiedly.

Nor is it much otherwise with Miss M. Bentinck Smith, M. A., Headmistress of St. Leonard's School, St. Andrews. In discussing the poems of the Janian manuscript, she very properly records her belief (i, 50) that these poems are not all by one author. She assigns *Genesis B* to the second half of the ninth century (i, 51), and three others (i, 53) to the end of the ninth century. Yet she assumes the existence of a Cædmonian school (i, 69) on the hypothesis that Cædmon "composed similar, though, perhaps, shorter pieces, which may have been worked upon later by more scholarly

hands" — the more scholarly hands which produced the poems of the Janian manuscript. It will be observed that she dates none of these poems earlier than 850. Now, Cynewulf "wrote towards the end of the eighth century" (i, 56). "Yet" — here the consecutiveness of her thinking manifests itself — "the work of Cynewulf and his school marks an advance upon the writings of the school of Cædmon" (i, 69), and she proceeds to show in what respects it marks such an advance. The same writer refers (i, 47) to the poem of *Beowulf*, "an exhortation to do great deeds so that in Walhalla the chosen warrior may fare the better;" but there is no mention of Walhalla in the *Beowulf*, — is there anywhere in Old English literature? — and the passage in question merely reads, probably with no reference to a future life, "Let him who may win glory ere he die; thus shall it be best for a warrior when life is past."

Other writers, while not committing such positive errors, attribute to an author what the latter has merely drawn from some earlier source. The *Blickling Homilies* are credited (i, 127) with the picture of Heaven as a place where there is "youth without age; nor is there hunger nor thirst; nor wind nor storm nor rush of waters;" but this is not original with the *Blickling Homilies*. Ælfric is described (i, 133) as exemplifying by Oswald the ideal English King; but the story of Oswald there told comes from Bede. The poem of the *Menologium* gets the credit for preserving some of the Old English names of the months, though they are found a couple of centuries earlier in Bede's *De Temporum Ratione*. "As early as 709 Aldhelm . . . had depicted the glories of the celibate life" (i, 256); but had they never been depicted before?

Other opinions strike one as exaggerations. "*The Nut Browne Maid* (in itself sufficient, in form and music and theme, to 'make the fortune' of any century)" (ii, 486). "Nowhere else [than in the *Andreas*] are to be found such superb descriptions of the raging storm" (i, 59).

Contradictions between various chapters will hardly surprise us. To one writer, the Ruthwell Cross is possibly of the eighth century (i, 12); to another, of the tenth (i, 62). On pages 33 and 46 of the first volume there are two different views of the orthodoxy of Iona. To Saintsbury (ii, 244) "there is probably no period in the last seven hundred years which yields a lover of English poetry so little satisfaction as the fifteenth century;" but he is overruled by one of the general editors, who declares (ii, 487) that this same period "can well hold its own in the history of our literature as against the centuries that precede or follow it." It may be objected that such differences of opinion are inevitable; but why, then, do they not appear in Petit de Julleville's history of French literature?

Proportion is not always observed in these volumes. Stephen Hawes manages to secure eighteen pages, while the whole history of Old and Middle English prosody get scarcely more than seven; yet "most of his lines are inartistic and unmusical" (ii, 268); "his writings abound in long digressions, irrelevances, debates, appeals to authority, needless repetitions, prolix descriptions" (ii, 263); and "in choice of theme, in method of exposition, and in mode of expression, Hawes has a limited range" (ii, 259). He exhibits "confused metre, slipshod construction, bizarre diction" (ii, 271). In a word, he writes like this (ii, 264): —

Her redolente wordes of swete influence
 Degouted vapoure moost aromatyke,
 And made conversyon of complacence;
 Her depared and her lusty rethoryke
 My courage reformed, that was so lunatyke.

Yet he is honored with eighteen pages.

These and similar exceptions being taken, it is a pleasure, and it is simple justice, to declare that there is a golden face to the shield. Henry Bradley writes on changes in the language to the days of Chaucer; Ker brilliantly on metrical romances; Saintsbury competently, and always interestingly, on Chaucer. Gummere is at home in his peculiar field of the

ballad; Manly, by his bold analysis, has earned his right to be heard on Piers Plowman; Macaulay, the first editor of Gower's complete works, should know that author better than he has been known in centuries; Gregory Smith is probably as well informed as any one living on the earlier Scottish literature; Sandys's *History of Classical Scholarship* guarantees his ability to describe the Latin literature of England from John of Salisbury to Richard of Bury; no one will dispute the qualifications of the Templar, Gollancz, to set forth the qualities of the various poems by the author of *Sir Gawayne*; and W. Lewis Jones, in dealing with the Latin chroniclers, has the advantage of utilizing the labors of such men as Stubbs, Brewer, and Thomas Arnold. The writing of Miss Clara L. Thomson and Miss Alice D. Greenwood is quite up to the average in the two volumes, and the latter's characterization of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (ii, 381-338) is one of the masterpieces of the book.

These two volumes, it need hardly be said, contain a large store of ordered, and, with rare exceptions, reliable inform-

ation; the bibliographies, though they do not sufficiently teach their own use for lack of critical estimates, are copious, and every way welcome; and the indexes, barring some inaccuracies in the first volume, are satisfactory.

What is chiefly wanting is what, in the present state of English scholarship, it would doubtless be impossible to supply — a plan rigorous in its exclusions, having regard to subjects or classes of literature, so far as might be consistent with the towering personality of certain authors, and mindful of proportion and consistency throughout; a band of scholars, with severe training and common ideals, enthusiastic, reflective, imaginative, masters of language, and loyal to the voice of a director who should represent their own intellectual conscience. It will, we fear, be a long day before this counsel of perfection shall be realized in any such measure as in France; and meanwhile we can only be thankful to those who have blazed the way, and who, while showing their successors some pitfalls to be avoided, have also left them much which it will be their wisdom to emulate, and, if it may be, to surpass.

ANOTHER SOURCE OF "PARADISE LOST"

BY N. DOUGLAS

CHARLES DUNSTER (*Considerations on Milton's Early Reading*, etc., 1810) traces the *prima stamina* of *Paradise Lost* to Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. Masenius, Cedmon, Vondel, and other older writers have also been named, and discussed with more or less partiality, in this connection, while the majority of Milton's English commentators — and among foreigners Voltaire and Tiraboschi — are inclined to regard the *Adamus Exul* of Grotius, or Andreini's sacred drama of *Adamo*, as the prototype. This latter can

be consulted in the third volume of Cowper's Milton (1810). The matter is still *sub judice*, and in view of the number of recent scholars who have interested themselves in it, I am somewhat surprised that up to the present moment no notice has been taken, so far as I am aware, of an Italian article which goes far towards settling this question and proving that the chief source of *Paradise Lost* is the *Adamo Caduto*, a sacred tragedy by Serafino della Salandra. The merit of this discovery belongs to Fran-

cesco Zicari, whose paper, "Sulla scoperta dell' originale italiano da cui Milton trasse il suo poema del paradiso perduto," is printed on pages 245 to 276 in the 1845 volume of the Naples *Album scientifico - artistico - letterario* now lying before me. It is in the form of a letter addressed to his friend Francesco Ruffa, a native of Tropea in Calabria.¹

Salandra, it is true, is named among the writers of sacred tragedies in Todd's Milton (1809, vol. ii, p. 244), and also by Hayley, but neither of them had the curiosity, or the opportunity, to examine his *Adamo Caduto*: Hayley expressly says that he has not seen it. More recent works, such as that of Moers (*De fontibus Paradisi Amissi Miltoniani*, Bonn, 1860), do not mention Salandra at all. Byse (*Milton on the Continent*, 1903) merely hints at some possible motives for the Allegro and the Penseroso.

As to dates, there can be no doubt to whom the priority belongs. The *Adamo* of Salandra was printed at Cosenza in Calabria in 1647. Richardson thinks that Milton entered upon his *Paradise Lost* in 1654, and that it was shown, as done, in 1665; D. Masson agrees with this, adding that "it was not published till two years afterwards." The date 1665 is fixed, I presume, by the Quaker Elwood's account of his visit to Milton in the autumn of that year, when the poet gave him the manuscript to read; the two years' delay in publication may possibly have been due to the confusion

¹ Zicari contemplated another paper on this subject, but I am unaware whether this was ever published. The Neapolitan Minieri-Riccio, who wrote his *Memorie Storiche* in 1844, speaks of this article as having been already printed in 1832, but does not say where. This is corroborated by N. Falcione (*Biblioteca storica-topografica della Calabria*, 2d ed., Naples, 1846, pp. 152-154), who gives the same date, and adds that Zicari was the author of a work on the district of Fuscaldo. He was born at Paola in Calabria, of which he wrote a (manuscript) history, and died in 1846. In this Milton article, he speaks of his name being "unknown in the republic of letters." I can find no further details of his life.

occasioned by the great plague and fire of London.

The castigation bestowed upon Lauder by Bishop Douglas, followed, as it was, by a terrific "back-hander" from the brawny arm of Samuel Johnson, induces me to say that Salandra's *Adamo Caduto*, though extremely rare, — so rare that neither the British Museum nor the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale possesses a copy, — is *not* an imaginary book; I have had it in my hands and examined it at the Naples Biblioteca Nazionale; it is a small octavo of 251 pages (not including twenty unnumbered ones, and another one at the end for correction of misprints); badly printed and bearing all the marks of genuineness, with the author's name and the year and place of publication clearly set forth on the title-page. I have carefully compared Zicari's references to it, and quotations from it, with the original. They are correct, save for a few insignificant verbal discrepancies which, so far as I can judge, betray no indication of an attempt on his part to mislead the reader, such as using the word *tromba* (trumpet) instead of Salandra's term *sambuca* (sackbut).

And if further proof of authenticity be required, I may note that the *Adamo Caduto* of Salandra is already cited in old bibliographies like Toppi's *Biblioteca Napoletana* (1678), or that of Joannes a S. Antonio (*Biblioteca universa Franciscana etc.*, Madrid, 1732-1733, vol. iii, page 88). It appears to have been the only literary production of its author, who was a Franciscan monk and is described as "Preacher, Lector and Destinator of the Reformed Church of Basilicata."

We may take it, then, that Salandra was a real person, who published a mystery called *Adamo Caduto* in 1647; and I will now, without further preamble, extract from Zicari's article as much as may be sufficient to show ground for his contention that Milton's *Paradise Lost* is a transfusion, in general and in particular, of this same mystery.

Salandra's central theme is the Uni-

verse shattered by the disobedience of the First Man, the origin of our unhappiness and sins. The same with Milton.

Salandra's chief personages are God and His angels; the first man and woman; the serpent; Satan and his angels. The same with Milton.

Salandra, at the opening of his poem (the prologue), sets forth his argument and dwells upon the creative omnipotence and his works. The same with Milton.

Salandra then describes the council of the rebel angels, their fall from Heaven into a desert and sulphurous region, their discourses. Man is enviously spoken of, and his fall by means of stratagem decided upon; it is resolved to reunite in council in Pandemonium or the Abyss, where measures may be adopted to the end that man may become the enemy of God and the prey of Hell. The same with Milton.

Salandra personifies Sin and Death, the latter being the child of the former. The same with Milton.

Salandra describes Omnipotence foreseeing the effects of the temptation and fall of man, and preparing his redemption. The same with Milton.

Salandra depicts the site of Paradise and the happy life there. The same with Milton.

Salandra sets forth the miraculous creation of the universe and of man, and the virtues of the forbidden fruit. The same with Milton.

Salandra reports the conversation between Eve and the Serpent; the eating of the forbidden fruit and the despair of our first parents. The same with Milton.

Salandra describes the joy of Death at the discomfiture of Eve; the rejoicings in Hell; the grief of Adam; the flight of our first parents, their shame and repentance. The same with Milton.

Salandra anticipates the intercession of the Redeemer, and the overthrow of Sin and Death; he dwells upon the wonders of the Creation, the murder of Abel by his brother Cain, and other human ills; the vices of the Antediluvians, due

to the fall of Adam; the infernal gift of war. The same with Milton.

Salandra describes the passion of Jesus Christ, and the comforts which Adam and Eve receive from the angel who announces the coming of the Messiah; lastly, their departure from the earthly paradise. The same with Milton.

So much for the general scheme of both poems. And now for a few particular points of resemblance, verbal and otherwise.

The character of Milton's Satan, with the various facets of pride, envy, vindictiveness, despair, and impenitence which go to form that harmonious whole, are already clearly mapped out in the Lucifer of Salandra. For this statement, which I find correct, Zicari gives chapter and verse, but it would take far too long to set forth the matter in this place. The speeches of Lucifer, to be sure, read rather like a caricature, — it must not be forgotten that Salandra was writing for lower-class theatrical spectators, and not for refined readers, — but the elements which Milton has utilized are already there.

Here is a verbal coincidence: —

Here we may reign secure . . .
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
— MILTON (i, 258).

. . . Qui propria voglia,
Son capo, son qui duce, son lor Prence.
— SALANDRA (p. 49).

And another: —

. . . Whom shall we find
Sufficient? . . . This enterprise
None shall partake with me.
— MILTON (ii, 403, 465).

A chi basterà l'anima di voi?
. . . certo che quest' affare
A la mia man s'aspetta.
— SALANDRA (p. 64).

Milton's Terror is partially taken from the Megera of the Italian poet. The "grisly Terror" threatens Satan (ii, 699), and the office of Megera, in Salandra's drama, is exactly the same — that is, to threaten and chastise the rebellious spirit, which she does very effectually (pages 123 to 131). The identical mon-

sters — Cerberus, Hydras, and Chimæras — are found in their respective abodes, but Salandra does not content himself with these three; his list includes such a mixed assemblage of creatures as owls, basilisks, dragons, tigers, bears, crocodiles, sphynxes, harpies, and panthers. Terror moves with dread rapidity: —

. . . and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides. — MILTON (ii, 675).
and so does Megera: —

In atterir, in spaventar son . . .
Rapido sì ch' ogni ripar è vano.
— SALANDRA (p. 59).

Both Milton and Salandra use the names of the gods of antiquity for their demons, but the narrative epic of the English poet naturally permitted of far greater prolixity and variety in this respect. A most curious parallelism exists between Milton's Belial and that of Salandra. Both are described as luxurious, timorous, slothful, and scoffing, and there is not the slightest doubt that Milton has taken over these mixed attributes from the Italian.¹

The words of Milton's Beelzebub (ii, 368): —

Seduce them to our party, that their god
May prove their foe . . .
are copied from those of the Italian
Lucifero (p. 52): —

. . . Facciam
Acciò, che l' huom divenga
A Dio nemico . . .

Regarding the creation of the world, Salandra asks (p. 11): —

Qual lingua può di Dio,
Benchè da Dio formato
Lodar di Dio le meraviglie estreme?

which is thus echoed by Milton (vii, 112):

. . . to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice?

¹ This is one of the occasions in which Zicari appears, at first sight, to have stretched a point in order to improve his case, because, in the reference he gives, it is Behemoth, and not Belial, who speaks of himself as cowardly (*im-belle*). But in another place Lucifer applies this designation to Belial as well.

There is a considerable resemblance between the two poets in their descriptions of Paradise and of its joys. In both poems, too, Adam warns his spouse of her frailty, and in the episode of Eve's meeting with the serpent, there are no less than four verbal coincidences. Thus Salandra writes (page 68): —

Ravviso gli animal, ch' a schiera a schiera
Già fanno humil e reverente inclino . . .
Ravveggio il bel serpente avvolto in giri;
O sei bello
Con tanta varietà che certo sembri
Altro stellato ciel, smaltata terra.
O che sento, tu parli?

and Milton transcribes it as follows (ix, 517-554): —

. . . She minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field
From every beast, more *duteous* at her call . . .
Curled many a wanton *wreath* in sight of Eve.
His turret crest and sleek *enamelled* neck . . .
What may this mean? Language of man *pronounced*
By tongue of brute?

Altogether, Zicari has observed that Rolli, although unacquainted with the *Adamo Caduto*, has sometimes inadvertently hit upon the same words in his Italian translation of Milton which Salandra had used before him.

Eve's altered complexion after the eating of the forbidden fruit is noted by both poets: —

Torbata ne la faccia? Non sei quella
Qual ti lasciai contenta . . .
— SALANDRA (p. 89).

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story
told;

But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.
— MILTON (ix, 886).

only with this difference, that the Italian Eve adds an unnecessary half-lie by way of explaining the change: —

. . . Forse cangiata (del che non mi avveggio)
Sono nel volto per la tua partenza. — (p. 89.)

In both poems Sin and Death reappear on the scene after the transgression.

The flight of Innocence from earth; the distempered lust which dominates over Adam and Eve after the Fall; the league of Sin and Death to rule hence-

forward over the world; the pathetic lament of Adam regarding his misfortune and the evils in store for his progeny; his noble sentiment, that none can withdraw himself from the all-seeing eye of God — all these are images which Milton has copied from Salandra.

Adam's state of mind, after the fall, is compared by Salandra to a boat tossed by impetuous winds (p. 228): —

Qual agitato legno d'Austro, e Noto,
Instabile incostante, non hai pace,
Tu vivi pur . . .

which is thus paraphrased in Milton (ix, 1122): —

. . . High winds worse within
Began to rise . . . and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tossed and turbulent.

Here is a still more palpable adaptation: —

. . . So God ordains :
God is thy law, thou mine.
— MILTON (iv, 636).
. . . Un voler sia d' entrambi,
E quel' uno di noi, di Dio sia tutto.
— SALANDRA (p. 42).

After the Fall, according to Salandra, *vacillò la terra* (1), *gemè* (2), *e pianse* (3), *rumoreggiano i tuoni* (4), *accompagnati da grandini* (5), *e dense nevi* (6), (pages 138, 142, 218). Milton translates this as follows: Earth trembled from her entrails (1), and nature gave a second groan (2); sky loured and, muttering thunders (4), some sad drops wept (3), the winds, armed with ice and snow (6) and hail (5). (*Paradise Lost*, ix, 1000, x, 697).

Here is another translation: —

. . . inclino il cielo
Giù ne la terra, a questa il Ciel innalza.
— SALANDRA (p. 242).
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven
to Earth. — MILTON (vii, 160).

It is not my purpose to do Zicari's work over again, as this would entail a complete translation of his long article (it contains nearly ten thousand words), to which, if the thing is to be done properly, must be appended Salandra's *Adamo*, in order that his quotations from it can be

tested. I will therefore refer to the originals those who wish to go into the subject more fully, warning them, *en passant*, that they may find the task of verification more troublesome than it seems, owing to a stupid mistake on Zicari's part. For in his references to Milton, he claims (page 252) to use an 1818 Venice translation of the *Paradise Lost* by Rolli. Now Rolli's *Paradiso Perduto* is a well-known work which was issued in many editions in London, Paris, and Italy throughout the eighteenth century. But I cannot trace this particular one of Venice, and application to many of the chief libraries of Italy has convinced me that it does not exist, and that 1818 must be a misprint for some other year. The error would be of no significance if Zicari had referred to Rolli's *Paradiso* by the usual system of cantos and lines, but he refers to it by pages, and the pagination differs in every one of the editions of Rolli which have passed through my hands. For my sins, as the Italians say, I have not been able to hit upon the precise one which Zicari had in mind, and if future students are equally unfortunate, I wish them joy of their labors.¹

These few extracts, however, will suffice to show that, without Salandra's *Adamo*, the *Paradise Lost*, as we know it, would not be in existence; and that Zicari's discovery is therefore one of primary importance for English letters, although it would be easy to point out divergencies between the two works — divergencies often due to the varying tastes and feelings of a republican Englishman and an Italian Catholic, and to the different conditions imposed by an epic and a dramatic poem. Thus, in regard to this last point, Zicari has already noted (page 270) that Salandra's scenic acts were necessarily reproduced in the form of *visions* by Milton, who could not

¹ Let me take this opportunity of expressing my best thanks to Baron E. Tortora Brayda, of the Naples Biblioteca Nazionale, who has sacrificed his time to help me, and has taken an infinity of trouble in this matter.

avail himself of the mechanism of the drama for this purpose. Milton was a man of the world, traveler, scholar, and politician; but it will not do for us to insist too vehemently upon the probable mental inferiority of the Calabrian monk, in view of the high opinion which Milton seems to have had of his talents. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. The *Adamo Caduto*, of course, is only one of a series of similar works concerning which a large literature has now grown up, and it might not be difficult to prove that Salandra was indebted to some previous writer for those words and phrases which he passed on to the English poet.

But where did Milton become acquainted with this tragedy? It was at Naples, according to Cowper (*Milton*, vol. iii, page 206), that the English poet may first have entertained the idea of "the loss of paradise as a subject peculiarly fit for poetry." He may well have discussed sacred tragedies, like those of Andreini, with the Marquis Manso. But Milton had returned to England long before Salandra's poem was printed; nor can Manso have sent him a copy of it, for he died in 1645, — two years before its publication, — and Zicari is thus mistaken in assuming (page 245) that Milton became acquainted with it in the house of the Neapolitan nobleman. Unless, therefore, we take for granted that Manso was intimate with the author Salandra — he knew most of his literary countrymen — and sent or gave to Milton a copy of the manuscript of *Adamo* before it was printed, or that Milton was personally familiar with Salandra, we may conclude that the poem was forwarded to him from Italy by some other friend, perhaps by some member of the *Accademia degli Oziosi* which Manso had founded.

A chance therefore seems to have decided Milton: Salandra's tragedy fell into his hands and was welded into the epic form which he had designed for Arthur the Great, even as, in later years, a chance question on the part of Elwood

led to his writing *Paradise Regained*.¹ For this poem there were not so many models handy as for the other, but Milton has written too little to enable us to decide how far its inferiority to the earlier epic is due to this fact, and how far to the inherent inertia of its subject-matter. Little movement can be contrived in a mere dialogue such as *Paradise Regained*: it lacks the grandiose *mise-en-scène* and the shifting splendors of the greater epic; the stupendous figure of the rebellious archangel, the true hero of *Paradise Lost*, is here dwarfed into a puny, malignant sophist; nor is the final issue in the later poem even *for a moment* in doubt, — a serious defect from an artistic point of view. Jortin holds its peculiar excellence to be "artful sophistry, false reasoning, set off in the most specious manner, and refuted by the Son of God with strong unaffected eloquence:" merits for which Milton needed no original of any kind, as his own lofty religious sentiments, his argumentative talents, and long experience of political pamphleteering, stood him in good stead. Most of us must have wondered how it came about that Milton "could not endure to hear *Paradise Lost* preferred to *Paradise Regained*," in view of the very apparent inferiority of the latter. If we had known what Milton knew, namely, to how large an extent *Paradise Lost* was not the child of his own imagination and therefore not so precious in his eyes as *Paradise Regained*, we might have understood, though never shared, his prejudice.

Certain parts of *Paradise Lost* are drawn, as we all know, from other Italian sources, from Sannazario, Ariosto, Guarini, Bojardo, and others. Zicari, who, it must be said, has made the best of his case, will have it that the musterings and battles of the good and evil angels are copied from the *Angeleide* of Valvasone

¹ *Thou hast said much of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found? He made no answer, but sat some time in a muse. . . .*

published at Milan in 1590. But G. Polidori, who has reprinted the *Angeleide* in his Italian version of Milton (London, 1840), has gone into this matter and thinks otherwise. These devil-and-angel combats were a popular theme at the time, and there is no reason why the English poet should copy continental writers in such descriptions, which necessarily have a common resemblance. The Marquis Manso was very friendly with the poets Tasso and Marino, and it is also to be remarked that entire passages in *Paradise Lost* are copied, *totidem verbis*, from the writings of these two, Manso having no doubt drawn Milton's attention to their beauties. In fact, I am inclined to think that Manso's notorious enthusiasm for the *warlike* epic of Tasso may first of all have diverted Milton from purely pastoral ideals and inflamed him with the desire of accomplishing a similar feat, whence the well-known lines in Milton's Latin verses to this friend, which contain the first indication of such a design on his part. Even the familiar invocation, "Hail, wedded Love," is bodily drawn from one of Tasso's letters. (See Newton's *Milton*, 1773, vol. i, pages 312 and 313.)

It has been customary to speak of these literary appropriations as "imitations;" but whoever compares them with the originals will find that many of them are more correctly termed translations. The case, from a literary-moral point of view, is different as regards ancient writers, and it is surely idle to accuse Milton, as has been done, of pilferings from Æschylus or Ovid. There is no such thing as robbing the classics. They are our literary fathers, and what they have left behind them is our common heritage; we may adapt, borrow, or steal from them as much as will suit our purpose; to acknowledge such "thefts" is sheer pedantry and ostentation. But Salandra and the rest of them were Milton's contemporaries. It is certainly an astonishing fact that no scholar of the stamp of Thyer was acquainted with the *Adamo*

Caduto; and it says much for the isolation of England that, at a period when poems on the subject of paradise lost were being scattered broadcast in Italy and elsewhere, — when, in short, all Europe was ringing with the doleful history of Adam and Eve, — Milton could have ventured to speak of his work as "Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," — an amazing verse which, by the way, is literally transcribed out of Ariosto ("Cosa, non detta in prosa mai, nè in rima"). But even now the acquaintance of the British public with the productions of continental writers is superficial and spasmodic, and such was the ignorance of English scholars of this earlier period, that Birch maintained that Milton's drafts, to be referred to presently, indicated his intention of writing an *opera* (!); while as late as 1776 the poet Mickle, notwithstanding Voltaire's authority, questioned the very existence of Andreini, who has written thirty different pieces.

Some idea of the time when Salandra's tragedy reached Milton might be gained if we knew the date of his manuscript projects for *Paradise Lost* and other writings which are preserved at Cambridge. R. Garnett (*Life of Milton*, 1890, page 129) supposes these drafts to date from about 1640 to 1642, and I am not sufficiently learned in Miltonian lore to controvert or corroborate in a general way this assertion. But the date must certainly be pushed further forward in the case of the skeletons for *Paradise Lost*, which are modeled to a great extent upon Salandra's *Adamo* of 1647, though other compositions may also have been present before Milton's mind, such as that mentioned on page 234 of the second volume of Todd's *Milton*, from which he seems to have drawn the hint of a "prologue spoken by Moses."

Without going into the matter exhaustively as it deserves, I will only say that from these pieces it is clear that Milton's primary idea was to write, like Salandra, a sacred tragedy upon this theme, and

not an epic. These drafts also contain a chorus, such as Salandra has placed in his drama, and a great number of mutes, who do not figure in the English epic, but who reappear in the *Adamo Caduto* and all similar works. Even Satan is here designated as Lucifer, in accordance with the Italian *Lucifero*, and at the end of one of Milton's drafts we read "at last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises the Messiah, etc.," which is exactly what Salandra's *Misericordia* (Mercy) does in the same place.

Milton no doubt kept on hand many loose passages of poetry, both original and borrowed, ready to be worked up into larger pieces; all poets are smothered in odd scraps of verse and lore which they "fit in" as occasion requires; and it is therefore quite possible that some fragments now included in *Paradise Lost* may have been complete before the *Adamo Caduto* was printed. I am referring, more especially, to Satan's address to the sun, which Philips says was written before the commencement of the epic. Admitting Philips to be correct, I still question whether this invocation was composed before Milton's visit to Naples; and if it was, the poet may well have intended it for some other of the multitudinous works which these drafts show him to have been revolving in his mind, or for none of them in particular.

De Quincey rightly says that Addison gave the initial bias in favor of *Paradise Lost* to the English national mind, which has thenceforward shrunk, as Addison himself did, from a dispassionate contemplation of its defects; the idea being, I presume, that a "divine poem" in a manner disarmed rational criticism. And, strange to say, even the few faults which earlier scholars did venture to point out in Milton's poem will be found in that of Salandra. There is the same superabundance of allegory; the same confusion of

spirit and matter among the supernatural persons; the same lengthy astronomical treatise; the same personification of Sin and Death; the same medley of Christian and pagan mythology; the same tedious historico-theological disquisition at the end of both poems.

For the rest, it is to be hoped that we have outgrown our fastidiousness on some of these points. Theological fervor has abated, and in a work of the pure imagination, as *Paradise Lost* is now — is it not? — considered to be, there is nothing incongruous or offensive in an amiable commingling of Semitic and Hellenic deities after the approved Italian recipe; nor do a few long words about geography or science disquiet us any more: Milton was not writing for an uncivilized mob, and his occasional displays of erudition will represent to a cultured person only those breathing spaces so refreshing in all epic poetry. That Milton's language is saturated with Latinisms and Italianisms is perfectly true. His English may not have been good enough for his contemporaries, but it is quite good enough for us. That "grand manner" which Matthew Arnold claimed for Milton, that sustained pitch of kingly elaboration and fullness, is not wholly an affair of high moral tone; it results in part from the humbler ministrations of words happily chosen, — from a felicitous alloy of Mediterranean grace and Saxon mettle. For, whether consciously or not, we cannot but be influenced by the *color-effects* of mere words, that arouse in us definite but indefinable moods of mind. To complain of the foreign phraseology and turns of thought in *Paradise Lost*, would be the blackest ingratitude nowadays, seeing that our language has become enriched by steady gleams of pomp and sumptuous amplitude due, in large part, to the peculiar *lustre* of Milton's comely importations.

SNUFF-BOXES

BY HOLBROOK WHITE

At an auction the other day, in Paris, a small Louis XVI snuff-box, without jewels, but enriched with miniature landscapes by Van Blarenbergh, fetched the large sum of ten thousand dollars. No particular association was attached to the box. The price was paid for it as a piece of fine workmanship of the period.

Interest in these trinkets does not depend on a knowledge of their exact history. Fancies and suggestions, pungent as was ever the powder they inclosed, play about them. The fopperies and the coqueties of "snuff-box time" start into life at the snapping of a corn. It is surprising that in these days when we are inebriated, if not cheered, by the "music of to-morrow," some genius has not given us a Snuff-box Suite. There are great possibilities in a tone-poem written around this Van Blarenbergh box, for instance. Melodies lurk in its substance. To the ear of the mind it sings.

You can hear the rustle of brocades; the click of red-heeled, diamond-buckled shoes upon marble floors; the tap of canes on stairs and terraces; the sound of lutes, touched softly *au clair de lune*, in gardens already musical with fountains; ripples of laughter from bowers and yew alleys; snatches of gay chansons caught from boats that float up winding rivers, in a landscape as enchanting as that of fairy tales. There are passages pitched in another key — echoes of tempestuous days; an insistent clamor of women and children for bread; a roar of sullen mobs; a sinister rumble of carts; the sound of many feet mounting wooden steps — some firm and unafraid, some halting and timid; a horrid silence, then laughter more horrid. The last movement of the tonal poem might consist of prolonged chords, indicative of "repose in a mu-

seum cabinet," with perhaps something in the way of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals to hint at that ten thousand dollars.

Sylvain Pons was the first collector of snuff-boxes. So Balzac tells us, — and who should know more about it than Balzac?

Since the day of Cousin Pons, amiable hobby-rider, the collectors have increased to a multitude; as insatiable a crowd as those relatives of his, though possibly more intelligent.

Considering the number and the greed of all these traffickers far from shy, we wonder that no more of the bits of artistry have come down to us. Innumerable as the flakes of last year's snow, they have melted away about as completely. With the remnant of Judah, they lift up their voice, "For we are left but a few of many." Everybody carried one, be he dandy or grave-digger. Their fashion changed as often as that of coat-buttons and cravats. Nothing short of wireless telegraphy would have served to keep the provincial beaux informed as to the latest productions. Indeed, it required no small agility on the part of London swells to "catch, ere it changed, the snuff-box of the minute."

The *Spectator* comments, one morning, on the experience of a lawyer, who, in traveling over his circuit, observed the style of periwig to be becoming more and more antiquated at every stage of his journey, till in the remote districts he might well have supposed himself back in the reign of King Charles. So Beau Brummel might calculate degrees of longitude from the meridian of fashion at St. James, by the style of the snuff-boxes extended to him, in his "progresses."

One courtier of Queen Anne owned a

box for every day in the year. What delectable half-hours he must have spent, as he tarried over his choice of that array! What nicety of taste he must have employed in the selection of a pattern that answered best the demands of his engagements!

We could not enjoy ourselves in that way to-day, —there is not time enough. The days must have been longer then — much longer.

A man could not be too fastidious in the matter. We have it upon the authority of Brummell himself that snuff-boxes must observe their seasons; and we have heard from a higher authority even than he, that “things by season seasoned are to their true perfection.” One would not care to pass among the politicians at the Coffee-house the trifle in pink enamel and brilliants that one played with so prettily in Ardelia’s boudoir. The French nobleman who asked for a moment’s respite on the scaffold, in which to enjoy a pinch of snuff, could hardly choose to look, just then, on his favorite box, beset with the sapphires whose radiant color matched the blue of Clotilde’s eyes. There are occasions and causes, why and wherefore, in all things — even in snuff-boxes.

They tell of Beau Nash that, in the hey-day of his Bath glory, he received fine boxes enough, as presents, to furnish out a shop. There appears to have been a prodigious number of them required to satisfy the gift-giving mania. Letters and memoirs of the period make it plain that everybody was continually presenting, or being presented with, a snuff-box. No matter what the occasion — christening or coronation — it was a chance to flourish the usual gift; till a man might review the events of his life in the company of his boxes.

In an account of the money expended at the coronation of George IV, we read the entry, “For snuff-boxes to foreign ministers, £8205 15 5.”

Talleyrand said once that snuff-taking was a necessary habit for politicians, be-

cause it gave them time for thought in case of awkward questions, and enabled them to hide the expression of their faces at critical moments. Some of those “foreign ministers” must have made pretty constant use of the snuff-box gifts at the court of George IV. We could not expect to find any one of *those* boxes in existence. They met the fate that Falstaff feared, “scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.”

The greatest gentleman in Europe, himself, cuts a sorry figure in one snuff-box episode: when Beau Brummell, fallen at last into abject misery, sent a box filled with his favorite snuff to the King, hoping for some manner of kind recognition, “and the King took the snuff, and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favorite, rival, enemy, superior.”

In their prime, they caught the light bravely from the candles of palace halls, fashionable assembly rooms, and great ladies’ saloons, these beaux and boxes: but what with battering years and man’s inconstancy, old age was apt to find them, box and beau alike, somewhat hardly *circumstanced* —

Un-hinged, un-jewelled, and un-owned!

The “nice conduct” of his snuff-box was as much a matter of solicitude to Sir Fopling Flutter as the fetching manœuvres of her fan to Lady Modish. To rap the box with hauteur, to open the cover with nonchalance, to lift the pinch of powder daintily, to inhale it discreetly, to flick a fallen grain from a lace ruffle debonairly, — all this was not to be acquired in a day. It required infinite pains to master the exercise, but the satisfaction in performing it well was ineffable.

There were subtle *nuances* to be observed in the offering of one’s box to others, which called for the cunning of a diplomatist. A degree of affability to be used with the Duke of Highairs would be absurd with Sir Plume, and simply scandalous with plain Jack Knowall. And there were party manœuvres as well. If Lady Froth must studiously patch her face on the Tory side, you may be sure

my Lord Smart was careful that his snuff-box was of the precise Whig size and fashion.

The *Tatler*, receiving a curious letter, one day, from some fop with whom he has no acquaintance, decides, "I'll call at Bubbleboy's shop, and find out the shape of the fellow's snuff-box, by which I can settle his character."

One of the most interesting boxes we have seen is an old English song-book, bound in leather, with a divided brass clasp; one half the clasp serving to secure the leaves of the book, the other half fastening a metal receptacle for snuff. Here, surely, was an ingenious weapon for the killing of time.

Imagine the satisfaction of a snuff-taking scholar who could possess a library of such volumes!

A full assurance given by books;
Continual comfort in a box.

A person of discrimination would adjust the quality of the snuff in each box to the matter of the book, so that the contents of the one should corroborate the contents of the other. A borrower from his shelves would never be disconcerted by a pinch of biting rappee from the volume of Sir John Suckling's *Poems*, or violet-scented grains from Hobbes's *Leviathan*. And then the pleasing capacity of some of those boxes, — such, for instance, as could be fitted to the huge folios on the lower shelf, Clarendon or Thomas Aquinas!

A snuff-box for Polyphemus himself!

One could dip into it at the close of every sentence, yet rest assured that there was enough of the heartening stimulant to accompany one to the end of the chapter; and at the same time be agreeably reminded that the chapters did not "go all the way." It would be no small thing, after groping through such a region of inky darkness, to emerge into the clear shining of that brass box.

As for my Lord Fripperling, he mightily preferred the box which rejoiced in a mirror set in the lid. A looking-glass supplied him with "the best company in the world," and with the only

reflections in which he ever indulged. Moreover, he found these toys vastly becoming. A sparkling *boîte d'or* in a white hand shadowed by ruffles of *point d'Alençon*, added the last touch of elegance.

Naturally, the style of his snuff-box became a matter of tremendous moment to his lordship. He might be in a fog as to what Blenheim's "famous victory" was "all about," but he knew that this "Campaign," about which a Mr. Addison writ a poem, "monstrous good, egad!" had caused a rise in the price of snuff-boxes.

That was not a small matter, to be sure. No material was too costly to use in their making. Jade, amber, lapis-lazuli, were, in turn, the fashion. Jewels were lavished on them. Eminent goldsmiths and miniature painters of renown put their handiwork into them. Petitot himself produced some of his marvelous enamels for this very purpose. Horace Walpole esteemed the snuff-box bearing the portrait of Madame de Sévigné as one of his choice treasures, along with Wolsey's hat and a Crusader's lance. Museums rejoice in them; and there is even a church in England that numbers in its inventory of plate, among chalices and candlesticks, "one gold snuff-box." That is what may be called making a good end. But perhaps this particular box had always enjoyed a cloistered existence, twinkling gravely in dim aisle and dimmer chapel, from the hands of some devout old canon, who, in dying, bequeathed to the church his most valued earthly possession.

Some collections include specimens of Chinese snuff-bottles, — they took their snuff with a difference, — beautiful pieces of work in chalcedony or agate, with carven jade stoppers. A tiny spoon for scooping out the "titillating dust" accompanied the bottle. Snuff-spoons were used in England, too, at one time, as appears from an old comedy in which mention is made of "Tunbridge wooden box with wooden spoon;" but the dandy did not take kindly to the idea. Tun-

bridge was one of many centres of fashion that contributed to the snuff-box host, — a terrestrial galaxy whose stars were held to differ, one from another, in glory, as did the comparatively unconsidered stars in the heavens above.

No less a person than the Emperor Joseph II summed up a comparison of the musicians of his day with the remark that Mozart was like the Parisian snuff-box, Haydn like the box made in England. Happily the compositions of Haydn and Mozart survived that period, so that if we are curious as to the relative value of English snuff-boxes and the *articles de Paris*, we need only comprehend and compare the music of the "Creation," the "Requiem," and the "Magic Flute."

Louis le Grand, who stooped to most of the follies of his time, did not adopt the snuff-taking habit, but his indifference in no wise affected the fashion. In that society which made the *ancien régime* what it stands for to us, the quintessence of brilliancy, elegance, and *esprit*, the snuff-box played its part. It was, oddly enough, the subject of one of Voltaire's earliest attempts at verse-making: —

Adieu, adieu, poor snuff-box mine ;

Adieu ; we ne'er shall meet again ;

a flippant impromptu dashed off when he was but a schoolboy, on a day when his box had been confiscated by the master. The lines were considered so clever — the story goes — that the box was restored to him as a special favor; exactly the result aimed at by the writer. But these trinkets, paraded as a piece of finery by boy and dandy, became nothing less than a consolation of age.

Voltaire grown old, had he been called upon to absent himself a while from the felicity of his snuff-box, might have written "Stanzas of Adieu" abounding in wit, but the verses would have breathed a real, not a sentimental, sigh for the touch of a vanished box.

That *grande dame*, proud old duchesse or marquise, who lives for us in the memoirs of the splendid time, considered

the snuff-box an essential part of her toilet. Seated in state, with knitting-work and box at hand, she was ready to relish, with equal zest, the exchange of snuff and epigrams with a gallant from court, and the moralizing with an abbé out of the country, on the vanity of human affairs, — how

Golden lads and lasses must,
As their snuff-boxes, come to dust.

If it were given us to choose, as a "remembrancer," a single one from among the many associated with great names, perhaps it would be the sociable box that used always to stand on a corner of the card-table, when Lamb's friends gathered to enjoy one of his Wednesday evenings "at home." A fondness for the Scotch rappee in that box, Hazlitt intimates, recommended a person to the notice of its owner. Lamb desired a man to "like something, heartily, even snuff;" and his practice was at one with his theory in the matter of the snuff. His sister agreed with him in this taste, as well as in those more engaging. It is remembered of the kindly little lady that, in old age, she used to go a-visiting her friends with three or four empty snuff-boxes in her pocket, which always became miraculously full before she left.

Stout defenders of the faith, in the matter of tobacco, have been numerous in the ranks of the fair sex, from the voluble Mrs. Glass "that sells snuff at the sign o' the Thistle, in the Strand," to Ladies of Quality, like Mary Wortley Montagu herself.

Early in our literary excursions we come upon the latter, "dishevelled, hideous, covered with snuff," and, thereafter, that is our Lady Mary. Pages of description concerning her youthful beauty and all-conquering charm move us not a jot. We know the Lady of the Snuff-box. Others there are, not a few, who have been so linked with their snuff-boxes by some chance expression in prose or verse, that in our minds they are as inseparable as Ephraim and his idols. Johnson's friend, Bennet Langton, has

been described somewhere as a tall, slender man, who usually sat with his legs twisted around each other, fingering his gold snuff-box, with a sweet smile on his face. So he sits — and eternally will sit — in our imagination !

There is Reynolds, who, because of a haunting line by Goldsmith, seems to us forever shifting his trumpet, and forever taking snuff. Unfortunately, some of his great portraits, “embrowned by time,” persist in looking “snuffy” to us. There is Gibbon; so everlastingly opening and shutting his *tabatière*, that the drums and trumpets of declining Rome seem to be accompanied by a running fusillade of small arms in the shape of snuff-boxes; while the grandiose rapping of his box-cover is so insistently referred to, that it has come to assume the importance of the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*.

There is something about this preliminary ceremony of tapping, that savors of an invocation, a summoning of the genie of the box. We recall the awful effect it had upon Peter Bell’s much-enduring beast; the “appalling process” yet to be explained to a curious world. The creature had conducted himself with the utmost propriety, but no sooner did Peter knock on the lid of his tobacco-box, than

making here a sudden pause,
The ass turned round his head, and grinned.
Who can doubt that Peter had “started a spirit”? If, to make an ass speak, there must needs be an angel in the path, we may be sure that some kind of visitation is necessary to make him grin.

We must not forget here that virago, Mme. Schwellenberg, who was the torment of Fanny Burney’s life at the court; whenever she rapped on her snuff-box, those two pet frogs of hers croaked in answer, and Fanny thought it only ludicrous. It seems to us to lean too much in the direction of ways that are dark. We are inclined to believe that Schwellenberg was as much of a witch as she looked to be, and that those repulsive creatures over which she gloated were

victims of her malign spells. That knocking on her snuff-box was a communication with the magician who was the slave of the box, at whose threatened coming the unhappy animals naturally croaked in alarm. Could Fanny but have become possessed of the magic spell, she might have seen those frogs rise up Prince Charming and the lovely Eldorinda.

Be that as it may, it is true that some innocent-looking snuff-boxes have been opened with as direful results as were ever related of the horror-hiding vessels in Arabian tales.

It was by no happy chance that tobacco, when introduced into France, was given the name *herbe de la reine*, in honor of Catherine de Medici. The results of that painstaking lady’s experiments were long in evidence. Even into the eighteenth century the practice continued of “removing,” gently but expeditiously, such individuals as became distasteful yet persisted in the habit of living. Is my lord the Comte de B — interfering in your little intrigue? Send him a present of a jeweled box containing *tabac de mille fleurs*. He will not offend you to-morrow.

Saint-Simon tells the story of a Condé who thought it no more than a fine joke to empty the contents of his snuff-box into the glass of champagne which he handed to a companion, his good friend, at a banquet. The friend drank, sickened, and died in terrible agony. That is what it meant to be “a Condé” in snuff-box time!

One marvels that the ghost of his grandfather—the Great Condé—did not knock an awful summons on that supper-room door, and then enter when the candles burned blue, and the guests sat trembling, to strike with his sword the empty snuff-box from the hand of his worthless descendant.

A pleasant custom of exchanging boxes was fashionable for a while, yet was never regarded with much favor by prudent folk. It might answer if one revolved in the circle of Esterhazy and all his quality,

whose hands dropped jewels as a vine drops fatness; otherwise, there was risk of falling in with individuals who considered an unfair exchange no robbery, — whose attitude suggested, “Stand and deliver.”

As for the “little horn snuff-box” belonging to the old monk of Calais, we have ceased to be very much impressed with that. Our fathers, we know, regarded its story with fond emotion; and when they read how the Reverend Mr. Sterne guarded the box as tenderly as he guarded his religion “in the justlings of the world,” their tears “gushed out,” quite like the reverend gentleman’s own. Boxes of horn engraved with the names “Yorick” and “Lorenzo” were manufactured in enormous quantities at Hamburg, and were eagerly bought by the sentimentalists of the day, — a day when everybody was a sentimentalist.

We are no longer with “poor Yorick.” We hold with Dr. Johnson, who, when his fair friend confesses that she is “very much affected” by the pathos in Sterne’s books, says, smiling, “Because, dearest, you are a dunce.”

The good doctor was an inveterate snuff-taker, but his box was never in evidence, because his pocket was his box. That unhappy habit, we read, was a source of some uneasiness to his friends, as, indeed, it might well be. It was not in “Goldie’s” nature to endure placidly a deluge from that pocket, on the days when he was wearing the peach-blossom velvet coat.

Frederick the Great was another mighty man of valor, — taking sometimes cities, but always snuff. For him, also, boxes were far too trifling. He required great jars of the stuff to be set on the mantelpieces of his rooms; the man-

ner of his dealing wherewith must have been that of Lamb’s “Old Bencher,” who took his refreshment not by pinches, but by a palmful at once.

Queen Charlotte — Burney’s Queen Charlotte — was almost a match for him. Poor Fanny wore herself out in the endeavor to keep her patroness’s boxes filled. The handiwork at which the royal lady toiled so steadfastly was called, by courtesy, embroidery, but the silken stitches were buried under avalanches of rappee. Fielding, too, was a lusty snuff-boxer, by what we read; howbeit he attained not unto the first three.

We must confess to a depressing conviction that many writers of that age so-called of “sensibility,” were anything but men of feeling. When Clarissa is a long time dying, when the sighs of the “Captive” load the air, and, stretched on the ground, Alexis mourns Pastora dead, — in these long-drawn agonies, it is not a rain of tears that stains the authors’ manuscripts, but a patter of snuff. It is fatiguing, this constant drizzle of dingy powder!

We fancy it falling softly, endlessly, like the ashes of a volcanic mountain; filling crevices, leveling inequalities, building mounds, burying the landscape. If the deluge had not been checked in time, there would have been Herculeaneums to uncover, Pompeiis to disinter.

Among the treasures discovered in that unearthing, we should have welcomed, with peculiar pleasure, these playthings of Brummell and the rest, — the snuff-boxes whose loss we now lament, together with the fans, and the buckles, the canes and the bonbonnières, those

infinite small things

That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON THE FOLLY OF LEARNING NOBLE VERSE

THESE remarks are not intended for the young. To them I say, as wise older folk said to me long ago, "Store your mind with poetry now while your memory is fresh and strong; pack it with stanzas, quatrains, lines; poetry will be a refuge in time of trouble; it will comfort you when you are lame and blind and decrepit; you cannot learn too much."

That may all be true. The trouble comes before you are lame and blind and decrepit: when you are able to walk vigorously forth upon the face of nature, and would be able to rejoice your eyes upon it all, were you not haunted by a spectral pack of noble verses that bay aloud upon the trail of beauty and drive her in swift flight.

More specifically, my complaint is this: When I find myself standing upon the borderland of loveliness, of wide green meadows, quick with spring, before my own eye and ear can respond to color and melody,—presto! come half-remembered lines of some dead poet and snatch away my own delight, changing my impressions to his.

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring.

So aptly does this fit mood and situation that one follows the melodious verse, only to be led to an alien scene, forgetful of cherry-blossom, dandelion, and the tender red of oak-leaves near at hand, searching for the poet's oxlips, bluebells, and lush eglantine. Lush eglantine, forsooth! I cannot listen properly to our own bobolink, so persistently does Shelley's skylark fly in my way with

Profuse strains of un(?)premeditated art.

The verse is good, but my bobolink is

better, yet I may not hear him for the thick-oncoming similes. Even so, my west wind is not mine but the poet's, and, though I say to him, "You had your west wind in your day and gloried in it; please give me back my own," he makes no answer. So falls ever the veil of others' impressions, shadow by shadow, blur by blur, between me and the charm of the moment.

They have different ways, these thieving poets, of robbing you of your own. Byron's verse clutches you by the shoulder, vehement, insistent, with all the author's desire to draw attention to itself. The glory of the old world you may not make yours; does he not loom high upon Alpine peaks, demanding to be showman? Has he not made a corner in ruins, refusing to let you in, save on his own terms? You enter the Coliseum: his hand is at your throat; you approach Santa Croce: he buttonholes you at the door. Many an hour have I waited for his watchdog to bay beyond the Tiber, but he never has. Why need he, when the poet bays so loud within your weary ears?

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs has haunted me, not only upon the spot, but in many others, absurdly changing to a Bridge of Size. It can easily monopolize Brooklyn Bridge as you gaze New Yorkwards:—

I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand.

Through Europe you drag the ball and chain of his verse, and you need not think you may escape. O Byron, Byron, very bandit of poets, making me stand and deliver, if you were going to take my all, could you not give me in exchange something that rings true and is true? Trying to make music of your line,—

I see before me the gladiator lie, —
has spoiled the Coliseum for me. How did it happen, sir, that you saw moulder-

ing towers and arches among the pure Greek level lines of the Acropolis? Where, if I may change from comma to question-mark the punctuation of a famous verse of yours, —

Where chirps the grasshopper one goodnight
carol more?

Such music must be a special privilege reserved for English lords. There are moments, however, when you give more than you take: —

And yet, how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods, and godlike men art thou!
and, —

O Rome, my country, city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee
Lone mother of dead empires, —

and lend melody to many a wandering footstep in Greece and Italy.

In different fashion Wordsworth steals upon you, quietly picking your mind of your own perceptions, and making the scene before you seem not itself but a pale reflection of some other known long ago. Who can discover hepatica and wind-flower because of his

Host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze,

in immortal beauty? His

Flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one,

have led me many a time far afield from my proper destination.

Yet, blessed be he who takes away small coin to give you of great hidden treasure. Wordsworth's

Heights
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern
are good for the soul to climb; his

Still, sad music of humanity
loftier music than one would hear with-
out him.

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music,
partly through the influence of verse like his.

A bit of reflection of this kind had almost reconciled me to my own memory, when I suddenly realized that it is a terrible thing to be at the mercy, not only of

your own, but of your friends'. It was an almost perfect moment, out among trailing branches of young leaves dropping sunshine on the grass, when my friend, still my friend, but with a difference, quoted, —

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

I have not yet forgiven, and, alas, I cannot forget, I who had been trying hard not to remember *Sir Launfal*. Rarer than any day in June is the friend who can keep from recalling to you that most persistent of poems, which has set all summer days forever jingling to one tune. Ah, what escape is there from this lidless-eyed demon, memory! Hers are many-pointed weapons, and, like arrow-pricks, they come thick and fast. The prey of a forgotten anapest, at the mercy of a darting iamb, — for me there is no protection from the insidious thrusts of noble verse. How am I ever to escape from Shelley's abominable

Little lawny islet
By anemone and violet
Like mosaic paven?

Do Wordsworth's verses, —

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon, —

bring any real consolation in years of decrepitude? I wonder if the immortals are not sorry, in the calm of heaven, to think that, in their hand-organ moments, they added to the discordant noises of earth? Nothing but death, I am assured, can free me from that hoard of verse, which, in the guileless enthusiasm of youth, for good and bad alike, I stored away against a time of need. My heart grows hot in protest, but suddenly I realize that there is no earthly use in saying these things. Nobody commits poetry to memory any longer in these days. What a pity! What an unspeakable pity!

LA TOUSSAINT AT ROUGEVILLE

To be sure, it is really not Rougeville; that is only its pen-name, so to speak. Neither is it to be confused with Baton

Rouge, the Red Stick, on the Great Mississippi. Rougeville stretches itself lazily and lankly along the red banks of a sluggish Louisiana stream. It prides itself on its age, its charm, — they do sometimes go together, — and its uniqueness. The stranger might regard it as very like all other Louisiana Creole towns, but the initiated know this not to be true. All sorts of wild assertions are made regarding its antiquity, which you are not expected to challenge; and if, concerning its singular charm, you have opinions contrary to the universal idea, leave Rougeville, or forever hold your peace.

For many, many Novembers, as time goes in the New World, has it celebrated its Toussaints. There was a serpent of discontent in Eden, and there are not lacking the irreverent who say it would be meet for the always moribund Rougeville to reckon its years by All Saints, the Feast of the Dead.

In your fanciful superiority you may look down upon it, American City of Braggadocio, because forsooth it lacks trolley-cars and other examples of modern rush; but, my dear City Disdain, very likely, while buffaloes and Indians still roamed your plains Rougeville had its name on the explorer's map; was making history; was referred to in treaties; and was a point to be made by travelers — great travelers such as Louis Juchereau de St. Denis and Pike of the Peak.

You, M'sieur Fanfaron, ridicule not its men of affairs because their trousers and their business methods are not coeval with yours. Remember: a century before your burly fathers felled the trees of your deafening metropolis, its Messieurs were polished men of the world, engaged in trans-continental financial schemes; as see St. Denis's accounts with the India Company in the parish vaults.

You, my Mam'selle Fanfaronnade, who have whirled through *Yurru*, smile not at the gentle dame who has never been beyond the confines of her native parish. Without offense, my maid Amer-

ican, with profit may you observe her demeanor on the street, in her *petit parloir*, or dispensing her gracious hospitality. I had almost said simple, but simple it cannot be with the Creole châtelaine and her *court-bouillon* (which belies its name). *gumbo-filé*, *bisque*, *panse-farci*, *daube-glacis*, *boudin-de-sang*, and other wonderful concoctions.

If its men and women of to-day are not to be lightly considered, what shall be said of its illustrious dead! For the pride, the glory of Rougeville is its old cemetery. If you were a stranger within the gate of this archaic village, and should in an unguarded moment express doubt of its antiquity, you would be forthwith hurried to the vaults of the parish courthouse and thence to the graveyard. Courage, gentle guest; you would probably sustain no greater injury than a bramble scratch from the cemetery, or a cold on your chest from the damp vault.

In its city of the dead you would find no lofty shafts, no costly monuments; but, what is more esteemed, a venerable iron cross, rising out of a rude stone mound. Upon its brass plate is inscribed in French the fact that here reposes the body of the Honorable Dame (mark the words) Marie, etc. Consider, ye scoffers, almost two hundred years ago, the epitaph of a grand lady wished that she might rest in peace here in this place. Surely in all this broad, untried hemisphere, with prescience, there could not have been selected a spot more silent, more serene, less apt to be disturbed by the grasping hand of progress.

Observe the many iron crosses. Note the names: *Le Duc*, *Chevalier*, the many *de*'s! What does it signify but that, ere your city was, the forbears of modern (perish the thought!) Rougeville, men and women of quality, chevaliers and dames, toiled not neither did they spin. Aye, no common dust are these, the dead of early Rougeville.

Epochs are marked by the character of the monuments. There are the 17—s with their iron crosses; those days of

Spanish and Indian wars. Mayhap that explains the always expressed wish that the dead may rest in peace.

Two score years of the 18—s have vaulted brick structures, whose tin and slate faces vouchsafe to tell in French that certain ones, whose names still multiply within the parish, were born and died on certain dates.

Marble slabs in the fifties and sixties, still in French, sing the praises and proclaim the virtues of the dead of that day. Here is one somewhat out of the ordinary. It marks the resting place of an infant "*décédé à l'âge de 5 mois,*" — so it reads. "*Passant, priez pour lui ! ! !*" pleads the stone, and the exclamations are the marble's very own.

In the seventies the French epitaphs disappear. The "*Americain*" language, as it is called, has conquered. In the eighties, the arrogant granite shafts begin further to Americanize the place. Bah! Bah! These penetrating, desecrating *Americain* ideas.

The last rare days of October, the cemetery is an animated scene, if one may so speak. Thither repair the matrons of the town with their serving-women, and such weeding of walks! Such whitewashing of sepulchres! Such holocausts of brambles! Such sanding of enclosures! Such laying of gleaming oyster-shells!

When November dawns, the village mothers and daughters, like the good women of old, hasten to the tombs, not with spices and ointments, but with trays of sweet-smelling blossoms and precious ornaments. Where one can afford it, there is the gorgeous garland of artificial flowers, from New Orleans, yes, but imported from Paris! Besides, there are silver lambs, golden angels, white doves, or even the miniature of the dead, encased in heavy glass with dangling fringe of black or white beads. Those of moderate circumstances must be content with wreaths of painted tin blossoms. The deft have manufactured brilliant wax and feather bouquets. Those of melancholy

tastes indulge in hair wreaths, presumably of the tresses of the dead. The wooden crosses of the very poor are hung with black or white paper flowers. There is an occasional tight round bouquet with an encircling expanse of scalloped white paper. Other tastes run to cedar or arbor-vitæ wreaths, crosses, or stars. Now and then one comes upon a huge collection of flowers of every hue and variety sewed upon a flat background of foliage-covered pasteboard.

But ah! alas! the innovations! It is the sacrilegious American idea! Some — it is mostly the young, the silly — go so far as to decry all artificial ornaments, even the beautiful imported decorations. It is for the natural that they clamor. Yes, so it is! Pots of geraniums and ferns, which some affect, that is not so foolish. But ridiculous as it is, there are the extravagant who go to the length of ordering flowers from New Orleans florists! Think of it! Flowers that wither in the day! Three dollars for the dozen! Some have even ceased to sand their enclosures, and prefer, or so they assert, the green grass! the Bermuda and the coco! Bah! the nonsense! It is no wonder that the ghosts walk not any more on the Hallowe'en.

In the afternoon of La Toussaint all the world betakes itself to the cemetery, either in the procession of the pious, or to make the pilgrimage of the tombs; to admire, to criticise, to chatter; perchance, if devout, to pray for the souls of the dead. From all over the parish have they come. Such unexpected meetings! Such warm greetings! Verily, in the midst of death there is life. What more propitious time for *un soupçon* of gossip! If one beholds the tomb of a wife, what more natural than to mention that the widower is looking about a bit! How the weedy grave of a husband inspires one to hint that the insurance, too, is running to weeds! Really, such neglect! and Mary is too extravagant! The little marble lamb over there reminds one that its mother awaits the arrival of its successor. Poor thing!

Did you not know? The stern father's last resting place recalls that the daughter's wedding, that he so long opposed, comes off soon. Truly? The robe is at Madame Mode's!

The dusk falls! The throng melts away! A few stragglers linger on in the gloom; a pair or two of lovers; a belated group hurrying to get around; the recently bereaved remaining to weep and pray.

Under the live-oaks the darkness settles. Only the flowers and the dead remain. Next year, oh yes! it is true! some who most glowed with beauty and vigor to-day will be here; some whose hands were busiest this year will be idle next; and to some, who were careless spectators, it will become a sacred spot. It is ever so; and the next Toussaint will be even as this: the flowers, the crowds, the gossips, the lovers, the mourners, and always the dead.

IMPROVISED WORDS

WHEN I have the time and the proper place for doing it, I shall write an addendum for my dictionary, have it neatly typewritten, and paste it right after the Z's, but before the Foreign and Abbreviated Phrases, Geographical and Proper Names, etc. It is n't the sort of thing one can write in the city, unless one has a second-story-back library, with a big bay window, and walnut furniture, and heavy crimson curtains with tassels all along the edge. My own library is very small, and has frivolous white woodwork and green wicker chairs and net curtains, without the least flavor of dignity or of labor. Therefore I must wait — since that second-story-walnut-crimson-curtained retreat is not mine — until I can go to the country; and there, under the influence of rows of hollyhocks and a noble white-paling fence, not a picket missing, I can compose my addendum with a peaceful mind.

There is hardly a family but has some expressive improvised word. In my own

family "humbly" reigns supreme. This is not the adverb of current usage, but an adjective, and a cross between "humble" and "homely;" and it was first used to describe our washwoman, who takes such pride in her humbleness, and is of such a superlative weatherbeaten homeliness, that she needed something special to express her personality. To all of our queries concerning missing collars and handkerchiefs and rents in the new sheets, she replies with a meekness that is wholly unnatural, "I'm sure I counted them, mum," she murmurs, "but I'll look at home if you say so. And as for them tore places, I ask you kindly to take the worth of 'em out of my pay." Which of course we cannot. We cannot even answer sharply one who speaks thus disarmingly. As for her homeliness, — it is not that she is sickly or bedraggled, as are so many women of her class, but her nose is impossibly tilted, her eyes are crossed, her hair is jerked back from her forehead and skewered into an absurd knot the size of a walnut, and she has no eyebrows! "Humbly" she is, and as "humbly Mrs. Wheeler" she will be known in our family, while the brother who invented the word quite puffs himself up about it, and quotes as precedent the paragraph — is it from "Alice"? — "For if his mind had inclined ever so little to fuming he would have said fuming furious, and if his mind had inclined ever so little to furious he would have said furious fuming; but since he had a perfectly balanced mind, he said '*frumious*.'"

"Streely" is a contribution from a New York friend, and signifies most intelligibly a sort of stringy unkemptness, peculiar to one's back hair after a day's shopping, or to thin muslin curtains that have hung too long at the windows. A lawn gown of last season's vintage after two days' wear at the seashore is the most streely thing imaginable, and I have seen at small country stations various old gentlemen whose whiskers, long and straggling, were decidedly streely.

Another improvised word was provided by a negro maid from the far South. She was sitting on the porch with the baby when there passed one of these much be-ruffled, be-coiffed, and be-hatted young women who cannot help betraying in their walk and carriage the consciousness of their frills. Sary eyed the butterfly disgustedly and said, "Well, you sho do see some pow'ful uppy people in dishyer place! Look at dat! Mos' too uppy to tread on de pavement! I be boun' she ain' i'on all dem ruffles her-se'f." And the word has stayed with me as a delightful and expressive addition to my vocabulary. It cannot be used outside of intimate conversation, but when you have labeled any one as "uppy" the dullest-minded understands. I have some relatives who are overwhelmingly uppy. They have, I may say, climbed high into the family tree, which they consider as an eminence from which to look down on the rest of the world. But there — *relatives!* Every one could write a book on relatives.

Quite in line with "uppy" is "obsniptious," indicating a sort of conscious aristocracy that expresses itself always in formal terms; that resides, but does not live; that becomes ill, but is never taken sick; that takes its departure, but never leaves; that goes to modistes instead of dressmakers; that has trades-people instead of grocers and butchers; whose life, in short, consists in trying to conceal the fact that a spade is nothing but an agricultural implement. Oh, "obsniptious" is a delicious word! I never felt that I had quite expressed my feelings against Barnes Newcome, until I could disdainfully label him as "obsniptious."

Out in Western Pennsylvania there is another expressive improvised word which pictures to the last hem of her gingham apron the Martha who is eternally troubled about little things. This is "persnickerty." The woman who lives with her dust-brush and whose doormats are a threat to her visitors, or the man who must untie every knot of the string

about his parcels, and wind it into a ball and then fold and put away the wrapping paper, is persnickerty. Truth forces me to say that I believe women are more apt to be persnickerty than men, even though they do tell a tale of one young man in my native village who refused to go to a midnight fire until he was completely and properly dressed, with necktie adjusted and boots brushed. He was the most persnickerty soul I ever heard of, man or woman.

Another good Pennsylvania word, and very full of meaning, is to "neb," signifying to pry, to thrust one's self in where one is not needed and not wanted, to mix into other people's affairs. "Such for a person to neb in!" exclaimed my worthy York marketwoman when the man at the stall opposite tried to attract my attention from her "smeirkaase" to his. Yes, "to neb" shall go into my addendum and have a prominent place.

The last two words have more or less common usage over a wide section, but not long ago I heard a word used to describe a young man who had been a rather stodgy, embarrassed presence at a lively party of young people in a very lively little city of Maryland. "I thought David seemed very tod," said one of the chaperons. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Oh, awkward, bashful, heavy," she said, and then laughed. "I don't know where the word started," she explained, "but it is one we use a great deal around here to express any one who seems socially stupid." The more I thought about it, the better I liked it; "tod" — it does sound dull and heavy, does n't it? But I believe the use of it in that sense is confined very closely to that particular locality, for nowhere else have I heard it.

A little more dubious as to the exact shade of significance, but certainly alluring to the ear, is "pang-wangle." It expresses — well, what *does* it express? — a cheeriness under minor discomforts, a humorous optimism under small misfortunes, though indeed these seem dignified definitions for so informal a word.

"I just pang-wangled home in the rain," says a friend of mine, and I know he got there drenched, but good-tempered. "We went pang-wangling off to the theatre last night," says my nearest neighbor; and I feel pretty certain they had been blue over something and felt the need of some small gayety. It would do us all good if we pang-wangled a bit more, I think.

A very meaning word is the Southerner's "honing." "My, honey, I've just been honing to see you!" It is not so stilted as "I've been longing," and it is much more emphatic than "I've been wanting." It's a warm, affectionate, intimate word, — honing. Let me put it into the addendum, well toward the front, for I love the sound of it.

These words are not slang. They are not exactly — as one high-brow friend informed me — "low colloquialisms." They have a place in language, and they add considerably to its color. Just you wait until (under the influence of that row of hollyhocks and that noble picket fence) my addendum is finished! Then let the purists squirm!

EDUCATION FOR OLD AGE

No, I do not mean education *in* old age. The story of Cato's late application to the study of Greek literature has already been sufficiently celebrated, and every one who starts a new science or a new language after his hair has turned gray knows that he has numerous precedents to encourage him. What I have in my mind is the deplorable state in which so many of the elders find themselves because they have never been trained — or have never trained themselves — to make the best of the condition they have now reached. Here is the great gap in our system of education. The boy is taught in preparation for the duties of manhood, and the adult is periodically instructed, every seventh day at least, with a view to his being taken by surprise as little as possible when he enters the life beyond

the grave; but it seems to be assumed that this latter transition will invariably be made not later than the sixtieth year, or, if not, that one's closing days are bound to be merely a continuation of one's prime — both of which assumptions are, as Euclid would have said, absurd.

Actually, the territory through which every old man has to travel is as truly a strange country as was any previous section of his journey when he crossed the bridge into it from the stage before. He has gathered experience, no doubt, but experience of what? Of how best to comport himself in circumstances differing widely from any in which he will ever be placed again. The whole problem is seriously modified; the man himself is changed and changing, and the situation to which he has now to adjust himself is largely unfamiliar. Life itself has been defined as adaptation to environment, and the best part of our education aims at making us "at home" in our new surroundings when we graduate from childhood into manhood, or take up the work of a profession. But there is no "fitting school" for old age. Those who would have the best right to become teachers in such a school evade, as a rule, the responsibility of instructing the candidates for the freshman class. If they write at all, it is either to entertain us with reminiscences of their childhood and active career, or else to reveal the secret of their longevity. They render us a service, of course, in explaining by what hygienic regimen one may escape the perils that beset the path to old age, but it would be more useful still to suggest, not so much how the goal may be reached, as how it may be made worth reaching.

It would be unseemly and impertinent for a writer who is yet what the newspapers call "comparatively young" — a generous term which, I suspect, often implies very much the same thing as "comparatively old" — to attempt to give lessons on behavior to men who are his seniors by two or three decades. But even the middle-aged onlooker may be

allowed, I hope, to record his observations for a warning to himself and his own contemporaries. For my main point is, that if we postpone concerning ourselves about this matter until old age actually comes upon us, we shall be too late. It is an insurance policy that we are really contemplating, and we must begin paying in our premiums long before we need to draw anything out. I am not suggesting that the prospect of old age should be made a bogey for our strenuous period; that while we are strong and active we should darken our spirits by apprehensions of the gradual decay of our vital forces. It is not a dread of old age that I am inculcating, but a recognition of its peculiar characteristics; a conviction that we are not making adequate preparation for it if we provide only for its financial needs and neglect the accumulation of other resources.

No one who has read Sir Martin Conway's *The Alps from End to End* will forget his account of the appalling "mountain fall" which, in 1881, overwhelmed the village of Elm in Canton Glarus. When the Plattenbergkopf crumbled into pieces and swept, in a devastating whirlwind of rocks and dust, up the opposite hill, there were some who escaped alive; but not those who tried to carry with them part of their treasures, or those who paused to give a helping hand to the sick and infirm. "Ruin," says the writer, "overtook the kind and the covetous together." I am no cynic, but, so far as I can see, unhappiness in their closing years is rarely the lot of men whose care for the welfare of others has not been either considerably below or considerably above the average. Brutal greed or sensuality has its nemesis in loneliness and desolation; in the conspicuous lack of "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." But I am bound to say that among the most pitiable examples I have met of a cheerless and forlorn old age have been veterans — I had almost written, veteran saints — who have devoted the main energies of their lives

to the moral and social uplifting of their fellows.

In both cases, I believe, the mischief is due to excessive narrowness of interest in middle age. If the activities of this period, whether self-indulgent or self-denying, could be continued without interruption to the end, there would be no final stage of depression. But when the "lover of pleasure" can no longer respond with avidity to the delights of the senses, his ignorance of any other sources of satisfaction leaves him a prey to ennui; and in the same way, when the enthusiastic campaign against evil or the eager concentration of effort upon good works ceases to fill out the normal daily programme, the leisure that remains is a burden to be endured, instead of a privilege to be enjoyed.

We must further remember that in old age everything has to be taken in small installments. No continuous sleep the night through, but several short naps at intervals during the twenty-four hours; no heavy meals, but frequent light repasts; no sustained application to one definite task, but a rapid shifting of attention from one pursuit to another. This means that it is a mistake to depend a great deal upon any single method of speeding the tedious hours. If our inclinations are studious, we are apt to think that surely books will supply all the provision that can be needed against senile weariness. In this anticipation we assume, quite contrary to reason, that we shall carry with us into the future all the physical and mental apparatus of to-day. We forget that then both eye and brain will reach the fatigue-point much sooner. "I never thought that a time would come when I should grow tired of reading," was the lament made to me in his old age by a man of exceptional intellectual power. He was of a fairly catholic taste in literature, but, even so, he discovered that the refreshment to be gained from books was not unlimited, and that a bountiful diet turned easily to satiety. What a comfort it would have been to

him then if twenty or thirty years before he had begun the cultivation of a few hobbies!

I referred at the outset to the instances of men who have addressed themselves in old age to some new intellectual undertaking. But these are, and must be, the exceptions. To most people old age brings such a decay of the spirit of enterprise, such a reluctance to essay untried paths, that it is hard to take up even a new parlor game. Almost as wonderful as Cato's octogenarian Greek, was Bentley's beginning to smoke at seventy, and Keble's learning whist in the late sixties. Many of the most recreative hobbies — the use of any musical instrument for example — require a technical apprenticeship which puts it out of the question for the average man to overcome the drudgery of their rudiments when he has no longer the plasticity of youth to his credit. If profit is to be made of the opportunities of artistic enjoyment of any kind, it must be through the foresight of earlier years in laying up a store against the evil day.

Something may also be said of the protection against loneliness that is to be gained by refusing to outlaw one's self from the interests and ideals of the younger generations. Cheerful society is one of the best of tonics for old people, and there is only one infallible prescription for securing it. The pitiful complaint that "no one comes to see me" is most commonly heard from those who have neglected to keep themselves in touch with their juniors. The man whose thoughts are not wholly concerned with the past, but who is alert to sympathize with the newer life of the day, will seldom be left to meditate alone. The visits that he receives will bless both him that gives and him that takes: they will not be paid him out of charity, but because he has much to say that it is a stimulus to hear. "Your old men shall dream dreams" — when that prophecy is fulfilled, the young men who see visions will eagerly seek the inspiration of their company.

BUSINESS LAW IN THE NATURAL WORLD

THE staid and worthy Bachelor of whom I write does not belong to that branch of the human family that calls every city home. He neither travels nor is anxious to travel. It matters nothing to him whether the Mauretania crosses in four days or ten, and he is not interested in bills before Congress for trans-continental roads for motor-cars. His accounts of journeying would be the "short and simple annals of the poor," and a Baedeker is to him that necessary volume perused by all maiden aunts and stern parents in magazine short stories, to the end, on the author's part, that the hero and heroine may lay unmolested plans. But once in a while, in the press of business, he makes a flying trip from Boston to New York or Philadelphia, and nourishes his sense of beauty, and his appreciation of scenery, upon what can be secured in this brief experience.

"Just open the mind," he said contentedly to himself, not long ago, "and in this beautiful world even a short time will suffice to secure lasting impressions of loveliness." This is his best early Elizabethan manner of conducting a conversation with himself on important occasions, and he rolled out the mellifluous sentence cheerfully in the gloom of the car still standing in the dark train-shed at the South Station. He was really so unused to travel-holidays that even the stuffy chair-car held possibilities of rest and refreshment. He strewed his belongings about, and got out his cap and a dozen newspapers and magazines. This he did to appear like other rushing business men, and not like one exulting within himself at the chance to look out of window for six or seven straight hours, with no one to comment or cavil. Double windows, doubly dirty, could not dim anticipation.

The train moved. The dingy and dejected outskirts of Boston gave place to pleasant suburban vistas. But now

began the real traveling experience of this provincial and "behind-the-ages" American. To his amazement and consternation, the scenery began to assume an entirely unfamiliar aspect. No longer unobtrusively peace-begetting and rural, it unexpectedly began to take on human life and interest. It appealed from barn-roof and fence, from meadow and cliff, from brookside and pasture: it implored, it coaxed, it threatened, it coerced, it invited, it allured, it gesticulated, it ejaculated. It became vital, monstrous, alarming; it thrust out predatory hands; it obtruded muscular shoulders; it leered, it mocked. It marched gigantic, benign in Quaker garb; it rode caparisoned, of warlike mien; it laughed uproariously, it danced bewitchingly, it posed fashionably — always gigantic, insistent, overwhelming.

Now, it took on a knowing, man-of-the-world, just-between-ourselves attitude. It laid aside its Protean aspect and assumed the position of guide, philosopher, and friend. Frankly, as man to man, it presented the inferential statement that the wages of sin is a mighty good time, in such disarming fashion that he who skurried by in a railway train might read, and, reading, haste to endure and pity and embrace.

Then, conscience-smitten, fearful of having gone too far, it became repentant, tender. It pleaded for reformation from tenement roofs and tin sheds, and set forth burning words of Holy Writ with as much violence as it had previously used to proclaim the virtues of whiskey and beer and tobacco; although on the side of a cattle-shed, this was all meant, evidently, for the Bachelor, who recalled the words of that ingenuous expounder of Scripture — Luther, was n't it? — who wrote of a certain text, "this was manifestly not intended for oxen, seeing that oxen cannot read." It dealt only with the Bachelor; it presumed him at last touched and responsive.

Farther on, a herd of cows loomed through the train smoke, Brobdignagian,

gentle, painted to awful life-likeness, reminiscent of boyhood days and home and mother, while beyond, a huge green frog cast goggle eyes into the mists of memory. These were aided in their winning appeal to childhood's days of innocence, by the unnaturally resplendent kitchen-range, and, a score of miles away, by the cook of the Bachelor's early home, waiting to fry a cake that set his mouth watering. Sorrowfully he felt, owing to disproportionate size, as unable to attempt its consumption as was Alice before she partook of the little bottle marked "drink me." But his drooping spirit, realizing that all this was for his soul's good, revived under the domestic influences which now began to invade the bill-boards.

His weary mind sought solace. Had he not sounded the depths of iniquity? Had he not dressed and smoked and drunk as a wild young man under the malign tutelage of the scenery? Had he not repented, been converted, gone back in thought to boyhood and its tender associations, that he might "begin again," because of the uplifting and ennobling influence of the scenery? Had the scenery not invaded his mind, encroached on his soul, thrust upon him its companionship, led him in ways that are dark, and rescued him in the nick of time, when he had approached it as a solid, middle-aged bachelor of settled habits, a church member in good and regular standing? This it had done. Ought it not therefore to carry on its work, and having dragged him from the error of his ways, ought it not to allure him into paths of domesticity? Surely. Therefore the Bachelor, recognizing that there is justice in all things, having allowed himself to be withdrawn from the pit, gave his mind to be instructed in fire-side virtues and joys.

Home, sweet home; verily, a noble recovery had the scenery made. It now told him, in enticing language, where to buy his land and put up his cheap domicile; it furnished it, for nothing down and so

much a week, with rustless screens, chewing gum, and patent breakfast foods. It joyously reassured him about the coal bill. It cajoled him with a lawn-mower, and set him to planting seeds and raising chickens. And at last, its suspicions as to his horrible past being quite allayed, it took it for granted that all was now well with him, that his feet were set in the paths of rectitude, and that he was fitted to be entrusted with responsibility. It then inquired, breathlessly, hopefully, sympathetically, in very large letters, "*Have you a baby?*" and offered to provide the milk. What more could the father of a family ask than that? For the Bachelor had fully entered upon his new rôle, and he climbed from the train at Philadelphia a pitiable pulp of emotion.

A well-behaved and serious bachelor when he left Boston, the Rake's Progress, with the scenery for guide, had dragged him through an exciting and checkered career, had filled his life with experiences dark and bright, and had left him at last a man of family cares and responsibilities. It was difficult for him to find himself again. How, in the anxiety over his new incubator, his bright green lawn-mower, and his bursting flower-beds, the outward and visible sign of an inward and domestic regeneration, could he recall the relatively unimportant fact that he had come from Boston to Philadelphia with the sober intention of selling leather banding? The old-fashioned landscape, with its primitive appeal of greening willows and reddening maples,

with its simplicities of young grass and awakening brooks, its stretches of silver water under the cool paleness of the blue spring sky — these things had all but passed into the region of forgetfulness.

Who would look twice at an emerald-ringed pasture stone, with its unobtrusive silence of gray dignity, when he could see that same rock articulate, vociferate, aflame with righteous indignation, done in appropriate red paint? Who would care for the unbroken expanse of a field of vernal loveliness, when that same field could be made, by the addition of judiciously distributed lumber, into an area of comprehensive and worldly instruction? Certainly not the present day traveler, so long accustomed to the excitement of cataloguing all those things which minister to the body's material wants. He no longer craves the healing and serenity for the weary mind which used to come to him from the contemplation of wide, quiet reaches of gray, pool-gemmed, green-splashed marshes; from uninvaded woods and wilderness. There Beauty, fled forever from the cities, was wont to reveal her shy face to those who loved and sought her silent comradeship, or even to those who, like this disappointed traveler, sometimes were able to cast longing, loving glances at her dim retreats from the windows of a rushing train.

The scenery is no longer the still haunt of an unbodied dream; it has become a grave and unavoidable moral issue. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*